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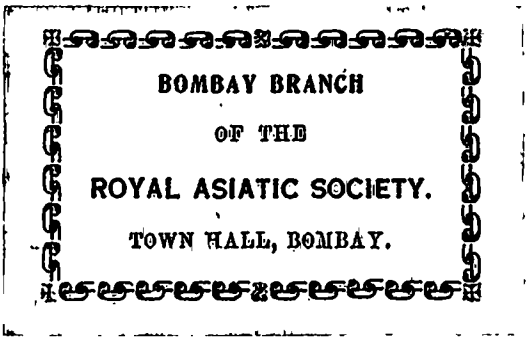

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THE LIFE

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

INCLUDING

A JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES.

BY

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION.

WITH

NUMEROUS ADDITIONS AND NOTES,

BY

JOHN WILSON CROKER, LL.D F.R.S.

——— Quò fit ut OMNIS
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
VITA SENIS—— HORAT. 1 Sat. lib. ii.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.
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ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS IN VOL. II.

Page 3, note 1,—line last, *for* his entering, *read*—for entering.
— 30, note 1, . . . Instead of the reference there, *read*—post, pp. 54, 187, and 225.
— 34, note 2, . . . *add*—BOSWELL., but see the letter in the Appendix.
— 49, note 1,—l. 8, . *for* etiam is, *read*—etiamsi.
— 72,—l. 9, . . . *for* December, *read*—September.
— 87, note 1,—l. 5, *for* tranquilly, *read*—tranquillity.
— 117, note 1, . . . Perhaps the Scotch nonjuring Bishop Campbell was the person meant. See vol. iii. p. 53.
— 127, note 1, . . . *add*—Lord St. Helens has since confirmed to the editor, on the authority of his father, an eye-witness, Dr. Johnson's failure at the Society of Arts.
— 145,—l. 35, . . . This friend was Mr. Cullen, advocate, son of the celebrated physician, afterwards a judge, by the name of Lord Cullen.
— 154, note, . . . *for* seat, *read*—great.
— 175, note, . . . *for* 1824, *read*— 1822.
— 178, note 2, . . . *add*—Colonel Cecil was probably the well-known Jacobite of that name.
— 199, note, . . . *add*—[Mr. Malone's note is absurd. Mr. Hallam very justly observes, that Dr. Johnson clearly meant Dalrymple's description of the parting of Lord and Lady Russel. "*He great* in this last act of his life, but *she greater*.
— 214, note 2, . . *for* booksellers, *read*—publishers.
— 216, ... *for* Eunosigæum, *read*—Ennosigæum.
— 217, l. 5, and note 1, The *gentleman* was probably Mr. Fitzherbert, who terminated his own existence in January, 1772.
— 227, note 1, . . *for* Burnett, *read*—Barrett. This gentleman was librarian of his college, and a perfect Magliabechi in dirt and condition, see *ante*, vol. i. p. 302. It is odd too that Magliabechi's portrait was exceedingly like Dr. Barrett.
— 257, note, . . . *for* 216, *read*—116.
— 293, note 2,—l. last, *for* Scotarem, *read*—Scotorum.
— 318, note, . . . *for* Guy, *read*—Grey.
— 323, note 1, . . *for* 239, *read*—245.
— 325, note 2, . . *for* probably, *read*—certainly.
— 346, note 2, . . *for* Cushel, *read*—Cashel.
— 348, note 1, . . *dele* [ED.] and substitute—BOSWELL.
— 350,—l. 26, . . *after* drawbridge, *insert*—over.
— 433, note 1, . . *add*—no doubt from the same root as *gladius*.
— 478, note 2, . . The editor sees reason to believe that Edward, the second viscount, sometimes called "the *French Lord Powerscourt*," was here meant, and not his nephew Richard.
— 182, note 1; 270, note, l. 9; 271, note; 424, note, *add*—BOSWELL.

THE

LIFE

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

In 1764 and 1765 it should seem that Dr. Johnson was so busily employed with his edition of Shakspeare as to have had little leisure for any other literary exertion, or, indeed, even for private correspondence[1]. He did not favour me with a single letter for more than two years, for which it will appear that he afterwards apologised.

Notwithstanding his long silence, I never omitted to write to him, when I had any thing worthy of communicating. I generally kept copies of my letters to him, that I might have a full view of our correspondence, and never be at a loss to understand any reference in his letters. He kept the greater part of mine very carefully; and a short time before his death was attentive enough to seal them up in bundles, and order them to be delivered to me, which was accordingly done. Amongst them I found one, of which I had not made a copy, and which I own I

[1] [This trait is amusing: Mr. Boswell concludes that because Johnson did not, for two years, write to *him*, he wrote to nobody, and was exclusively occupied with his Shakspeare, though we have seen, that, in those years, he found time to pay visits to his friends in Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire, and at Cambridge and Winchester. He also visited Brighton. If Mr. Boswell had been those two years in London, there can be no doubt that he would have found Johnson by no means absorbed in Shakspeare.—Ed.]

read with pleasure at the distance of almost twenty years. It is dated November, 1765, at the Palace of Pascal Paoli, in Corte, the capital of Corsica, and is full of generous enthusiasm. After giving a sketch of what I had seen and heard in that island, it proceeded thus: "I dare to call this a spirited tour. I dare to challenge your approbation."

This letter produced the following answer, which I found on my arrival at Paris.

"A MR. MR. BOSWELL, *chez Mr. Waters, Banquier, à Paris.*

"Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, 14 Jan. 1766.

"DEAR SIR,—Apologies are seldom of any use. We will delay till your arrival the reasons, good or bad, which have made me such a sparing and ungrateful correspondent. Be assured, for the present, that nothing has lessened either the esteem or love with which I dismissed you at Harwich. Both have been increased by all that I have been told of you by yourself, or others; and when you return, you will return to an unaltered, and, I hope, unalterable friend.

"All that you have to fear from me is the vexation of disappointing me. No man loves to frustrate expectations which have been formed in his favour; and the pleasure which I promise myself from your journals and remarks is so great, that perhaps no degree of attention or discernment will be sufficient to afford it.

"Come home, however, and take your chance. I long to see you, and to hear you; and hope that we shall not be so long separated again. Come home, and expect such welcome as is due to him, whom a wise and noble curiosity has led, where perhaps no native of this country ever was before.

"I have no news to tell you that can deserve your notice; nor would I willingly lessen the pleasure that any novelty may give you at your return. I am afraid we shall find it difficult to keep among us a mind which has been so long feasted with variety. But let us try what esteem and kindness can effect.

"As your father's liberality has indulged you with so long a ramble, I doubt not but you will think his sickness, or even his desire to see you, a sufficient reason for hastening your return. The longer we live, and the more we think, the higher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness of parents and of friends. Parents we can have but once; and he

promises himself too much, who enters life with the expectation of finding many friends. Upon some motive, I hope, that you will be here soon; and am willing to think that it will be an inducement to your return, that it is sincerely desired by, dear sir, your affectionate humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

["DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. LUCY PORTER. Pearson MSS.

"Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, 14 Jan. 1766.

"DEAR MADAM,—The reason why I did not answer your letters was that I can please myself with no answer. I was loath that Kitty should leave the house till I had seen it once more, and yet for some reasons I cannot well come during the session of parliament[1]. I am unwilling to sell it, yet hardly know why. If it can be let, it should be repaired, and I purpose to let Kitty have part of the rent while we both live; and wish that you would get it surveyed, and let me know how much money will be necessary to fit it for a tenant. I would not have you stay longer than is convenient, and I thank you for your care of Kitty.

"Do not take my omission amiss. I am sorry for it, but know not what to say. You must act by your own prudence, and I shall be pleased. Write to me again; I do not design to neglect you any more. It is great pleasure for me to hear from you; but this whole affair is painful to me. I wish you, my dear, many happy years. Give my respects to Kitty. I am, dear madam, your most affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."]

[We find in a letter from Dr. Warton to his brother some account of Johnson and his society at this period. ED.

"DR. WARTON TO MR. WARTON. Mem. of Dr. W. p. 312.

"22d Jan. 1766.

"I only dined with Johnson, who seemed cold[2] and indif-

[1] [The reasons which confined *him* to London, *during the session of parliament*, may be suspected to have had some connexion with his *engagement in politics with Hamilton*; and it must be confessed, that Mr. Hamilton's declaration, (*ante*, vol. i. p. 505.), that he could not explain what these allusions meant, looks like the evasion of a question which that gentleman did not wish, perhaps did not feel himself authorised, to answer unreservedly. It seems clear, that Johnson was employed by or with Hamilton in some course of political occupation, which obliged him to be in town during the session of parliament, and which Johnson thought likely to be of such continuance and importance, as to require his preparing his entering upon it by the solemnity of a prayer.—ED.]

[2] [This slight coolness between Johnson and Joseph Warton was probably not serious. A subsequent difference, which arose out of a dispute at Sir Joshua Reynolds's table, was more lasting.—ED.]

Mem. of Dr. W. p. 312.

ferent, and scarce said any thing to me; perhaps he has heard what I said of his Shakspeare, or rather was offended at what I wrote to him—as he pleases. Of all solemn coxcombs, Goldsmith is the first; yet sensible—but affects to use Johnson's hard words in conversation. We had a Mr. Dyer[1], who is a scholar and a gentleman. Garrick is entirely off from Johnson, and cannot, he says, forgive him his insinuating that he withheld his old editions, which always were open to him, nor I suppose his never mentioning him in all his works.]"

I returned to London in February, and found Dr. Johnson in a good house in Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, in which he had accommodated Miss Williams with an apartment on the ground floor, while Mr. Levett occupied his post in the garret: his faithful Francis was still attending upon him. [An upper room, which had the advantages of a good light and free air, he fitted up for a study, and furnished with books, chosen with so little regard to editions or their external appearance, as showed they were intended for use, and that he disdained the ostentation of learning. Here he was in a situation and circumstances that enabled him to enjoy the visits of his friends, and to receive them in a manner suitable to the rank and condition of many of them. A silver standish, and some useful plate, which he had been prevailed on to accept as pledges of kindness from some who most esteemed him, together with furniture that would not have disgraced a better dwelling, banished those appearances of squalid indigence, which, in his less happy days, disgusted those who came to see him. In one of his diaries he noted down a re-

Hawk. p. 452, 453,454.

[1] Samuel Dyer, Esq. a most learned and ingenious member of the Literary Club, for whose understanding and attainments Dr. Johnson had great respect. He died September 14, 1772. A more particular account of this gentleman may be found in a note on the *Life of Dryden*, p. 186, prefixed to the edition of that great writer's prose works, in four volumes, 8vo. 1800: in which his character is vindicated, and the very unfavourable and unjust representation of it, given by Sir John Hawkins in his Life of Johnson, p. 222—232, is minutely examined.—MALONE. [Johnson paid Dyer a degree of deference he showed to nobody else.—ED.]

solution to take a seat in the church: this he might possibly do about the time of this removal. The church he frequented was that of St. Clement Danes, which, though not his parish church, he preferred to that of the Temple, which latter Sir John Hawkins had recommended to him as being free from noise, and, in other respects, more commodious. His only reason was, that in the former he was best known. He was not constant in his attendance on divine worship; but, from an opinion peculiar to himself, and which he once intimated to me, seemed to wait for some secret impulse as a motive to it. The Sundays which he passed at home were, nevertheless, spent in private exercises of devotion, and sanctified by acts of charity of a singular kind: on that day he accepted of no invitation abroad, but gave a dinner to such of his poor friends as might else have gone without one. He had little now to conflict with but what he called his morbid melancholy, which, though oppressive, had its intermissions, and left him the free exercise of all his faculties, and the power of enjoying the conversation of his numerous friends and visitants. These reliefs he owed in a great measure to the use of opium [1], which he was accustomed to take in large quantities, the effect whereof was generally such an exhilaration of his spirits as he sometimes suspected for intoxication.] Hawk. p. 452, 453, 454.

He received me with much kindness. The fragments of our first conversation, which I have preserved, are these: I told him that Voltaire, in a conversation with me, had distinguished Pope and Dryden thus:—"Pope drives a handsome chariot, with a couple of neat trim nags; Dryden a coach,

[1] [As Boswell does not contradict this statement, it must be presumed to be true, and is therefore admitted into the text; but it will be seen that, many years after this, and even when labouring under his last fatal illness, Johnson had some scruples about the use of opium. Perhaps, if we are to give credit to Hawkins's assertion, these later scruples may have arisen from his having formerly made too frequent use of this fascinating palliative.—Ed.]

and six stately horses[1]." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, the truth is, they both drive coaches and six; but Dryden's horses are either galloping or stumbling: Pope's go at a steady even trot[2]." He said of Goldsmith's "Traveller," which had been published in my absence, "There has not been so fine a poem since Pope's time."

And here it is proper to settle, with authentick precision, what has long floated in publick report, as to Johnson's being himself the authour of a considerable part of that poem. Much, no doubt, both of the sentiments and expression were derived from conversation with him[3]; and it was certainly submitted to his friendly revision: but in the year 1783, he at my request marked with a pencil the lines which he had furnished, which are only line 420th,

"To stop too fearful, and too faint to go;"

and the concluding ten lines, except the last couplet but one, which I distinguish by the italic character:

"How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which kings or laws can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestick joy:

---

[1] It is remarkable that Mr. Gray has employed somewhat the same image to characterise Dryden. He indeed furnishes his car with but two horses; but they are of "ethereal race:"

"Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long resounding pace."
Ode on the Progress of Poesy.—BOSWELL.

[2] [Johnson, in the life of Pope, has made a comparison between him and Dryden, in the spirit of this correction of Voltaire's metaphor. It is one of the most beautiful critical passages in our language, and was probably suggested to Johnson's mind by this conversation, although he did not make use of the same illustration.—ED.]

[3] [This rests on no authority whatever, and may well be doubted. The *Traveller* is a poem which, in a peculiar degree, seems written from the personal observation and feelings of its author.—ED.]

The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power, but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own."

He added, "These are all of which I can be sure." They bear a small proportion to the whole, which consists of four hundred and thirty-eight verses. Goldsmith, in the couplet which he inserted[1], mentions *Luke* as a person well known, and superficial readers have passed it over quite smoothly; while those of more attention have been as much perplexed by *Luke* as by *Lydiat*, in "The Vanity of Human Wishes." The truth is, that Goldsmith himself was in a mistake. In the "*Respublica Hungarica*," there is an account of a desperate rebellion in the year 1514, headed by two brothers, of the name of *Zeck*, George and Luke." When it was quelled, *George*, not *Luke*, was punished by his head being encircled with a red hot-iron crown: "*coronâ candescente ferreâ coronatur.*" The same severity of torture was exercised on the Earl of Athol, one of the murderers of King James I. of Scotland[2].

Dr. Johnson at the same time favoured me by marking the lines which he furnished to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," which are only the last four:

"That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away:
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky."

Talking of education, "People have nowadays (said he) got a strange opinion that every thing should be taught by lectures. Now, I cannot see that lec-

[1] [This is a strange way of speaking of the lines of an author in *his own* poem —Johnson's were rather the *insertion*; and it must be observed that they could only have been alterations of, or substitutions for other lines, conveying, though perhaps in less effective language, the same or similar sentiments.—ED.]

[2] On the iron crown, see Mr. Steevens's note 7, on act iv. scene i. of Richard III. It seems to be alluded to in Macbeth, act iv. scene i.: "Thy crown does sear," &c. See also *Gough's Camden*, vol. iii. p. 396.—BLAKEWAY.

tures can do so much good as reading the books from which the lectures are taken. I know nothing that can be best taught by lectures, except where experiments are to be shown. You may teach chymistry by lectures:—you might teach making of shoes by lectures!"

At night I supped with him at the Mitre tavern, that we might renew our social intimacy at the original place of meeting. But there was now a considerable difference in his way of living. Having had an illness[1], in which he was advised to leave off wine, he had, from that period, continued to abstain from it, and drank only water or lemonade.

I told him that a foreign friend of his[2], whom I had met with abroad, was so wretchedly perverted to infidelity, that he treated the hopes of immortality with brutal levity; and said, "As man dies like a dog, let him lie like a dog." JOHNSON. "*If* he dies like a dog, *let* him lie like a dog." I added, that this man said to me, "I hate mankind, for I think myself one of the best of them, and I know how bad I am." JOHNSON. "Sir, he must be very singular in his opinion, if he thinks himself one of the best of men; for none of his friends think him so."—He said, "No honest man could be a Deist; for no man could be so after a fair examination of the proofs of Christianity." I named Hume. JOHNSON. "No, sir; Hume owned to a clergyman in the bishoprick of Durham, that he had never read the New Testament with attention."—I mentioned Hume's notion, that all who are happy are equally happy; a little miss with a new gown at a dancing-school ball, a general at the head of a victorious army, and an orator after having made an eloquent speech in a

[1] [Probably the severe fit of hypochondria referred to *ante*, vol. i. p 501.—ED.]
[2] [Probably Baretti.—ED.]

great assembly. JOHNSON. "Sir, that all who are happy are equally happy, is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally *satisfied*, but not equally *happy*. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher." I remember this very question very happily illustrated in opposition to Hume, by the Rev. Mr. Robert Brown, at Utrecht. "A small drinking-glass and a large one (said he) may be equally full, but the large one holds more than the small[1]."

Dr. Johnson was very kind this evening, and said to me, "You have now lived five-and-twenty years, and you have employed them well." "Alas, sir (said I), I fear not. Do I know history? Do I know mathematicks? Do I know law?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, though you may know no science so well as to be able to teach it, and no profession so well as to be able to follow it, your general mass of knowledge of books and men renders you very capable to make yourself master of any science, or fit yourself for any profession." I mentioned that a gay friend had ad-

[1] Bishop Hall, in discussing this subject, has the same image: "Yet so conceive of these heavenly degrees, that the least is glorious. *So do these vessels differ, that all are full.*"—*Epistles, Dec. iii. cap. 6.* "Of the different degrees of heavenly glory." This most learned and ingenious writer, however, was not the first who suggested this image; for it is found also in an old book entitled "A Work worth the reading," by Charles Gibbon, 4to. 1591. In the fifth dialogue of this work, in which the question debated is, "whether there be degrees of glorie in heaven, or difference of paines in hell," one of the speakers observes, that "no doubt in the world to come (where the least pleasure is unspeakable), it cannot be but that he which hath bin most afflicted here shall conceive and receive more exceeding joy than he which hath bin touched with lesse tribulation; and yet the joyes of heaven are fitlie compared to *vessels filled with licour, of all quantities;* for everie man shall have his full measure there." By "*all* quantities," this writer (who seems to refer to a still more ancient authour than himself), I suppose, means *different* quantities.—MALONE.

[All these illustrations, like most physical illustrations of moral subjects, are imperfect. A little miss and a great general are not *full* of the *same* liquor: the peasant's cup may be as full as the philosopher's, but one may be full of water and the other of wine. Moral and intellectual feelings are not to be estimated by *quantity* only, but by the quality also.—ED.]

vised me against being a lawyer, because I should be excelled by plodding blockheads. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, in the formulary and statutory part of law, a plodding blockhead may excel; but in the ingenious and rational part of it, a plodding blockhead can never excel."

I talked of the mode adopted by some to rise in the world, by courting great men[1], and asked him whether he had ever submitted to it. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, I never was near enough to great men, to court them. You may be prudently attached to great men, and yet independent. You are not to do what you think wrong; and, sir, you are to calculate, and not pay too dear for what you get. You must not give a shilling's worth of court for sixpence worth of good. But if you can get a shilling's worth of good for sixpence worth of court, you are a fool if you do not pay court."

He said, "If convents should be allowed at all, they should only be retreats for persons unable to serve the publick, or who have served it. It is our first duty to serve society[2]; and after we have done that, we may attend wholly to the salvation of our own souls. A youthful passion for abstracted devotion should not be encouraged."

I introduced the subject of second sight, and other

[1] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 101.—ED.]

[2] [This observation has given offence, as if it seemed to sanction the postponement of the care of our salvation, until we should have performed all our duties to society; which would be, in fact, an adjournment *sine die*. But Dr. Johnson was talking of monastic retirement, and, from the context, as well as from his own practice, it is clear that he must have meant, that an *entire abstraction* from the world, and an *exclusive* dedication to *recluse* devotion, was not justifiable as long as any of our duties to society were unperformed. Bishop Taylor, who will not be suspected of worldliness, has a sentiment not dissimilar: "If our youth be chaste and temperate, moderate and industrious, proceeding, through a prudent and sober manhood, to a *religious* old age, then we have lived our whole duration, and shall never die."—*Holy Dying*, c. i. s. 3. Neither the bishop nor Dr. Johnson could mean that *youth* and *manhood* should not *be religious*, but that they should not be religious to the *exclusion* of the social duties of industry, prudence, &c. See *post*, 19th August, 1773, where Johnson quotes from Hesiod, a line which Bishop Taylor had probably in his mind.—ED.]

mysterious manifestations; the fulfilment of which, I suggested, might happen by chance. JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, but they have happened so often[1], that mankind have agreed to think them not fortuitous."

I talked to him a great deal of what I had seen in Corsica, and of my intention to publish an account of it. He encouraged me by saying, "You cannot go to the bottom of the subject; but all that you tell us will be new to us. Give us as many anecdotes as you can."

Our next meeting at the Mitre was on Saturday the 15th of February, when I presented to him my old and most intimate friend, the Rev. Mr. Temple, then of Cambridge. I having mentioned that I had passed some time with Rousseau in his wild retreat, and having quoted some remark made by Mr. Wilkes, with whom I had spent many pleasant hours in Italy, Johnson said (sarcastically), "It seems, sir, you have kept very good company abroad, Rousseau and Wilkes!" Thinking it enough to defend one at a time, I said nothing as to my gay friend, but answered with a smile, "My dear sir, you don't call Rousseau bad company. Do you really think *him* a bad man?" JOHNSON. "Sir, if you are talking jestingly of this, I don't talk with you. If you mean to be serious, I think him one of the worst of men; a rascal, who ought to be hunted out of society, as he has been. Three or four nations have expelled him: and it is a shame that he is protected in this country." BOSWELL. "I don't deny, sir, but that his novel[2] may, perhaps, do harm; but I cannot think his intention was bad."

[1] [The fact seems rather to be, that they have happened so *seldom* that (however general *superstition* may be) there does not seem to be on record in the profane history of the world, one single well authenticated instance of such a manifestation—not one such instance as could command the full belief of rational men. Although Dr. Johnson generally leaned to the superstitious side of this question, it will be seen that he occasionally took a different and more rational view of it.—ED.]

[2] [*La Nouvelle Heloise*.—ED.]

JOHNSON. "Sir, that will not do. We cannot prove any man's intention to be bad. You may shoot a man through the head, and say you intended to miss him; but the judge will order you to be hanged. An alleged want of intention, when evil is committed, will not be allowed in a court of justice. Rousseau, sir, is a very bad man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation, than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should like to have him work in the plantations." BOSWELL. "Sir, do you think him as bad a man as Voltaire?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, it is difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them."

This violence seemed very strange to me, who had read many of Rousseau's animated writings with great pleasure, and even edification; had been much pleased with his society, and was just come from the Continent, where he was very generally admired. Nor can I yet allow that he deserves the very severe censure which Johnson pronounced upon him. His absurd preference of savage to civilized life, and other singularities, are proofs rather of a defect in his understanding, than of any depravity in his heart [1]. And notwithstanding the unfavourable opinion which many worthy men have expressed of his "*Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard*," I cannot help admiring it as the performance of a man full of sincere reverential submission to Divine Mystery, though beset with perplexing doubts: a state of mind to be viewed with pity rather than with anger.

On his favourite subject of subordination, Johnson said, "So far is it from being true that men are na-

[1] [The *Confessions* of this miserable man had not been at this time published. If we are to admit Mr. Boswell's distinction between the *understanding* and the *heart*, it would seem that his judgment on this point should be reversed, for Rousseau's understanding was sound enough when the folly and turpitude of his *heart* did not disorder it.—ED.]

turally equal, that no two people can be half an hour together, but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other [1]."

I mentioned the advice given us by philosophers, to console ourselves, when distressed or embarrassed, by thinking of those who are in a worse situation than ourselves. This, I observed, could not apply to all, for there must be some who have nobody worse than they are. JOHNSON. "Why, to be sure, sir, there are; but they don't know it. There is no being so poor and so contemptible, who does not think there is somebody still poorer, and still more contemptible."

As my stay in London at this time was very short, I had not many opportunities of being with Dr. Johnson; but I felt my veneration for him in no degree lessened, by my having seen *multorum hominum mores et urbes.* On the contrary, by having it in my power to compare him with many of the most celebrated persons of other countries, my admiration of his extraordinary mind was increased and confirmed.

The roughness, indeed, which sometimes appeared in his manners, was more striking to me now, from my having been accustomed to the studied smooth complying habits of the Continent; and I clearly recognized in him, not without respect for his honest conscientious zeal, the same indignant and sarcastical mode of treating every attempt to unhinge or weaken good principles.

One evening, when a young gentleman teased him with an account of the infidelity of his servant, who, he said, would not believe the scriptures, because he could not read them in the original tongues, and be

[1] [No mistake was ever greater, in terms or in substance, than that which affirms the *natural* equality of mankind. Men, on the contrary, are born so very unequal in capacities and powers, mental and corporeal, that it requires laws and the institutions of civil society to bring them to a state of *moral* equality. *Social* equality—that is, equality in property, power, rank, and respect—if it were miraculously established, could not maintain itself a week.—ED.]

sure that they were not invented: "Why, foolish fellow," said Johnson, "has he any better authority for almost every thing that he believes?" BOSWELL. "Then the vulgar, sir, never can know they are right, but must submit themselves to the learned." JOHNSON. "To be sure, sir. The vulgar are the children of the state, and must be taught like children." BOSWELL. "Then, sir, a poor Turk must be a Mahometan, just as a poor Englishman must be a Christian?" JOHNSON. "Why, yes, sir; and what then? This now is such stuff[1] as I used to talk to my mother, when I first began to think myself a clever fellow; and she ought to have whipt me for it."

Another evening Dr. Goldsmith and I called on him, with the hope of prevailing on him to sup with us at the Mitre. We found him indisposed, and resolved not to go abroad. "Come then," said Goldsmith, "we will not go to the Mitre to-night, since we cannot have the *big man*[2] with us." Johnson then called for a bottle of port, of which Goldsmith and I partook, while our friend, now a water drinker, sat by us. GOLDSMITH. "I think, Mr. Johnson, you don't go near the theatres now. You give yourself no more concern about a new play, than if you had never had any thing to do with the stage." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, our tastes greatly alter. The lad does not care for the child's rattle, and the old man does

[1] [It may be suspected that Dr. Johnson called this, "*childish stuff*," somewhat hastily, and from a desire of evading the subject; for, no doubt, the principle involved in Mr. Boswell's inquiries is one of very high importance, and of very great difficulty—difficulty so great, that Johnson himself, though, indeed (as we shall see, *post*, 7th May, 1773), sometimes led to talk seriously, and even warmly on the subject, seems unable to maintain the full extent of his principles by solid reason, and therefore ends the discussion either by ridicule or violence. —ED.]

[2] [These two little words may be observed as marks of Mr. Boswell's accuracy in reporting the expressions of his personages. It is a jocular Irish phrase, which, of all Johnson's acquaintances, no one, probably, but Goldsmith *could* have used.—ED.]

not care for the young man's prostitute." GOLDSMITH. "Nay, sir; but your Muse was not a prostitute." JOHNSON. "Sir, I do not think she was. But as we advance in the journey of life we drop some of the things which have pleased us; whether it be that we are fatigued and don't choose to carry so many things any farther, or that we find other things which we like better." BOSWELL. "But, sir, why don't you give us something in some other way?" GOLDSMITH. "Ay, sir, we have a claim upon you." JOHNSON. "No, sir, I am not obliged to do any more. No man is obliged to do as much as he can do. A man is to have part of his life to himself. If a soldier has fought a good many campaigns, he is not to be blamed if he retires to ease and tranquillity. A physician, who has practised long in a great city, may be excused, if he retires to a small town, and takes less practice. Now, sir, the good I can do by my conversation bears the same proportion to the good I can do by my writings, that the practice of a physician, retired to a small town, does to his practice in a great city." BOSWELL. "But I wonder, sir, you have not more pleasure in writing than in not writing." JOHNSON. "Sir, you *may* wonder[1]!"

He talked of making verses, and observed, "The great difficulty is, to know when you have made good ones. When composing, I have generally had them in my mind, perhaps fifty at a time, walking up and down in my room, and then I have written them down, and often, from laziness, have written only half lines. I have written a hundred lines in a day. I remember I wrote a hundred lines of 'The Vanity of

[1] [This is another amusing trait of Mr. Boswell's accuracy and *bonne foi*. Can any thing be more comic than Johnson's affectation of superiority, even to the degree of supposing that Boswell would not dare to wonder without his special sanction, and the deference with which Boswell receives and records such gracious condescension?—ED.]

Human Wishes' in a day. Doctor (turning to Goldsmith), I am not quite idle; I made one line t'other day: but I made no more." GOLDSMITH. "Let us hear it; we 'll put a bad one to it." JOHNSON. "No, sir, I have forgot it."

Such specimens of the easy and playful conversation of the great Dr. Samuel Johnson are, I think, to be prized; as exhibiting the little varieties of a mind so enlarged and so powerful when objects of consequence required its exertions, and as giving us a minute knowledge of his character and modes of thinking.

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ. AT LANGTON.

"Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, 9th March, 1766.

"DEAR SIR,—What your friends have done, that from your departure till now nothing has been heard of you, none of us are able to inform the rest; but as we are all neglected alike, no one thinks himself entitled to the privilege of complaint.

"I should have known nothing of you or of Langton, from the time that dear Miss Langton[1] left us, had not I met Mr. Simpson, of Lincoln, one day in the street, by whom I was informed that Mr. Langton, your mamma, and yourself, had been all ill, but that you were all recovered.

"That sickness should suspend your correspondence, I did not wonder; but hoped that it would be renewed at your recovery.

"Since you will not inform us where you are, or how you live, I know not whether you desire to know any thing of us. However, I will tell you that THE CLUB subsists; but we have the loss of Burke's company since he has been engaged in publick business[2], in which he has gained more reputation than perhaps any man at his (first) appearance ever gained before. He made two speeches in the house for repealing the stamp-act, which were publickly commended by Mr. Pitt, and have filled the town with wonder.

"Burke is a great man by nature, and is expected soon to attain civil greatness. I am grown greater too, for I have main-

[1] [Mr. Langton's eldest sister.—ED.]

[2] [Mr. Burke came into parliament under the auspices of the Marquis of Rockingham, in the year 1765.—ED.]

tained the newspapers these many weeks [1]; and what is greater still, I have risen every morning since New-year's day, at about eight: when I was up, I have indeed done but little; yet it is no slight advancement to obtain for so many hours more the consciousness of being.

"I wish you were in my new study [2]; I am now writing the first letter in it. I think it looks very pretty about me.

"Dyer is constant at THE CLUB; Hawkins is remiss; I am not over diligent. Dr. Nugent, Dr. Goldsmith, and Mr. Reynolds, are very constant. Mr. Lye [3] is printing his Saxon and Gothick Dictionary: all THE CLUB subscribes.

"You will pay my respects to all my Lincolnshire friends. I am, dear sir, most affectionately yours, "SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ. AT LANGTON.

"Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, 10th May, 1766.

"DEAR SIR,—In supposing that I should be more than commonly affected by the death of Peregrine Langton [4], you were not mistaken; he was one of those whom I loved at once by instinct and by reason. I have seldom indulged more hope of any thing than of being able to improve our acquaintance to friendship. Many a time have I placed myself again at Langton, and imagined the pleasure with which I should walk to Partney [5] in a summer morning; but this is no longer possible. We must now endeavour to preserve what is left us—his example of piety and economy. I hope you make what inquiries you can, and write down what is told you. The little things which distinguish domestick characters are soon forgotten: if you delay to inquire, you will have no information; if you neglect to write, information will be vain [6].

[1] [Probably with criticisms on his Shakspeare.—ED.]

[2] [He refers to some new accommodations of this kind in the prayer composed "on entering *Novum Museum*," two days previous to the date of this letter. *Prayers and Meditations*, 68.—HALL.]

[3] [Edward Lye is stated, in the Biographical Dictionary, to have been born in 1704, probably by mistake for 1694. He was of Hart Hall, A. B. in 1716, and A. M. in 1722. He published the Etymologicum Anglicanum of Junius. His great work is that referred to above, the Anglo-Saxon and Gothic Dictionary, which he had finished, and it seems was printing, but he did not live to see the publication. He died in 1767, and the Dictionary was published by the Rev. Owen Manning in 1772.—ED.]

[4] Mr. Langton's uncle.

[5] The place of residence of Mr. Peregrine Langton.

[6] Mr. Langton did not disregard this counsel, but wrote the following account, which he has been pleased to communicate to me:

"The circumstances of Mr. Peregrine Langton were these. He had an annuity for life of two hundred pounds per annum. He resided in a village in Lincolnshire: the rent of his house, with two or three small fields, was twenty-

" His art of life certainly deserves to be known and studied. He lived in plenty and elegance upon an income which to many

eight pounds; the county he lived in was not more than moderately cheap: his family consisted of a sister, who paid him eighteen pounds annually for her board, and a niece. The servants were two maids, and two men in livery. His common way of living, at his table, was three or four dishes; the appurtenances to his table were neat and handsome; he frequently entertained company at dinner, and then his table was well served with as many dishes as were usual at the tables of the other gentlemen in the neighbourhood. His own appearance, as to clothes, was genteelly neat and plain. He had always a post-chaise, and kept three horses.

" Such, with the resources I have mentioned, was his way of living, which he did not suffer to employ his whole income; for he had always a sum of money lying by him for any extraordinary expenses that might arise. Some money he put into the stocks; at his death, the sum he had there amounted to one hundred and fifty pounds. He purchased out of his income his household furniture and linen, of which latter he had a very ample store; and, as I am assured by those that had very good means of knowing, not less than the tenth part of his income was set apart for charity: at the time of his death, the sum of twenty-five pounds was found, with a direction to be employed in such uses.

" He had laid down a plan of living proportioned to his income, and did not practise any extraordinary degree of parsimony, but endeavoured that in *his* family there should be plenty without waste. As an instance that this was his endeavour, it may be worth while to mention a method he took in regulating a proper allowance of malt liquor to be drunk in his family, that there might not be a deficiency, or any intemperate profusion:—On a complaint made that his allowance of a hogshead in a month was not enough for his own family, he ordered the quantity of a hogshead to be put into bottles, had it locked up from the servants, and distributed out, every day, eight quarts, which is the quantity each day at one hogshead in a month; and told his servants, that if that did not suffice, he would allow them more; but, by this method, it appeared at once that the allowance was much more than sufficient for his small family; and this proved a clear conviction, that could not be answered, and saved all future dispute. He was, in general, very diligently and punctually attended and obeyed by his servants; he was very considerate as to the injunctions he gave, and explained them distinctly; and, at their first coming to his service, steadily exacted a close compliance with them, without any remission: and the servants finding this to be the case, soon grew habitually accustomed to the practice of their business, and then very little further attention was necessary. On extraordinary instances of good behaviour, or diligent service, he was not wanting in particular encouragements and presents above their wages: it is remarkable that he would permit their relations to visit them, and stay at his house two or three days at a time.

" The wonder, with most that hear an account of his economy, will be, how he was able, with such an income, to do so much, especially when it is considered that he paid for every thing he had. He had no land, except the two or three small fields which I have said he rented; and, instead of gaining any thing by their produce, I have reason to think he lost by them: however, they furnished him with no further assistance towards his housekeeping than grass for his horses (not hay, for that I know he bought), and for two cows. Every Monday morning he settled his family accounts, and so kept up a constant attention to the confining his expenses within his income; and to do it more exactly, compared those expenses with a computation he had made, how much that income would afford him every week and day of the year. One of his economical practices was, as soon as any repair was wanting in or about his house, to have it immediately performed. When he had money to spare, he chose to lay in a provision of linen or clothes, or any other necessaries; as then, he said, he could afford it, which he might not be so well able to do when the actual want came; in consequence of which method he had a considerable supply of necessary articles lying by him, beside what was in use.

would appear indigent, and to most scanty. How he lived, therefore, every man has an interest in knowing. His death, I hope, was peaceful; it was surely happy.

"I wish I had written sooner, lest, writing now, I should renew your grief; but I would not forbear saying what I have now said.

"This loss is, I hope, the only misfortune of a family to whom no misfortune at all should happen, if my wishes could avert it. Let me know how you all go on. Has Mr. Langton got him the little horse that I recommended? It would do him good to ride about his estate in fine weather.

"Be pleased to make my compliments to Mrs. Langton, and to dear Miss Langton, and Miss Di, and Miss Juliet, and to every body else.

"THE CLUB holds very well together. Monday is my night[1]. I continue to rise tolerably well, and read more than I did. I hope something will yet come on it. I am, sir, your most affectionate servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

After I had been some time in Scotland, I mentioned to him in a letter that "On my first return to my native country, after some years of absence, I was told of a vast number of my acquaintance who were

"But the main particular that seems to have enabled him to do so much with his income, was, that he paid for every thing as soon as he had it, except alone what were current accounts, such as rent for his house, and servants' wages; and these he paid at the stated times with the utmost exactness. He gave notice to the tradesmen of the neighbouring market-towns that they should no longer have his custom, if they let any of his servants have any thing without their paying for it. Thus he put it out of his power to commit those imprudences to which those are liable that defer their payments by using their money some other way than where it ought to go. And whatever money he had by him, he knew that it was not demanded elsewhere, but that he might safely employ it as he pleased.

"His example was confined, by the sequestered place of his abode, to the observation of few, though his prudence and virtue would have made it valuable to all who could have known it. These few particulars, which I knew myself, or have obtained from those who lived with him, may afford instruction, and be an incentive to that wise art of living, which he so successfully practised."—BOSWELL. [With all our respect for Mr. Bennet Langton's acknowledged character for accuracy and veracity, there seems something, in the foregoing relation, absolutely incomprehensible—a house, a good table, frequent company, four servants (two of them men in livery), a carriage and three horses on 200*l.* a year! Economy and ready money payments will do much to diminish current expenses, but what effect can they have had on rent, taxes, wages, and other *permanent* charges of a respectable domestic establishment?—ED.]

[1] Of his being in the chair of the Literary Club, which at this time met once a week in the evening.—BOSWELL. [The day was soon after changed to Friday. —ED.]

all gone to the land of forgetfulness, and I found myself like a man stalking over a field of battle, who every moment perceives some one lying dead." I complained of irresolution, and mentioned my having made a vow as a security for good conduct. I wrote to him again without being able to move his indolence: nor did I hear from him till he had received a copy of my inaugural Exercise, or Thesis in Civil Law, which I published at my admission as an advocate, as is the custom in Scotland. He then wrote to me as follows:

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, 21st August, 1766.

"DEAR SIR,—The reception of your Thesis put me in mind of my debt to you. Why did you * * * * * * [1]. I will punish you for it, by telling you that your Latin wants correction [2]. In the beginning, *Spei alteræ,* not to urge that it should be *primæ,* is not grammatical; *alteræ* should be *alteri.* In the next line you seem to use *genus* absolutely, for what we call *family,* that is, for *illustrious extraction,* I doubt without authority. *Homines nullius originis,* for *nullis orti majoribus,* or *nullo loco nati,* is, as I am afraid, barbarous.—Ruddiman is dead [3].

"I have now vexed you enough, and will try to please you. Your resolution to obey your father I sincerely approve; but do not accustom yourself to enchain your volatility by vows; they will sometime leave a thorn in your mind, which you will, perhaps, never be able to extract or eject. Take this warning; it is of great importance.

"The study of the law is what you very justly term it, co-

[1] The passage omitted alluded to a private transaction.—BOSWELL.

[2] This censure of my Latin relates to the dedication, which was as follows: "Viro nobilissimo ornatissimo, Joanni, Vicecomiti Mountstuart, atavis edito regibus, excelsæ familiæ de Bute *spei alteræ;* labente seculo, quum homines *nullius originis genus* æquare opibus aggrediuntur, sanguinis antiqui et illustris semper memori, natalium splendorem virtutibus augenti: ad publica populi comitia jam legato; in optimatium vero magnæ Britanniæ senatu, jure hæreditario, olim consessuro: vim insitam variâ doctrinâ promovente, nec tamen se venditante, prædito: priscâ fide, animo liberrimo, et morum elegantiâ insigni: in Italiæ visitandæ itinere socio suo honoratissimo, hasce jurisprudentiæ primitias devinctissimæ amicitiæ et observantiæ, monumentum, D. D. C. Q. Jacobus Boswell."—BOSWELL.

[3] [He says *Ruddiman* (a great grammarian) *is dead*—as in former days it was said that *Priscian's head was broken.* Ruddiman, who was born in 1644, had died in 1757. See *ante,* vol. i. p. 187.—ED.]

pious and generous[1]; and in adding your name to its professors, you have done exactly what I always wished, when I wished you best. I hope that you will continue to pursue it vigorously and constantly. You gain, at least, what is no small advantage, security from those troublesome and wearisome discontents, which are always obtruding themselves upon a mind vacant, unemployed, and undetermined.

"You ought to think it no small inducement to diligence and perseverance, that they will please your father. We all live upon the hope of pleasing somebody, and the pleasure of pleasing ought to be greatest, and at last always will be greatest, when our endeavours are exerted in consequence of our duty.

"Life is not long, and too much of it must not pass in idle deliberation how it shall be spent: deliberation, which those who begin it by prudence, and continue it with subtilty, must, after long expense of thought, conclude by chance. To prefer one future mode of life to another, upon just reasons, requires faculties which it has not pleased our Creator to give us.

"If, therefore, the profession you have chosen has some unexpected inconveniences, console yourself by reflecting that no profession is without them; and that all the importunities and perplexities of business are softness and luxury, compared with the incessant cravings of vacancy, and the unsatisfactory expedients of idleness.

'Hæc sunt quæ nostrâ potui te voce monere;
Vade, age.'

"As to your History of Corsica, you have no materials which others have not, or may not have. You have, somehow or other, warmed your imagination. I wish there were some cure, like the lover's leap, for all heads of which some single idea has obtained an unreasonable and irregular possession. Mind your own affairs, and leave the Corsicans to theirs.—I am, dear sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"Auchinleck, 6th Nov. 1766.

"MUCH ESTEEMED AND DEAR SIR,—I plead not guilty to[2]

* * * * * * * *

"Having thus, I hope, cleared myself of the charge brought against me, I presume you will not be displeased if I escape the

[1] This alludes to the first sentence of the Proœmium of my Thesis. "Jurisprudentiæ studio nullum uberius, nullum generosius: in legibus enim agitandis, populorum mores, variasque fortunæ vices ex quibus leges oriuntur, contemplari simul solemus."—BOSWELL.

[2] The passage omitted explained the transaction to which the preceding letter had alluded.—BOSWELL.

punishment which you have decreed for me unheard. If you have discharged the arrows of criticism against an innocent man, you must rejoice to find they have missed him, or have not been pointed so as to wound him.

"To talk no longer in allegory, I am, with all deference, going to offer a few observations in defence of my Latin, which you have found fault with.

"You think I should have used *spei primæ*, instead of *spei alteræ*. *Spes* is, indeed, often used to express something on which we have a future dependence, as in Virg. Eclog. i. l. 14.

'———— modo namque gemellos
Spem gregis ah silice in nudâ connixa reliquit:'

and in Georg. iii. l. 473.

'*Spemque* gregemque simul,'

for the lambs and the sheep. Yet it is also used to express any thing on which we have a present dependence, and is well applied to a man of distinguished influence,—our support, our refuge, our *præsidium*, as Horace calls Mæcenas. So, Æneid xii. l. 57, Queen Amata addresses her son-in-law, Turnus:—'Spes *tu nunc una*:' and he was then no future hope, for she adds,

'—— decus imperiumque Latini
Te penes;'

which might have been said of my Lord Bute some years ago. Now I consider the present Earl of Bute to be '*Excelsæ familiæ de Bute* spes prima;' and my Lord Mountstuart, as his eldest son, to be '*spes altera*.' So in Æneid xii. l. 168, after having mentioned Pater Æneas, who was the *present* spes, the *reigning* spes, as my German friends would say, the *spes prima*, the poet adds,

'Et juxta Ascanius, magnæ *spes altera* Romæ[1].'

"You think *alteræ* ungrammatical, and you tell me it should have been *alteri*. You must recollect, that in old times *alter* was declined regularly; and when the ancient fragments preserved in the *Juris Civilis Fontes* were written, it was certainly declined in the way that I use it. This, I should think, may protect a lawyer who writes *alteræ* in a dissertation upon part of

[1] [It is very strange that Johnson, who in his letter quotes the Æneid, should not have recollected this obvious and decisive authority for *spes altera*, nor yet the remarkable use of these words, attributed to Cicero, by Servius and Donatus; the expressions of the latter are conclusive in Mr. Boswell's favour:

"*At cum Ciccro quosdam versus* (*Virgilii*) *audisset, in fine ait:* 'Magnæ spes altera Romæ.' *Quasi ipse linguæ Latinæ* spes prima *fuisset et Maro futurus esset* secunda." Donat. vit. Vir. § 41.—ED.]

his own science. But as I could hardly venture to quote fragments of old law to so classical a man as Mr. Johnson, I have not made an accurate search into these remains, to find examples of what I am able to produce in poetical composition. We find in Plaut. Rudens, act iii. scene 4,

'Nam huic *alterœ* patria quæ sit profecto nescio.'

Plautus is, to be sure, an old comick writer; but in the days of Scipio and Lelius, we find Terent. Heautontim. act ii. scene 3.

'———— hoc ipsa in itinere *alterœ*
Dum narrat, forte audivi.'

"You doubt my having authority for using *genus* absolutely, for what we call *family*, that is, for *illustrious extraction*. Now I take *genus* in Latin to have much the same signification with *birth* in English; both in their primary meaning expressing simply descent, but both made to stand κατ' ἐξοχην for noble descent. *Genus* is thus used in Hor. lib. ii. Sat. v. 1. 8.

'Et *genus* et virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est.'

And in lib. i. Epist. vi. 1. 37.

'Et *genus* et formam Regina pecunia donat.'

And in the celebrated contest between Ajax and Ulysses, Ovid's Metamorph. lib. xiii. 1. 140.

'Nam *genus* et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.'

"*Homines nullius originis*, for *nullis orti majoribus*, or *nullo loco nati*, is, 'you are afraid, barbarous.'

"*Origo* is used to signify extraction, as in Virg. Æneid i. 286.

'Nascetur pulchrâ Trojanus *origine* Cæsar:'

and in Æneid x. 1. 618,

'Ille tamen nostrâ deducit *origine* nomen.'

And as *nullus* is used for obscure, is it not in the genius of the Latin language to write *nullius originis*, for obscure extraction?

"I have defended myself as well as I could.

"Might I venture to differ from you with regard to the utility of vows? I am sensible that it would be very dangerous to make vows rashly, and without a due consideration. But I cannot help thinking that they may often be of great advantage to one of a variable judgment and irregular inclinations. I always remember a passage in one of your letters to our Italian friend Baretti, where, talking of the monastick life, you say you

do not wonder that serious men should put themselves under the protection of a religious order, when they have found how unable they are to take care of themselves. For my own part, without affecting to be a Socrates, I am sure I have a more than ordinary struggle to maintain with *the Evil Principle*; and all the methods I can devise are little enough to keep me tolerably steady in the paths of rectitude.

* * * * * * *

"I am ever, with the highest veneration, your affectionate humble servant, "JAMES BOSWELL."

Piozzi, p. 173, 174. [Much of Johnson's eloquence and much of his logick were occasionally used to prevent men from making vows on trivial occasions; and when he saw a person oddly perplexed about a slight difficulty, "Let the man alone (he would say), and torment him no more about it; there is a vow in the case, I am convinced; but is it not very strange that people should be neither afraid nor ashamed of bringing in God Almighty thus at every turn between themselves and their dinner?" When once asked what ground he had for such imaginations, he replied, "That a young lady once told him in confidence, that she could never persuade herself to be dressed against the bell rung for dinner, till she had made a vow to heaven that she would never more be absent from the family meals."]

It appears from Johnson's diary [1], that he was this year at Mr. Thrale's, from before Midsummer till after Michaelmas, and that he afterwards passed a month at Oxford. He had then [2] contracted a great intimacy with Mr. Chambers of that university, afterwards Sir Robert Chambers, one of the judges in India.

He published nothing this year in his own name; but the noble dedication * to the king, of Gwyn's

[1] ["I returned from Streatham, Oct. 1, having lived there more than three months."—*Prayers and Meditations*, p. 70.—ED.]

[2] [He had known him at least twelve years before this. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 261.—ED.]

"London and Westminster Improved [1]," was written by him; and he furnished the Preface †, and several of the pieces, which compose a volume of Miscellanies by Mrs. Anna Williams, the blind lady who had an asylum in his house [2]. Of these, there are his "Epitaph on Phillips *;" "Translation of a Latin Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer †[3];" "Friendship; an ode *;" and "The Ant *," a paraphrase from the Proverbs, of which I have a copy in his own handwriting; and, from internal evidence, I ascribe to him, "To Miss ——, on her giving the Authour a gold and silver net-work purse of her own weaving †[3];" and "The happy Life †." Most of the pieces in this volume have evidently received additions from his superiour pen, particularly "Verses to Mr. Richardson, on his Sir Charles Grandison;" "The Excursion;" "Reflections on a Grave digging in Westminster Abbey." There is in this collection a poem, "On the death of

[1] [In this work Mr. Gwyn proposed the *principle*, and in many instances the details, of the most important improvements which have been made in the metropolis in our day. A bridge near Somerset House—a great street from the neighbourhood of the Haymarket to the New Road—the improvement of the interior of St. James's Park—quays along the Thames—new approaches to London Bridge—the removal of Smithfield market, and several other suggestions on which we pride ourselves as original designs of our own times, are all to be found in Mr Gwyn's very able and very curious work. It is singular, that he denounced a row of houses *then building* in Pimlico, as intolerable nuisances to Buckingham Palace, and of these very houses the public voice *now* calls for the destruction. Gwyn had, as Mr. D'Israeli very happily quotes, "the prophetic eye of taste."—Ed.]

[2] In a paper already mentioned (see vol. i. p. 214. 221.) the following account of this publication is given by a lady [Lady Knight] well acquainted with Mrs. Williams:

"As to her poems, she many years attempted to publish them: the half-crowns she had got towards the publication, she confessed to me, went for necessaries, and that the greatest pain she ever felt was from the appearance of defrauding her subscribers: 'but what can I do? the Doctor (Johnson) always puts me off with, Well, we'll think about it; and Goldsmith says, Leave it to me.' However, two of her friends, under her directions, made a new subscription at a crown, the whole price of the work, and in a very little time raised sixty pounds. Mrs. Carter was applied to by Mrs. Williams's desire, and she, with the utmost activity and kindness, procured a long list of names. At length the work was published, in which is a fine written but gloomy tale of Dr. Johnson. The money Mrs. Williams had various uses for, and a part of it was funded."

By this publication Mrs. Williams got 150*l*. Ibid.—Malone.

[3] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 153. *n.* where it is shown that the translation of the *Epitaph on Hanmer* and the *Verses on the Purse* are by Hawkesworth.—Ed.]

Stephen Grey, the Electrician * ;" which, on reading it, appeared to me to be undoubtedly Johnson's. I asked Mrs. Williams whether it was not his. "Sir," said she, with some warmth, "I wrote that poem before I had the honour of Dr. Johnson's acquaintance." I, however, was so much impressed with my first notion, that I mentioned it to Johnson, repeating, at the same time, what Mrs. Williams had said. His answer was, "It is true, sir, that she wrote it before she was acquainted with me; but she has not told you that I wrote it all over again, except two lines." "The Fountains †," a beautiful little fairy tale in prose, written with exquisite simplicity, is one of Johnson's productions; and I cannot withhold [1] from Mrs. Thrale the praise of being the authour of that admirable poem, "The Three Warnings."

He was, indeed, at all times ready to give assistence to his friends, and others, in revising their works, and in writing for them, or greatly improving, their Dedications. In that courtly species of composition no man excelled Dr. Johnson. Though the loftiness of his mind [2] prevented him from ever dedicating in his own person, he wrote a very great number of Dedications for others. Some of these the persons who were favoured with them are unwilling should be mentioned, from a too anxious apprehension, as I think, that they might be suspected of having received larger assistance; and some, after all the diligence I have bestowed, have escaped my inquiries. He told me, a great many years ago, "he

[1] [This is almost a confession that he would if he could, and shows clearly the kind of feeling he had towards that lady.—ED.]

[2] [This is surely not the occasion on which one would have expected to hear of "loftiness of mind:" a dedicator in his own person *may* be sincere, but he who writes a dedication for another cannot be so, and is moreover accessary to a public deception; and when this imposition is practised for hire (however it may be excused), it ought not, surely, to be accompanied by any extravagant eulogy on *loftiness of mind*.—ED.]

believed he had dedicated to all the royal family round;" and it was indifferent to him what was the subject of the work dedicated, provided it were innocent. He once dedicated some Musick for the German Flute to Edward, Duke of York. In writing Dedications for others, he considered himself as by no means speaking his own sentiments.

He wrote this year a letter, not intended for publication, which has, perhaps, as strong marks of his sentiment and style, as any of his compositions. The original is in my possession. It is addressed to the late Mr. William Drummond, bookseller in Edinburgh, a gentleman of good family, but small estate, who took arms for the house of Stuart in 1745; and during his concealment in London till the act of general pardon came out, obtained the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, who justly esteemed him as a very worthy man. It seems, some of the members of the society in Scotland for propagating Christian knowledge had opposed the scheme of translating the holy scriptures into the Erse or Gaelic language, from political considerations of the disadvantage of keeping up the distinction between the Highlanders and the other inhabitants of North Britain. Dr. Johnson being informed of this, I suppose by Mr. Drummond, wrote with a generous indignation as follows:

"TO MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

"Johnson's court, Fleet-street, 13th August, 1766.

"SIR,—I did not expect to hear that it could be, in an assembly convened for the propagation of Christian knowledge, a question whether any nation uninstructed in religion should receive instruction; or whether that instruction should be imparted to them by a translation of the holy books into their own language. If obedience to the will of God be necessary to happiness, and knowledge of his will be necessary to obedience, I know not how he that withholds this knowledge, or delays it, can be said to love his neighbour as himself. He that voluntarily

continues in ignorance is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces; as to him that should extinguish the tapers of a light-house, might justly be imputed the calamities of shipwrecks. Christianity is the highest perfection of humanity; and as no man is good but as he wishes the good of others, no man can be good in the highest degree, who wishes not to others the largest measures of the greatest good. To omit for a year, or for a day, the most efficacious method of advancing Christianity, in compliance with any purposes that terminate on this side of the grave, is a crime of which I know not that the world has yet had an example, except in the practice of the planters of America, a race of mortals whom, I suppose, no other man wishes to resemble.

"The papists have, indeed, denied to the laity the use of the Bible; but this prohibition, in few places now very rigorously enforced, is defended by arguments, which have for their foundation the care of souls. To obscure, upon motives merely political, the light of revelation, is a practice reserved for the reformed; and, surely, the blackest midnight of popery is meridian sunshine to such a reformation. I am not very willing that any language should be totally extinguished. The similitude and derivation of languages afford the most indubitable proof of the traduction of nations, and the genealogy of mankind. They add often physical certainty to historical evidence; and often supply the only evidence of ancient migrations, and of the revolutions of ages which left no written monuments behind them.

"Every man's opinions, at least his desires, are a little influenced by his favourite studies. My zeal for languages may seem, perhaps, rather over-heated, even to those by whom I desire to be well esteemed. To those who have nothing in their thoughts but trade or policy, present power, or present money, I should not think it necessary to defend my opinions; but with men of letters I would not unwillingly compound, by wishing the continuance of every language, however narrow in its extent, or however incommodious for common purposes, till it is reposited in some version of a known book, that it may be always hereafter examined and compared with other languages, and then permitting its disuse. For this purpose, the translation of the Bible is most to be desired. It is not certain that the same method will not preserve the Highland language, for the purposes of learning, and abolish it from daily use. When the Highlanders read the Bible, they will naturally wish to have its obscurities cleared, and to know the history, collateral or appendant. Knowledge always desires increase; it is like fire,

which must first be kindled by some external agent, but which will afterwards propagate itself. When they once desire to learn, they will naturally have recourse to the nearest language by which that desire can be gratified; and one will tell another that if he would attain knowledge, he must learn English.

"This speculation may, perhaps, be thought more subtle than the grossness of real life will easily admit. Let it, however, be remembered, that the efficacy of ignorance has long been tried, and has not produced the consequence expected. Let knowledge, therefore, take its turn; and let the patrons of privation stand awhile aside, and admit the operation of positive principles.

"You will be pleased, sir, to assure the worthy man who is employed in the new translation[1], that he has my wishes for his success; and if here or at Oxford I can be of any use, that I shall think it more than honour to promote his undertaking.

"I am sorry that I delayed so long to write.—I am, sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

The opponents of this pious scheme being made ashamed of their conduct, the benevolent undertaking was allowed to go on.

The following letters, though not written till the year after, being chiefly upon the same subject, are here inserted:

"TO MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

"Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, 21st April, 1767.

"DEAR SIR,—That my letter should have had such effects as you mention gives me great pleasure. I hope you do not flatter me by imputing to me more good than I have really done. Those whom my arguments have persuaded to change their opinion, show such modesty and candour as deserve great praise.

"I hope the worthy translator goes diligently forward. He has a higher reward in prospect than any honours which this world can bestow. I wish I could be useful to him.

[1] The Rev. Mr. John Campbell, minister of the parish of Kippen, near Stirling, who has lately favoured me with a long, intelligent, and very obliging letter upon this work, makes the following remark: "Dr. Johnson has alluded to the worthy man employed in the translation of the New Testament. Might not this have afforded you an opportunity of paying a proper tribute of respect to the memory of the Rev. Mr. James Stuart, late minister of Killin, distinguished by his eminent piety, learning, and taste? The amiable simplicity of his life, his warm benevolence, his indefatigable and successful exertions for civilizing and improving the parish of which he was minister for upwards of fifty years, entitle him to the gratitude of his country, and the veneration of all good men. It certainly would be a pity, if such a character should be permitted to sink into oblivion."—BOSWELL.

"The publication of my letter, if it could be of use in a cause to which all other causes are nothing, I should not prohibit. But first, I would have you to consider whether the publication will really do any good; next, whether by printing and distributing a very small number, you may not attain all that you propose; and, what perhaps I should have said first, whether the letter, which I do not now perfectly remember, be fit to be printed.

"If you can consult Dr. Robertson, to whom I am a little known, I shall be satisfied about the propriety of whatever he shall direct. If he thinks that it should be printed, I entreat him to revise it; there may, perhaps, be some negligent lines written, and whatever is amiss, he knows very well how to rectify [1].

"Be pleased to let me know, from time to time, how this excellent design goes forward.

"Make my compliments to young Mr. Drummond, whom I hope you will live to see such as you desire him.

"I have not lately seen Mr. Elphinston, but believe him to be prosperous. I shall be glad to hear the same of you, for I am, sir, your affectionate humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

"London, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, 24th Oct. 1767.

"SIR,—I returned this week from the country, after an absence of near six months, and found your letter with many others, which I should have answered sooner, if I had sooner seen them.

"Dr. Robertson's opinion was surely right. Men should not be told of the faults which they have mended. I am glad the old language is taught, and honour the translator, as a man whom God has distinguished by the high office of propagating his word.

"I must take the liberty of engaging you in an office of charity. Mrs. Heely, the wife of Mr. Heely, who had lately some office in your theatre, is my near relation, and now in great distress. They wrote me word of their situation some time ago, to which I returned them an answer which raised hopes of more than it is proper for me to give them. Their representation of their affairs I have discovered to be such as

[1] This paragraph shows Johnson's real estimation of the character and abilities of the celebrated Scottish historian, however lightly, in a *moment of caprice*, he may have spoken of his works.—BOSWELL. [He seems never to have spoken otherwise than slightingly of Dr. Robertson's *works*, however he may have respected his *judgment* on this particular subject. See *post*, p. 53, and 14th April, 1772.—ED.]

cannot be trusted: and at this distance, though their case requires haste, I know not how to act. She, or her daughters, may be heard of at Canongate-head. I must beg, sir, that you will inquire after them, and let me know what is to be done. I am willing to go to ten pounds, and will transmit you such a sum, if upon examination you find it likely to be of use. If they are in immediate want, advance them what you think proper. What I could do I would do for the woman, having no great reason to pay much regard to Heely himself[1].

"I believe you may receive some intelligence from Mrs. Baker of the theatre, whose letter I received at the same time with yours; and to whom, if you see her, you will make my excuse for the seeming neglect of answering her.

"Whatever you advance within ten pounds shall be immediately returned to you, or paid as you shall order. I trust wholly to your judgment.—I am, sir, &c. "SAM. JOHNSON."

Mr. Cuthbert Shaw[2], alike distinguished by his genius, misfortunes, and misconduct, published this year a poem, called "The Race, by Mercurius Spur, Esq." in which he whimsically made the living poets of England contend for pre-eminence of fame by running:

"Prove by their heels the prowess of the head."

In this poem there was the following portrait of Johnson:

"Here Johnson comes,—unblest with outward grace,
His rigid morals stamp'd upon his face;

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[1] This is the person concerning whom Sir John Hawkins has thrown out very unwarrantable reflections both against Dr. Johnson and Mr. Francis Barber.—BOSWELL. [Hawkins wished to persuade the world that Dr. Johnson acted unjustifiably in preferring (in the disposal of his property,) Barber to this man, whom Sir John and his daughter, in her *Memoirs*, call, with a most surprising disregard of truth, Johnson's *relation*, but who, in fact, had only married his relation. She was dead and Heely had married another woman at the time when Hawkins affected to think that he had claims to be Dr. Johnson's heir, and we find that, so early as this year, Johnson expressed his disregard for Heely himself. Some scenes took place in the last days of Johnson's life which, as we shall see, do little credit to Sir John Hawkins, and it seems probable that Barber detected and reported them, as was his duty, to his master; whence, perhaps, Hawkins's malevolence both to Johnson and Barber, and his endeavour to set up a rival to the latter. See *post*, 12th August, and *sub* November, 1784. —ED.]

[2] See an account of him in the *European Magazine*, Jan. 1786.—BOSWELL.

While strong conceptions struggle in his brain;
(For even wit is brought to bed with pain:)
To view him, porters with their loads would rest,
And babes cling frighted to the nurses' breast.
With looks convulsed he roars in pompous strain,
And, like an angry lion, shakes his mane.
The nine, with terrour struck, who ne'er had seen
Aught human with so terrible a mien,
Debating whether they should stay or run,
Virtue steps forth and claims him for her son.
With gentle speech she warns him now to yield,
Nor stain his glories in the doubtful field;
But wrapt in conscious worth, content sit down,
Since Fame, resolved his various pleas to crown,
Though forced his present claim to disavow,
Had long reserved a chaplet for his brow.
He bows, obeys; for time shall first expire,
Ere Johnson stay, when Virtue bids retire."

The honourable Thomas Hervey[1] and his lady having unhappily disagreed, and being about to separate, Johnson interfered as their friend, and wrote him a letter of expostulation, which I have not been able to find; but the substance of it is ascertained by a letter to Johnson in answer to it, which Mr. Hervey printed. The occasion of this correspondence between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Hervey was thus related to me by Mr. Beauclerk. "Tom Hervey had a great liking for Johnson, and in his will had left him a legacy of fifty pounds. One day he said to me, 'Johnson may want this money now, more than afterwards. I have a mind to give it him directly. Will you be so good as to carry a fifty pound note from me to him?' This I positively refused to do, as he might, perhaps, have knocked me down for insulting him, and have afterwards put the note in his pocket. But I said, if Hervey would write him a letter, and enclose a fifty pound note, I should take care to deliver it. He

[1] The Honourable Thomas Hervey, whose letter to Sir Thomas Hanmer, in 1742, was much read at that time. He was the second son of John, the first Earl of Bristol, and one of the brothers of Johnson's early friend, Henry Hervey. He [was born in 1698] married in 1744, Anne, daughter of Francis Coughlan, Esq., and died Jan. 20, 1775.—MALONE.

accordingly did write him a letter, mentioning that he was only paying a legacy a little sooner. To his letter he added, '*P. S. I am going to part with my wife.*' Johnson then wrote to him, saying nothing of the note, but remonstrating with him against parting with his wife."

When I mentioned to Johnson this story, in as delicate terms as I could, he told me that the fifty pound note was given[1] to him by Mr. Hervey in consideration

[1] [This is not inconsistent with Mr. Beauclerk's account. It may have been in consideration of this pamphlet that Hervey left Johnson the fifty pounds in his will, and on second thoughts he may have determined to send it to him. It were however to be wished, that the story had stood on its original ground. The acceptance of an anticipated legacy from a friend would have had nothing objectionable in it; but can so much be said for the employment of one's pen for hire, in the disgusting squabbles of so mischievous and profligate a madman as Mr. Thomas Hervey? "He was well known," says the gentle biographer of the Peerage, "for his genius and eccentricities." The letter to Sir Thomas Hanmer, above mentioned, was the first, it is believed, of the many appeals which Mr. Hervey made to the public, relative to his private concerns. The subject is astonishing. Lady Hanmer eloped from her husband with Mr. Hervey, and made, it seems, a will, in his favour, of certain estates, of which Sir Thomas had a life possession. Hervey's letter avows the adultery, and assigns very strange reasons for the lady's leaving her husband, and then goes on to complain, that Sir Thomas was cutting timber on the estate which had belonged to "*our wife*," so he calls her, and of which the reversion was his, and begging that, if he did sell any more timber, he would give him, Hervey, the refusal of it. All this is garnished, and set off by extravagant flights of fine writing, the most cutting sarcasms, the most indecent details, and the most serious expressions of the writer's conviction, that *his* conduct was natural and delicate, and such as every body must approve; and that, finally, *in Heaven*, Lady Hanmer, in the distribution of wives (*suum cuique*), would be considered as his. Twenty years did not cool his brain. Just at the close of the reign he addressed a letter to King George the Second, complaining of the king's ministers for not paying him 2000*l.* which they owed him, and which sum was composed of 200*l.* per annum for 10 years, which the said ministers *should have added to the salary* of an office which Mr. Hervey held. In this letter he pretty clearly explains the state of his intellect. He talks of "*the hideous subject of his mental excruciation*," and laments that "*a troubled and resentful mind, in a distempered body, is almost the consummation of human misery.*" He complains that "his doctor mistook his case, by calling *that* a *nervous* disorder which was clearly *inflammatory*, and, in consequence of that *fatal error*, Hervey "*passed eleven years without any more account of time, or other notice of things, than a person asleep, under the influence of some horrid dream.*" He talks of his father as a "*monster of iniquity*," of "*his weak and passionate mother*," of "*his base and cruel brother*," and so on. It is this letter which Horace Walpole thus characterizes: "Have you seen Tom Hervey's letter to the king? full of absurdity and madness, but with here and there gleams of genius and happy expressions that are wonderfully fine."—*Letter to Conway, Dec.* 1766. His quarrel with his second wife, in 1767, referred to in the text, he, according to his custom, blazoned to the public by the following advertisement: "*Whereas Mrs. Hervey has been three times from home last year, and at least as many the year before, without my leave or privity, and hath encouraged her son to persist in the like rebellious practices, I hereby declare, that I neither am nor will be accountable for any future debts*

of his having written for him a pamphlet against Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, who, Mr. Hervey imagined, was the authour of an attack upon him; but that it was afterwards discovered to be the work of a garreteer[1], who wrote "The Fool:" the pamphlet, therefore, against Sir Charles was not printed.

In February, 1767, there happened one of the most remarkable incidents of Johnson's life, which gratified his monarchical enthusiasm, and which he loved to relate with all its circumstances, when requested by his friends. This was his being honoured by a private conversation with his majesty in the library at the queen's house. He had frequently visited those splendid rooms, and noble collection of books[2], which he used to say was more numerous and curious than he supposed any person could have made in the time which the king had employed. Mr. Barnard, the librarian, took care that he should have every accommodation that could contribute to his ease and convenience, while indulging his literary taste in that place; so that he had here a very agreeable resource at leisure hours.

His majesty having been informed of his occasional visits, was pleased to signify a desire that he should

of her whatsoever. She is now keeping forcible possession of my house, to which I never did invite or thought of inviting her in all my life.—THOMAS HERVEY." He afterwards proceeded further, and commenced a suit against his lady for jactitation of marriage, which finally ended in his discomfiture. Johnson, as we shall see hereafter, characterized his friend, Tom Hervey, as he had already done (*ante*, vol. i. p. 76,) his brother Henry, as very vicious. Alas! it is but too probable, that both were disordered in mind, and that what was called *vice* was, in truth, *disease*, and required a madhouse rather than a prison.—ED.]

[1] [Some curiosity would naturally be felt as to who the *garreteer* was, who wrote a pamphlet, which was attributed to Sir C. H. Williams, the wittiest man of his day, and to answer which, the wild and sarcastic genius of Hervey required the assistance of Dr. Johnson. His name was William Horsley, but his acknowledged works are poor productions.—ED.]

[2] Dr. Johnson had the honour of contributing his assistance towards the formation of this library; for I have read a long letter from him to Mr. Barnard, giving the most masterly instructions on the subject. I wished much to have gratified my readers with the perusal of this letter, and have reason to think that his majesty would have been graciously pleased to permit its publication; but Mr. Barnard, to whom I applied, declined it "on his own account."

be told when Dr. Johnson came next to the library. Accordingly, the next time that Johnson did come, as soon as he was fairly engaged with a book, on which, while he sat by the fire, he seemed quite intent, Mr. Barnard stole round to the apartment where the king was, and, in obedience to his majesty's commands, mentioned that Dr. Johnson was then in the library. His majesty said he was at leisure, and would go to him: upon which Mr. Barnard took one of the candles that stood on the king's table, and lighted his majesty through a suite of rooms, till they came to a private door into the library, of which his majesty had the key. Being entered, Mr. Barnard stepped forward hastily to Dr. Johnson, who was still in a profound study, and whispered him, "Sir, here is the king." Johnson started up, and stood still. His majesty approached him, and at once was courteously easy[1].

His majesty began by observing, that he understood he came sometimes to the library; and then mentioning his having heard that the Doctor had been lately at Oxford, asked him if he was not fond of going thither. To which Johnson answered, that he was indeed fond of going to Oxford sometimes, but was likewise glad to come back again. The king then asked him what they were doing at Oxford.

[1] The particulars of this conversation I have been at great pains to collect with the utmost authenticity, from Dr. Johnson's own detail to myself; from Mr. Langton, who was present when he gave an account of it to Dr. Joseph Warton, and several other friends at Sir Joshua Reynolds's; from Mr. Barnard; from the copy of a letter written by the late Mr. Strahan, the printer, to Bishop Warburton; and from a minute, the original of which is among the papers of the late Sir James Caldwell, and a copy of which was most obligingly obtained for me from his son, Sir Francis Lumm. To all these gentlemen I beg leave to make my grateful acknowledgments, and particularly to Sir Francis Lumm, who was pleased to take a great deal of trouble, and even had the minute laid before the king by Lord Caermarthen, now Duke of Leeds, then one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, who announced to Sir Francis the royal pleasure concerning it by a letter, in these words:—"I have the king's commands to assure you, sir, how sensible his majesty is of your attention in communicating the minute of the conversation previous to its publication. As there appears no objection to your complying with Mr. Boswell's wishes on the subject, you are at full liberty to deliver it to that gentleman, to make such use of in his Life of Dr. Johnson, as he may think proper."—BOSWELL.

Johnson answered, he could not much commend their diligence, but that in some respects they were mended, for they had put their press under better regulations, and were at that time printing Polybius. He was then asked whether there were better libraries at Oxford or Cambridge. He answered, he believed the Bodleian was larger than any they had at Cambridge; at the same time adding, "I hope, whether we have more books or not than they have at Cambridge, we shall make as good use of them as they do." Being asked whether All-Souls or Christ-Church library was the largest, he answered, "All-Souls library is the largest we have, except the Bodleian." "Ay," said the king, "that is the publick library."

His majesty inquired if he was then writing any thing. He answered, he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The king, as it should seem with a view to urge him to rely on his own stores as an original writer, and to continue his labours, then said, "I do not think you borrow much from any body." Johnson said, he thought he had already done his part as a writer. "I should have thought so too," said the king, "if you had not written so well." Johnson observed to me, upon this, that "No man could have paid a handsomer compliment [1]; and it was fit for a king to pay. It was decisive." When asked by another friend, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, whether he made any reply to this high compliment, he answered "No, sir. When the king had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my sovereign." Perhaps no man who had spent his whole life in courts could have shown a more nice and dignified sense of true politeness than Johnson did in this instance.

[1] [Johnson himself imitated it to Paoli (see *post*, 10th October, 1769); and it is indeed become one of the *common-places* of compliment.—ED.]

His majesty having observed to him that he supposed he must have read a great deal, Johnson answered, that he thought more than he read; that he had read a great deal in the early part of his life, but having fallen into ill health, he had not been able to read much, compared with others: for instance, he said he had not read much, compared with Dr. Warburton. Upon which the king said, that he heard Dr. Warburton was a man of such general knowledge, that you could scarce talk with him on any subject on which he was not qualified to speak; and that his learning resembled Garrick's acting, in its universality[1]. His majesty then talked of the controversy between Warburton and Lowth, which he seemed to have read, and asked Johnson what he thought of it. Johnson answered, "Warburton has most general, most scholastick learning; Lowth is the more correct scholar. I do not know which of them calls names best." The king was pleased to say he was of the same opinion; adding, "You do not think then, Dr. Johnson, that there was much argument in the case." Johnson said, he did not think there was. "Why truly (said the king), when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty well at an end."

[1] The Rev. Mr. Strahan clearly recollects having been told by Johnson, that the king observed that Pope made Warburton a bishop. "True, sir (said Johnson), but Warburton did more for Pope; he made him a Christian;" alluding, no doubt, to his ingenious comments on the "Essay on Man." [Mr. Strahan's recollection probably failed him. His majesty and Dr. Johnson were both too well informed to have bandied such idle talk. Warburton had published the *Divine Legation*, and was chaplain to the prince of Wales before he knew Pope; his acquaintance with that poet, but of four years' continuance, was ended by Pope's death in 1744. It was ten years after, that he became a king's chaplain, and, in 1755, he had a prebend in the cathedral of Durham. In 1757, he was made dean of Bristol; and, in 1760, *sixteen years after Pope's death*, he became bishop of Gloucester. If it be alleged, that Mr. Strahan's report refers to the supposition, that his commentary on Pope's "Essay on Man" tended to create that character which finally raised him to the bench; it may be observed, that he published, before and after that commentary, a multitude of works on polemical and religious subjects, much more important and remarkable than the Commentary on the "Essay on Man." The truth is, Warburton was made a bishop by his numerous works, and his high literary character, to which this commentary contributed a very inconsiderable part.—Ed.]

His majesty then asked him what he thought of Lord Lyttelton's history, which was then just published. Johnson said, he thought his style pretty good, but that he had blamed Henry the Second rather too much. "Why (said the king), they seldom do these things by halves." "No, sir (answered Johnson), not to kings." But fearing to be misunderstood, he proceeded to explain himself; and immediately subjoined, "That for those who spoke worse of kings than they deserved, he could find no excuse; but that he could more easily conceive how some might speak better of them than they deserved, without any ill intention; for, as kings had much in their power to give, those who were favoured by them would frequently, from gratitude, exaggerate their praises: and as this proceeded from a good motive, it was certainly excusable, as far as errour could be excusable."

The king then asked him what he thought of Dr. Hill. Johnson answered that he was an ingenious man, but had no veracity; and immediately mentioned, as an instance of it, an assertion of that writer, that he had seen objects magnified to a much greater degree by using three or four microscopes at a time than by using one. "Now (added Johnson) every one acquainted with microscopes knows, that the more of them he looks through, the less the object will appear[1]." "Why (replied the king) this is not only telling an untruth, but telling it clumsily; for, if that be the case, every one who can look through a microscope will be able to detect him."

[1] [Here, as the bishop of Ferns remarks, Dr. Johnson was culpably unjust to Hill, and showed that *he* did not understand the subject. Hill does *not* talk of magnifying objects by *two* or *more* microscopes, but by applying two *object glasses* to *one* microscope; and the advantage of diminished spherical errors by this contrivance is well known. Hill's account of the experiment (*Veg. System, Lond.* 1770, *p.* 44) is, as the bishop further observes, obscurely and inaccurately expressed in one or two particulars; but there can be no doubt that he is substantially right, and that Dr. Johnson's statement was altogether unfounded.—Ed.]

"I now (said Johnson to his friends, when relating what had passed) began to consider that I was depreciating this man in the estimation of his sovereign, and thought it was time for me to say something that might be more favourable." He added, therefore, that Dr. Hill was, notwithstanding, a very curious observer; and if he would have been contented to tell the world no more than he knew, he might have been a very considerable man, and needed not to have recourse to such mean expedients to raise his reputation.

The king then talked of literary journals, mentioned particularly the *Journal des Savans*, and asked Johnson if it was well done. Johnson said, it was formerly very well done, and gave some account of the persons who began it, and carried it on for some years; enlarging, at the same time, on the nature and use of such works. The king asked him if it was well done now. Johnson answered, he had no reason to think that it was. The king then asked him if there were any other literary journals published in this kingdom, except the Monthly and Critical Reviews; and on being answered there was no other, his majesty asked which of them was the best: Johnson answered, that the Monthly Review was done with most care, the Critical upon the best principles; adding that the authors of the Monthly Review were enemies to the church. This the king said he was sorry to hear.

The conversation next turned on the Philosophical Transactions, when Johnson observed that they had now a better method of arranging their materials than formerly. "Ay (said the king), they are obliged to Dr. Johnson for that;" for his majesty had heard and remembered the circumstance, which Johnson himself had forgot.

His majesty expressed a desire to have the literary biography of this country ably executed, and proposed to Dr. Johnson to undertake it[1]. Johnson signified his readiness to comply with his majesty's wishes.

During the whole of this interview, Johnson talked to his majesty with profound respect, but still in his firm manly manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing-room. After the king withdrew, Johnson showed himself highly pleased with his majesty's conversation and gracious behaviour. He said to Mr. Barnard, "Sir, they may talk of the king as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen[2]." And he afterwards observed to Mr. Langton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Louis XIV. or Charles II."

At Sir Joshua Reynolds's, where a circle of Johnson's friends was collected round him to hear his account of this memorable conversation, Dr. Joseph Warton, in his frank and lively manner, was very active in pressing him to mention the particulars. "Come now, sir, this is an interesting matter; do favour us with it." Johnson, with great good humour, complied.

He told them, "I found his majesty wished I should talk, and I made it my business to talk. I find it does a man good to be talked to by his sovereign. In the first place, a man cannot be in a passion[3] ——." Here some question interrupted him, which is to be regretted, as he certainly would have

[1] [This perhaps may have given Dr. Johnson the first idea of the most popular and entertaining of all his works, "The Lives of the Poets."—Ed.]

[2] [This reminds us of Madame de Sevigné's charming naïveté, when, after giving an account of Louis XIV. having danced with her, she adds, "Ah! c'est le plus grand roi du monde!"—Ed.]

[3] [Johnson was, in his calmer moments, sensible of the too great vehemence of his conversation; and yet, see *post*, 19th May, 1784.—Ed.]

pointed out and illustrated many circumstances of advantage, from being in a situation where the powers of the mind are at once excited to vigorous exertion, and tempered by reverential awe.

During all the time in which Dr. Johnson was employed in relating to the circle at Sir Joshua Reynolds's the particulars of what passed between the king and him, Dr. Goldsmith remained unmoved upon a sofa at some distance, affecting not to join in the least in the eager curiosity of the company. He assigned as a reason for his gloom and seeming inattention, that he apprehended Johnson had relinquished his purpose of furnishing him with a prologue to his play, with the hopes of which he had been flattered; but it was strongly suspected that he was fretting with chagrin and envy at the singular honour Dr. Johnson had lately enjoyed. At length, the frankness and simplicity of his natural character prevailed. He sprung from the sofa, advanced to Johnson, and in a kind of flutter, from imagining himself in the situation which he had just been hearing described, exclaimed, "Well, you acquitted yourself in this conversation better than I should have done; for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it."

[It is a singularity that, however obvious, has not been before observed, that Johnson should have been in the presence of Queen Anne and of George the Fourth[1]. He once told Sir John Hawkins, [that, in a visit to Mrs. Percy, who had the care of one of the young princes, at the queen's house, the Prince of ED. Hawk. p. 470.

[1] [George the First he probably never saw, but George the Second he must frequently have seen, and he had the honour of conversing, as above stated, with George the Third and George the Fourth, and thus saw four of the five last sovereigns, whose reigns already include above a century and a quarter.—ED.]

Wales, being then a child, came into the room, and began to play about; when Johnson, with his usual curiosity, took an opportunity of asking him what books he was reading, and, in particular, inquired as to his knowledge of the scriptures; the prince, in his answers, gave him great satisfaction, and, as to the last, said, that part of his daily exercises was to read Ostervald [1].]

I received no letter from Johnson this year: nor have I discovered any of the correspondence [2] he had, except the two letters to Mr. Drummond, which have been inserted, for the sake of connexion with that to the same gentleman in 1766. His diary affords no light as to his employment at this time. He passed [more than [3]] three months at Lichfield; and I cannot omit an affecting and solemn scene there, as related by himself:

Prayers & Med. p.76, 77.

"Sunday, Oct. 18, 1767. Yesterday, Oct. 17, at about ten in the morning, I took my leave for ever of my dear old friend, Catherine Chambers, who came to live with my mother about 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. She buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now fifty-eight years old.

"I desired all to withdraw, then told her that we were to part for ever; that as Christians, we should part with prayer; and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me; and held up her poor hands,

[1] [No doubt the popular *Catechism* and "Abridgement of Sacred History" of J. F. Ostervald, an eminent Swiss divine. He died in 1747, in the 84th year of his age.—ED.]

[2] It is proper here to mention, that when I speak of his correspondence, I consider it independent of the voluminous collection of letters which, in the course of many years, he wrote to Mrs. Thrale, which forms a separate part of his works: and as a proof of the high estimation set on any thing which came from his pen, was sold by that lady for the sum of five hundred pounds.—BOSWELL. [See the preface for some observations on these *letters*.—ED.]

[3] In his letter to Mr. Drummond, dated Oct. 24, 1767, he mentions that he had arrived in London, after an absence, of nearly *six months*, in the country. Probably part of that time was spent at Oxford.—MALONE. [He dates a letter to Mrs. Thrale, from Lichfield, as early as the 20th July, and states that he had already been there longer than he intended. *Letters*.—ED.]

as she lay in bed, with great fervour, while I prayed, kneeling by her, nearly in the following words: Prayers & Med. p. 76, 77.

"Almighty and most merciful Father, whose loving kindness is over all thy works, behold, visit, and relieve this thy servant, who is grieved with sickness. Grant that the sense of her weakness may add strength to her faith, and seriousness to her repentance. And grant that by the help of thy holy spirit, after the pains and labours of this short life, we may all obtain everlasting happiness, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for whose sake hear our prayers[1]. Amen. Our father, &c.

"I then kissed her. She told me, that to part was the greatest pain that she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes, and great emotion of tenderness, the same hopes. We kissed, and parted, I humbly hope to meet again, and to part no more[2]."

By those who have been taught to look upon Johnson as a man of a harsh and stern character, let this tender and affectionate scene be candidly read; and let them then judge whether more warmth of heart and grateful kindness is often found in human nature.

"TO MRS. THRALE.

"Lichfield, 20 July, 1767. Letters, vol. i. p. 3.

"Though I have been away so much longer than I purposed or expected, I have found nothing that withdraws my affections from the friends whom I left behind, or which makes me less desirous of reposing at that place which your kindness and Mr. Thrale's allows me to call my *home*.

"Miss Lucy is more kind and civil than I expected, and has raised my esteem by many excellencies very noble and resplendent, though a little discoloured by hoary virginity. Every thing else recalls to my remembrance years in which I proposed what, I am afraid, I have not done, and promised myself pleasure which I have not found."

We have the following notice in his devotional record:

[1] [The greater part of this prayer is, as the Bishop of Ferns observes, in the visitation of the sick in our liturgy.—Ed.]

[2] [Catherine Chambers died in a few days after this interview, and was buried in St. Chads, Lichfield, on the 7th Nov. 1767.—Harwood.]

Prayers & Med. p.72,73.

"August 2, 1767. I have been disturbed and unsettled for a long time, and have been without resolution to apply to study or to business, being hindered by sudden snatches.

"I have for some days forborne wine and suppers. Abstinence is not easily practised in another's house; but I think it fit to try.

"I was extremely perturbed in the night, but have had this day more ease than I expected. D[eo] gr[atia]. Perhaps this may be such a sudden relief as I once had by a good night's rest in Fetter-lane.

"From that time, by abstinence, I have had more ease. I have read five books of Homer, and hope to end the sixth to-night. I have given Mrs. —— a guinea.

"By abstinence from wine and suppers, I obtained sudden and great relief, and had freedom of mind restored to me; which I have wanted for all this year, without being able to find my means of obtaining it."

He, however, furnished Mr. Adams with a dedication* to the king of that ingenious gentleman's "Treatise on the Globes," conceived and expressed in such a manner as could not fail to be very grateful to a monarch, distinguished for his love of the sciences.

This year was published a ridicule of his style, under the title of "Lexiphanes." Sir John Hawkins ascribes it to Dr. Kenrick; but its authour was one Campbell, a Scotch purser in the navy. The ridicule consisted in applying Johnson's "words of large meaning," to insignificant matters, as if one should put the armour of Goliath upon a dwarf. The contrast might be laughable; but the dignity of the armour must remain the same in all considerate minds. This malicious drollery[1], therefore, it may easily be supposed, could do no harm to its illustrious object.

[1] [It may have been malicious, but it certainly is not droll. It is so overcharged, as to have neither resemblance nor pleasantry.—Ed.]

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.

At Mr. Rothwell's, perfumer, in New Bond-street, London.

"Lichfield, 10th October, 1767.

"DEAR SIR,—That you have been all summer in London is one more reason for which I regret my long stay in the country. I hope that you will not leave the town before my return. We have here only the chance of vacancies in the passing carriages, and I have bespoken one that may, if it happens, bring me to town on the fourteenth [1] of this month; but this is not certain.

"It will be a favour if you communicate this to Mrs. Williams; I long to see all my friends. I am, dear sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

["TO MRS. ASTON [2]. Parker MSS.

"17th November, 1767.

"MADAM,—If you impute it to disrespect or inattention, that I took no leave when I left Lichfield, you will do me great injustice. I know you too well not to value your friendship.

"When I came to Oxford I inquired after the product of our walnut-tree, but it had, like other trees this year, but very few nuts, and for those few I came too late. The tree, as I told you, madam, we cannot find to be more than thirty years old, and upon measuring it, I found it, at about one foot from the ground, seven feet in circumference, and at the height, of about seven feet; the circumference is five feet and a half; it would have been, I believe, still bigger but that it has been lopped. The nuts are small, such as they call single nuts; whether this nut is of quicker growth than better I have not yet inquired; such as they are I hope to send them next year.

"You know, dear madam, the liberty I took of hinting, that I did not think your present mode of life very pregnant with happiness. Reflection has not yet changed my opinion. Solitude excludes pleasure, and does not always secure peace. Some communication of sentiments is commonly necessary to give vent to the imagination, and discharge the mind of its own flatulencies. Some lady surely might be found, in whose conver-

[1] [We have just seen that he was detained till the 18th.—ED.]

[2] [Elizabeth, one of the younger daughters of Sir Thomas Aston: see *ante*, vol. i. p. 52, *n.* Some letters of Johnson to Mrs. Aston, which have been communicated since that note was printed, are written with a uniform spirit of tenderness and respect, and, though of little other value, afford an additional proof of the inaccuracy of Miss Seward, who represents Dr. Johnson as stating to her a very unfavourable character of Mrs. Aston.—ED.]

sation you might delight, and in whose fidelity you might repose. *The world,* says Locke, *has people of all sorts.* You will forgive me this obtrusion of my opinion; I am sure I wish you well.

"Poor Kitty has done what we have all to do, and Lucy has the world to begin anew; I hope she will find some way to more content than I left her possessing.

"Be pleased to make my compliments to Mrs. Hinckley and Miss Turton. I am, madam, your most obliged and most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."]

It appears from his notes of the state of his mind, that he suffered great perturbation and distraction in 1768.

Prayers & Med. p. 80.

"Town-malling[1], in Kent, 18th Sept. 1768, at night.

"I have now begun the sixtieth year of my life. How the last year has past, I am unwilling to terrify myself with thinking. This day has been past in great perturbation; I was distracted at church in an uncommon degree, and my distress has had very little intermission. I have found myself somewhat relieved by reading, which I therefore intend to practise when I am able.

"This day it came into my mind to write the history of my

[1] [It appears that he visited, with the Thrales, Mr. Brooke of Town-malling, of whose primitive house and manners we find some account in the *Letters.*

"*Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale,* 23*d August,* 1777.—"It was very well done by Mr. Brooke to send for you. His house is one of my favourite places. His water is very commodious, and the whole place has the true old appearance of a little country town. I hope Miss goes, for she takes notice."

"*Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson,* 18*th September,* 1777.—"Come, here is news of Town-malling, the quiet old-fashioned place in Kent, that you liked so, because it was agreeable to your own notions of a rural life. I believe we were the first people, except the master of it, who had, for many years, taken delight in the old coach without springs, the two roasted ducks in one dish, the fortified flower garden, and fir-trees cut in figures. A spirit of innovation has however reached even there at last. The roads are mended; no more narrow shaded lanes, but clear open turnpike trotting. A yew hedge, or an eugh hedge if you will, newly cut down too by his nephew's desire. Ah! those nephews.—And a wall pulled away, which bore incomparable fruit—*to call in the country*—is the phrase. Mr. Thrale is wicked enough to urge on these rough reformers, how it will end I know not. For your comfort, the square canals still drop into one another, and the chocolate is still made in the room by a maid, who curtsies as she presents every cup. Dear old Daddy Brooke looks well, and even handsome at eighty-one years old; while I saw his sister, who is ninety-four years old and calls him *Frankey,* eat more venison at a sitting than Mr. Thrale. These are the proper contemplations of this season. May my daughter and my friend but enjoy life as long, and use it as innocently as these sweet people have done. The sight of such a family consoles one's heart."—ED.]

melancholy. On this I purpose to deliberate; I know not whether it may not too much disturb me."

Nothing of his writings was given to the public this year, except the Prologue * to his friend Goldsmith's comedy of "The Good-natured Man." The first lines of this prologue are strongly characteristical of the dismal gloom of his mind; which in his case, as in the case of all who are distressed with the same malady of imagination, transfers to others its own feelings. Who could suppose it was to introduce a comedy, when Mr. Bensley solemnly began,

> "Press'd with the load of life, the weary mind
> Surveys the general toil of human kind?"

But this dark ground might make Goldsmith's humour shine the more [1].

In the spring of this year, having published my "Account of Corsica, with the Journal of a Tour to that Island," I returned to London, very desirous to see Dr. Johnson, and hear him upon the subject. I found he was at Oxford, with his friend Mr. Chambers, who was now Vinerian Professor, and lived in New-inn Hall. Having had no letter from him since that in which he criticised the Latinity of my Thesis, and having been told by somebody that he was offended at my having put into my book an extract of his letter to me at Paris, I was impatient

[1] In this prologue, as Mr. John Taylor informs me, after the fourth line—"And social sorrow loses half its pain," the following couplet was inserted:

> "*Amidst the toils of this returning year,*
> *When senators and nobles learn to fear,*
> Our *little* bard without complaint may share
> The bustling season's epidemick care."

So the prologue appeared in the *Publick Advertiser* (the theatrical gazette of that day), soon after the first representation of this comedy in 1768.—Goldsmith probably thought that the lines printed in italick characters, which, however, seem necessary, or at least improve the sense, might give offence, and therefore prevailed on Johnson to omit them. The epithet *little*, which perhaps the authour thought might diminish his dignity, was also changed to *anxious*.—MALONE.

to be with him, and therefore followed him to Oxford, where I was entertained by Mr. Chambers, with a civility which I shall ever gratefully remember. I found that Dr. Johnson had sent a letter to me to Scotland, and that I had nothing to complain of but his being more indifferent to my anxiety than I wished him to be. Instead of giving, with the circumstances of time and place, such fragments of his conversation as I preserved during this visit to Oxford, I shall throw them together in continuation.

I asked him whether, as a moralist, he did not think that the practice of the law, in some degree, hurt the nice feeling of honesty. JOHNSON. "Why no, sir, if you act properly. You are not to deceive your clients with false representations of your opinion: you are not to tell lies to a judge." BOSWELL. "But what do you think of supporting a cause which you know to be bad?" JOHNSON. "Sir, you do not know it to be good or bad till the judge determines it. I have said that you are to state facts fairly; so that your thinking, or what you call knowing, a cause to be bad, must be from reasoning, must be from your supposing your arguments to be weak and inconclusive. But, sir, that is not enough. An argument which does not convince yourself, may convince the judge to whom you urge it; and if it does convince him, why, then, sir, you are wrong, and he is right. It is his business to judge; and you are not to be confident in your own opinion that a cause is bad, but to say all you can for your client, and then hear the judge's opinion." BOSWELL. "But, sir, does not affecting a warmth when you have no warmth, and appearing to be clearly of one opinion when you are in reality of another opinion, does not such dissimulation impair one's honesty? Is there not some danger that a lawyer may put on the same

mask in common life, in the intercourse with his friends?" JOHNSON. "Why no, sir. Every body knows you are paid for affecting warmth for your client; and it is, therefore, properly no dissimulation; the moment you come from the bar you resume your usual behaviour. Sir, a man will no more carry the artifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society, than a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands will continue to tumble upon his hands when he should walk on his feet[1]."

Talking of some of the modern plays, he said, "False Delicacy[2]" was totally void of character. He praised Goldsmith's "Good-natured Man;" said it was the best comedy that had appeared since "The Provoked Husband," and that there had not been of late any such character exhibited on the stage as that of Croaker. I observed it was the Suspirius of his Rambler. He said, Goldsmith had owned he had borrowed it from thence. "Sir (continued he), there is all the difference in the world between characters of nature and characters of manners; and *there* is the difference between the characters of Fielding and those of Richardson. Characters of manners are very entertaining; but they are to be understood, by a more superficial observer, than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart."

[1] See *post*, 15th August, 1773, where Johnson has supported the same argument.—J. BOSWELL. [Cicero touches this question more than once, but never with much confidence. "Atqui etiam hoc præceptum officii diligenter tenendum est, ne quem unquam innocentem judicio capitis arcessas; id, enim, sine scelere fieri nullo pacto potest. Nec tamen, ut hoc fugiendum est, ita habendum est religioni, *nocentem aliquando*, modo ne *nefarium impiumque*, defendere. Vult hoc multitudo, patitur consuetudo, fert etiam humanitas. Judicis est semper in causas *verum* sequi patroni, nonnunquam verisimile, etiam is minus sit verum, defendere." (*De Off. l.* 2. *c.* 14.) We might have expected a less conditional and apologetical defence of his own profession from the great philosophical orator.—ED.]

[2] [By Kelly, the poetical staymaker.—ED.]

It always appeared to me that he estimated the compositions of Richardson too highly [1], and that he had an unreasonable prejudice against Fielding. In comparing those two writers, he used this expression; "that there was as great a difference between them, as between a man who knew how a watch was made, and a man who could tell the hour by looking on the dial-plate." This was a short and figurative state of his distinction between drawing characters of nature and characters only of manners. But I cannot help being of opinion that the neat watches of Fielding are as well constructed as the large clocks of Richardson, and that his dial-plates are brighter. Fielding's characters, though they do not expand themselves so widely in dissertation, are as just pictures of human nature, and I will venture to say, have more striking features, and nicer touches of the pencil; and though Johnson used to quote with approbation a saying of Richardson's, "that the virtues of Fielding's heroes were the vices of a truly good man," I will venture to add that the moral tendency of Fielding's writings, though it does not encourage a strained and rarely possible virtue, is ever favourable to honour and honesty, and cherishes the benevolent and generous affections. He who is as good as Fielding would make him is an amiable member of society, and may be led on, by more regulated instructors, to a higher state of ethical perfection.

Hawk. p. 217. [Johnson was inclined, as being personally acquainted with Richardson, to favour the opinion of his admirers that he was acquainted with the inmost recesses of the human heart, and had an absolute command over the passions; but he seemed not firm in it, and could at any time be talked into a disap-

[1] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 210, and *post*, 6th April, 1772.—Ed.]

probation of all fictitious relations, of which he would frequently say they took no hold of the mind.] Hawk. p. 217.

Johnson proceeded: "Even Sir Francis Wrong-head is a character of manners, though drawn with great humour." He then repeated, very happily, all Sir Francis's credulous account to Manly of his being with "the great man," and securing a place. I asked him if "The Suspicious Husband" did not furnish a well-drawn character, that of Ranger. JOHNSON. "No, sir; Ranger is just a rake, a mere rake, and a lively young fellow, but no *character*."

The great Douglas cause was at this time a very general subject of discussion. I found he had not studied it with much attention, but had only heard parts of it occasionally. He, however, talked of it, and said, "I am of opinion that positive proof of fraud should not be required of the plaintiff, but that the judges should decide according as probability shall appear to preponderate, granting to the defendant the presumption of filiation to be strong in his favour. And I think too, that a good deal of weight should be allowed to the dying declarations, because they were spontaneous. There is a great difference between what is said without our being urged to it, and what is said from a kind of compulsion. If I praise a man's book without being asked my opinion of it, that is honest praise, to which one may trust. But if an authour asks me if I like his book, and I give him something like praise, it must not be taken as my real opinion."

"I have not been troubled for a long time with authours desiring my opinion of their works. I used once to be sadly plagued with a man who wrote verses, but who literally had no other notion of a verse but that it consisted of ten syllables. *Lay*

your knife and your fork across your plate, was to him a verse:

Lay yōur knife ānd your fōrk acrōss your plate.

As he wrote a great number of verses, he sometimes by chance made good ones, though he did not know it."

Piozzi, p. 216, 217. [Dr. Johnson did not like that his friends should bring their manuscripts for him to read, and he liked still less to read them when they were brought: sometimes, however, when he could not refuse he would take the play or poem, or whatever it was, and give the people his opinion from some one page that he had peeped into. A gentleman[1] carried him his tragedy, which, because he loved the authour, Johnson took, and it lay about our rooms at Streatham some time. "What answer did you give your friend, sir?" asked Mrs. Thrale, after the book had been called for. "I told him," replied he, "that there was too much *Tig* and *Tirry* in it." Seeing her laugh most violently, "Why, what wouldst have, child?" said he. "I looked at nothing but the dramatis, and there was *Tig*ranes and *Tiri*dates, or Teribazus, or such stuff. A man can tell but what he knows, and I never got any farther than the first page."]

He renewed his promise of coming to Scotland, and going with me to the Hebrides, but said he would now content himself with seeing one or two of the most curious of them. He said, "Macaulay, who writes the account of St. Kilda, set out with a prejudice against prejudice, and wanted to be a smart modern thinker; and yet affirms for a truth, that when a ship arrives there all the inhabitants are seized with a cold."

Dr. John Campbell, the celebrated[2] writer, took a

[1] [No doubt Mr. Murphy, in whose tragedy of *Zenobia*, acted in 1768, there are two personages named *Tigranes* and *Teribazus*.—ED.]

[2] [See *ante*, 1st July, 1763.—ED.]

great deal of pains to ascertain this fact, and attempted to account for it on physical principles, from the effect of effluvia from human bodies. Johnson, at another time, praised Macaulay for his "*magnanimity*," in asserting this wonderful story, because it was well attested. A lady of Norfolk, by a letter to my friend Dr. Burney, has favoured me with the following solution: "Now for the explication of this seeming mystery, which is so very obvious as, for that reason, to have escaped the penetration of Dr. Johnson and his friend, as well as that of the authour. Reading the book with my ingenious friend, the late Rev. Mr. Christian of Docking—after ruminating a little, 'The cause,' says he, 'is a natural one. The situation of St. Kilda renders a north-east wind indispensably necessary before a stranger can land. The wind, not the stranger, occasions an epidemick cold.' If I am not mistaken, Mr. Macaulay is dead; if living, this solution might please him, as I hope it will Mr. Boswell, in return for the many agreeable hours his works have afforded us." 21 Mar. 1772. 2 Oct. 1773.

Johnson expatiated on the advantages of Oxford for learning. "There is here, sir," said he, "such a progressive emulation. The students are anxious to appear well to their tutors; the tutors are anxious to have their pupils appear well in the college; the colleges are anxious to have their students appear well in the university; and there are excellent rules of discipline in every college. That the rules are sometimes ill observed may be true, but is nothing against the system. The members of an university may, for a season, be unmindful of their duty. I am arguing for the excellency of the institution."

Of Guthrie, he said, "Sir, he is a man of parts. He has no great regular fund of knowledge; but by

reading so long, and writing so long, he no doubt has picked up a good deal."

He said he had lately been a long while at Lichfield, but had grown very weary before he left it. BOSWELL. "I wonder at that, sir; it is your native place." JOHNSON. "Why so is Scotland *your* native place."

His prejudice against Scotland appeared remarkably strong at this time. When I talked of our advancement in literature, "Sir," said he, "you have learnt a little from us, and you think yourselves very great men. Hume would never have written history, had not Voltaire written it before him. He is an echo of Voltaire." BOSWELL. "But, sir, we have Lord Kames." JOHNSON. "You *have* Lord Kames. Keep him; ha, ha, ha! We don't envy you him. Do you ever see Dr. Robertson?" BOSWELL. "Yes, sir." JOHNSON. "Does the dog talk of me?" BOSWELL. "Indeed, sir, he does, and loves you." Thinking that I now had him in a corner, and being solicitous for the literary fame of my country, I pressed him for his opinion on the merit of Dr. Robertson's History of Scotland. But, to my surprise, he escaped. "Sir, I love Robertson, and I won't talk of his book."

It is but justice both to him and Dr. Robertson to add, that though he indulged himself in this sally of wit, he had too good taste not to be fully sensible of the merits of that admirable work[1].

An essay, written by Mr. Deane, a divine of the church of England, maintaining the future life of

[1] [It is to be regretted that Mr. Boswell should have persisted in repeating these assertions. Dr Johnson, on *every occasion*, seems to have expressed a great contempt for Dr. Robertson's works—very unjustly indeed; but, however Mr. Boswell might lament Johnson's prejudice, he was not justified in thus repeatedly misstating the fact. See *ante*, p. 30. See *post*, *sub* 19th April, 1772, where Boswell *suppresses*, and 30th April, 1773, where he again *misrepresents* Johnson's opinions of Dr. Robertson.—ED.]

brutes[1], by an explication of certain parts of the scriptures, was mentioned, and the doctrine insisted on by a gentleman who seemed fond of curious speculation. Johnson, who did not like to hear of any thing concerning a future state which was not authorised by the regular canons of orthodoxy, discouraged this talk; and being offended at its continuation, he watched an opportunity to give the gentleman a blow of reprehension. So, when the poor speculatist, with a serious metaphysical pensive face, addressed him, "But really, sir, when we see a very sensible dog, we don't know what to think of him." Johnson, rolling with joy at the thought which beamed in his eye, turned quickly round, and replied, "True, sir: and when we see a very foolish *fellow*, we don't know what to think of *him*." He then rose up, strided to the fire, and stood for some time laughing and exulting.

I told him that I had several times, when in Italy, seen the experiment of placing a scorpion within a circle of burning coals; that it ran round and round in extreme pain; and finding no way to escape, retired to the centre, and like a true Stoick philosopher, darted its sting into its head, and thus at once freed itself from its woes. "*This must end 'em.*" I said, this was a curious fact, as it showed deliberate suicide in a reptile. Johnson would not admit the fact. He said, Maupertuis[2] was of opinion that it does not

[1] [An Essay on the Future Life of Brute Creatures, by Richard Deane, curate of Middleton. This work is reviewed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1768, p. 177, in a style very like Johnson's; and a story of "a very sensible dog" is noticed with censure. It is, therefore, not improbable that it may have been written by Johnson.—ED.]

[2] I should think it impossible not to wonder at the variety of Johnson's reading, however desultory it might have been. Who could have imagined that the high church of England-man would be so prompt in quoting *Maupertuis*, who, I am sorry to think, stands in the list of those unfortunate mistaken men, who call themselves *esprits forts*. I have, however, a high respect for that philosopher whom the Great Frederick of Prussia loved and honoured, and addressed pathetically in one of his poems—

kill itself, but dies of the heat; that it gets to the centre of the circle, as the coolest place; that its turning its tail in upon its head is merely a convulsion, and that it does not sting itself. He said he would be satisfied if the great anatomist Morgagni, after dissecting a scorpion on which the experiment had been tried, should certify that its sting had penetrated into its head.

He seemed pleased to talk of natural philosophy [1]. "That woodcocks (said he) fly over the northern countries is proved, because they have been observed at sea. Swallows certainly sleep all the winter. A number of them conglobulate together, by flying round and round, and then all in a heap throw themselves under water, and lie in the bed of a river." He told us, one of his first essays was a Latin poem upon the glow-worm: I am sorry I did not ask where it was to be found.

Talking of the Russians and the Chinese, he advised me to read Bell's Travels [2]. I asked him whether I should read Du Halde's Account of China. "Why yes (said he), as one reads such a book; that is to say, consult it."

He talked of the heinousness of the crime of adultery, by which the peace of families was destroyed. He said, "Confusion of progeny constitutes the essence of the crime; and therefore a woman who breaks her marriage vows is much more criminal than a man who does it. A man, to be sure, is criminal

"*Maupertuis cher Maupertuis*
Que notre vie est peu de chose."

There was in Maupertuis a vigour and yet a tenderness of sentiment, united with strong intellectual powers, and uncommon ardour of soul. Would he had been a Christian! I cannot help earnestly venturing to hope that he is one *now*.—BOSWELL. [Mr. Boswell seems to contemplate the possibility of a *post mortem* conversion to Christianity.—ED.]; but Maupertuis died in 1759 at the age of sixty-two, in the arms of the Bernoullis, *très chrétiennement*.—BURNEY.

[1] [Mr. Boswell means natural *history*.—ED.]

[2] [John Bell, of *Antermony*, who published, about 1763, "Travels from St. Petersburgh, in Russia, to divers parts of Asia."—ED.]

in the sight of GOD; but he does not do his wife a very material injury, if he does not insult her; if, for instance, from mere wantonness of appetite, he steals privately to her chambermaid. Sir, a wife ought not greatly to resent this. I would not receive home a daughter who had run away from her husband on that account. A wife should study to reclaim her husband by more attention to please him. Sir, a man will not, once in a hundred instances, leave his wife and go to a harlot, if his wife has not been negligent of pleasing."

Here he discovered that acute discrimination, that solid judgment, and that knowledge of human nature, for which he was upon all occasions remarkable. Taking care to keep in view the moral and religious duty, as understood in our nation, he showed clearly, from reason and good sense, the greater degree of culpability in the one sex deviating from it than the other; and, at the same time, inculcated a very useful lesson as to *the way to keep him*.

I asked him if it was not hard that one deviation from chastity should so absolutely ruin a young woman. JOHNSON. "Why no, sir; it is the great principle which she is taught. When she has given up that principle, she has given up every notion of female honour and virtue, which are all included in chastity."

A gentleman talked to him of a lady whom he greatly admired and wished to marry, but was afraid of her superiority of talents. "Sir (said he), you need not be afraid; marry her. Before a year goes about, you 'll find that reason much weaker, and that wit not so bright." Yet the gentleman may be justified in his apprehension by one of Dr. Johnson's admirable sentences in his life of Waller: "He doubtless praised many whom he would have been afraid to

marry; and, perhaps, married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise. Many qualities contribute to domestick happiness, upon which poetry has no colours to bestow; and many airs and sallies may delight imagination, which he who flatters them never can approve."

Piozzi, p. 192, 193, 194. [The general and constant advice he gave too, when consulted about the choice of a wife, a profession, or whatever influences a man's particular and immediate happiness, was always to reject no positive good from fears of its contrary consequences. "Do not (said he) forbear to marry a beautiful woman if you can find such, out of a fancy that she will be less constant than an ugly one; or condemn yourself to the society of coarseness and vulgarity for fear of the expenses or other dangers of elegance and personal charms, which have been always acknowledged as a positive good, and for the want of which there should be always given some weighty compensation. I have, however (continued Dr. Johnson), seen some prudent fellows who forbore to connect themselves with beauty lest coquetry should be near, and with wit or birth lest insolence should lurk behind them, till they have been forced by their discretion to linger life away in tasteless stupidity, and choose to count the moments by remembrance of pain instead of enjoyment of pleasure." But of the various states and conditions of humanity, he despised none more than the man who marries for a maintenance: and of a friend who made his alliance on no higher principles, he said once, "Now has that fellow (it was a nobleman of whom they were speaking) at length obtained a certainty of three meals a day, and for that certainty, like his brother dog in the fable, he will get his neck galled for life with a collar."]

He praised Signor Baretti. "His account of Italy

is a very entertaining book; and, sir, I know no man who carries his head higher in conversation than Baretti. There are strong powers in his mind. He has not, indeed, many hooks; but with what hooks he has, he grapples very forcibly."

At this time I observed upon the dial-plate of his watch a short Greek inscription, taken from the New Testament, Νυξ γαρ ερχεται[1], being the first words of our Saviour's solemn admonition to the improvement of that time which is allowed to us to prepare for eternity; "the night cometh when no man can work." He some time afterwards laid aside this dial-plate; and when I asked him the reason, he said, "It might do very well upon a clock which a man keeps in his closet; but to have it upon his watch which he carries about with him, and which is often looked at by others, might be censured as ostentatious." Mr. Steevens is now possessed of the dial-plate inscribed as above.

He remained at Oxford a considerable time; [where he was for some time confined to Mr. Chambers's apartments in New-inn Hall by a fit of illness.] I was obliged to go to London, where I received this letter, which had been returned from Scotland.

Letters to Piozzi, vol. i. p. 14.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Oxford, 23d March, 1768.

"MY DEAR BOSWELL,—I have omitted a long time to write to you, without knowing very well why. I could now tell why I should not write; for who would write to men who publish the letters of their friends, without their leave? Yet I write to you in spite of my caution, to tell you that I shall be glad to see you, and that I wish you would empty your head of Corsica, which I think has filled it rather too long[2]. But, at

[1] ["*For the night cometh.*" The inscription was, however, made unintelligible by the mistake of writing νμξ for νξ. *Hawk.* p. 461.—ED.]

[2] [Mr. Boswell, in his "Journal of a Tour in Corsica," had printed the second and third paragraphs of Johnson's letter to him of the 14th January, 1766. See *ante*, p. 2.—ED.]

all events, I shall be glad, very glad to see you.—I am, sir, yours affectionately, "SAM. JOHNSON."

I answered thus:

"TO MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"London, 26th April, 1768.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your last letter, which, though very short, and by no means complimentary, yet gave me real pleasure because it contains these words, 'I shall be glad, very glad to see you.'—Surely you have no reason to complain of my publishing a single paragraph of one of your letters; the temptation to it was so strong. An irrevocable grant of your friendship, and your dignifying my desire of visiting Corsica with the epithet of 'a wise and noble curiosity,' are to me more valuable than many of the grants of kings.

"But how can you bid me 'empty my head of Corsica?' My noble-minded friend, do you not feel for an oppressed nation bravely struggling to be free? Consider fairly what is the case. The Corsicans never received any kindness from the Genoese. They never agreed to be subject to them. They owe them nothing, and when reduced to an abject state of slavery, by force, shall they not rise in the great cause of liberty, and break the galling yoke? And shall not every liberal soul be warm for them? Empty my head of Corsica? Empty it of honour, empty it of humanity, empty it of friendship, empty it of piety. No! while I live, Corsica, and the cause of the brave islanders, shall ever employ much of my attention, shall ever interest me in the sincerest manner.

* * * * * * *

"I am, &c. "JAMES BOSWELL."

Letters, vol. i. p. 11.

["DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. THRALE.

"Oxford, 24th March, 1768.

"Our election was yesterday. Every possible influence of hope and fear was, I believe, enforced on this occasion; the slaves of power, and the solicitors of favour, were driven hither from the remotest corners of the kingdom, but *judex honestum prætulit utili.* The virtue of Oxford has once more prevailed.

"The death of Sir Walter Bagot, a little before the election, left them no great time to deliberate, and they therefore joined Sir Roger Newdigate, their old representative, an Oxfordshire gentleman, of no name, no great interest, nor perhaps any other merit than that of being on the right side; yet when the poll was numbered, it produced,

For Sir R. Newdigate	352	Letters.
Mr. Page	296	
Mr. Jenkinson	198	
Dr. Hay	62	

"Of this I am sure you must be glad; for, without inquiring into the opinions or conduct of any party, it must be for ever pleasing to see men adhering to their principles against their interest, especially when you consider that those voters are poor, and never can be much less poor by the favour of those whom they are now opposing."]

"TO MRS. LUCY PORTER, IN LICHFIELD. Malone.

"Oxford, 18th April, 1768.

"MY DEAR DEAR LOVE,—You have had a very great loss. To lose an old friend, is to be cut off from a great part of the little pleasure that this life allows. But such is the condition of our nature, that as we live on we must see those whom we love drop successively, and find our circle of relations grow less and less, till we are almost unconnected with the world; and then it must soon be our turn to drop into the grave. There is always this consolation, that we have one Protector who can never be lost but by our own fault, and every new experience of the uncertainty of all other comforts should determine us to fix our hearts where true joys are to be found. All union with the inhabitants of earth must in time be broken; and all the hopes that terminate here, must on (one) part or other end in disappointment.

"I am glad that Mrs. Adey and Mrs. Cobb do not leave you alone. Pay my respects to them, and the Sewards, and all my friends. When Mr. Porter comes, he will direct you. Let me know of his arrival, and I will write to him.

"When I go back to London, I will take care of your reading glass. Whenever I can do any thing for you, remember, my dear darling, that one of my greatest pleasures is to please you.

"The punctuality of your correspondence I consider as a proof of great regard. When we shall see each other, I know not, but let us often think on each other, and think with tenderness. Do not forget me in your prayers. I have for a long time back been very poorly; but of what use is it to complain?

"Write often, for your letters always give great pleasure to, my dear, your most affectionate and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Upon his arrival in London in May, he surprised me one morning with a visit at my lodging in Half-

moon-street, was quite satisfied with my explanation, and was in the kindest and most agreeable frame of mind. As he had objected to a part of one of his letters being published, I thought it right to take this opportunity of asking him explicitly whether it would be improper to publish his letters after his death. His answer was, "Nay, sir, when I am dead, you may do as you will."

He talked in his usual style with a rough contempt of popular liberty. "They make a rout about *universal* liberty, without considering that all that is to be valued, or indeed can be enjoyed by individuals, is *private* liberty. Political liberty is good only so far as it produces private liberty. Now, sir, there is the liberty of the press, which you know is a constant topick. Suppose you and I and two hundred more were restrained from printing our thoughts: what then? What proportion would that restraint upon us bear to the private happiness of the nation[1]?"

This mode of representing the inconveniences of restraint as light and insignificant was a kind of sophistry in which he delighted to indulge himself, in opposition to the extreme laxity for which it has been fashionable for too many to argue, when it is evident, upon reflection, that the very essence of government is restraint; and certain it is, that as government produces rational happiness, too much restraint is better than too little. But when restraint is unnecessary, and so close as to gall those who are subject to it, the people may and ought to remonstrate; and, if relief is not granted, to resist. Of this manly and spirited principle, no man was more convinced than Johnson himself.

[1] [Would Johnson have talked in this way in the days of the *Marmor Norfolciense*? (vol. i. p. 112.) If we lost the liberty of the press, what security could we have for any other right?—Ed.]

About this time Dr. Kenrick attacked him, through my sides, in a pamphlet, entitled "An Epistle to James Boswell, Esq. occasioned by his having transmitted the moral Writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson to Pascal Paoli, General of the Corsicans." I was at first inclined to answer this pamphlet; but Johnson, who knew that my doing so would only gratify Kenrick, by keeping alive what would soon die away of itself, would not suffer me to take any notice of it.

[Johnson's silence, with regard to Kenrick's attacks, proceeded not more from his contempt of such an adversary, than from a settled resolution he had formed, of declining all controversy in defence either of himself or of his writings. Against personal abuse he was ever armed by a reflection that I have heard him utter:—"Alas! reputation would be of little worth, were it in the power of every concealed enemy to deprive us of it;" and he defied all attacks on his writings by an answer of Dr. Bentley to one who threatened to write him down, that "no authour was ever written down but by himself." Hawk. p. 347.

His steady perseverance in this resolution afforded him great satisfaction whenever he reflected on it; and he would often felicitate himself that, throughout his life, he had had firmness enough to treat with contempt the calumny and abuse as well of open as concealed enemies, and the malevolence of those anonymous scribblers whose trade is slander, and wages infamy.]

His sincere regard for Francis Barber, his faithful negro servant, made him so desirous of his further improvement, that he now placed him at a school at Bishop Stortford, in Hertfordshire [1]. This humane

[1] [The sending his negro servant, now probably little short of thirty years of age, to a boarding school, seems a very strange exercise of his good-nature. It was a very unpopular one with some of Johnson's inmates—when Mrs. Williams

attention does Johnson's heart much honour. Out of many letters which Mr. Barber received from his master, he has preserved three, which he kindly gave me, and which I shall insert according to their dates.

"TO MR. FRANCIS BARBER.

"28th May, 1768.

"DEAR FRANCIS,—I have been very much out of order. I am glad to hear that you are well, and design to come soon to you. I would have you stay at Mrs. Clapp's for the present, till I can determine what we shall do. Be a good boy.

"My compliments to Mrs. Clapp and to Mr. Fowler. I am yours affectionately, "SAM. JOHNSON."

Soon afterwards, he supped at the Crown and Anchor tavern, in the Strand, with a company whom I collected to meet him. They were Dr. Percy, now Bishop of Dromore, Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, Mr. Langton, Dr. Robertson the historian, Dr. Hugh Blair, and Mr. Thomas Davies, who wished much to be introduced to these eminent Scotch literati; but on the present occasion he had very little opportunity of hearing them talk, for with an excess of prudence, for which Johnson afterwards found fault with them, they hardly opened their lips, and that only to say something which they were certain would not expose them to the sword of Goliath; such was their anxiety for their fame when in the presence of Johnson. He was this evening in remarkable vigour of mind, and eager to exert himself in conversation, which he did with great readiness and fluency; but I am sorry to find that I have preserved but a small part of what passed.

He allowed high praise to Thomson as a poet; but when one of the company said he was also a very

and Francis quarrelled, as was very frequent, the lady would complain to the doctor, adding, "This is your scholar, on whose education you have spent 300*l.*" Dr. Johnson, in the conclusion of the letter, calls him a "*boy*," but sixteen years had already elapsed since he entered Johnson's own service.—ED.]

good man, our moralist contested this with great warmth, accusing him of gross sensuality and licentiousness of manners. I was very much afraid that in writing Thomson's life, Dr. Johnson would have treated his private character with a stern severity, but I was agreeably disappointed; and I may claim a little merit in it, from my having been at pains to send him authentick accounts of the affectionate and generous conduct of that poet to his sisters, one of whom, the wife of Mr. Thomson, schoolmaster at Lanark, I knew, and was presented by her with three of his letters, one of which Dr. Johnson has inserted in his life.

He was vehement against old Dr. Mounsey[1], of Chelsea College, as "a fellow who swore and talked loosely." "I have often been in his company," said Dr. Percy, "and never heard him swear or talk loosely." Mr. Davies, who sat next to Dr. Percy, having after this had some conversation aside with him, made a discovery which, in his zeal to pay court to Dr. Johnson, he eagerly proclaimed aloud from the foot of the table: "O, sir, I have found out a very good reason why Dr. Percy never heard Mounsey swear or talk loosely, for he tells me he never saw him but at the Duke of Northumberland's table." "And so, sir," said Dr. Johnson loudly to Dr. Percy, "you would shield this man from the charge of swearing and talking loosely, because he did not do so at the Duke of Northumberland's table. Sir, you might as well tell us that you had seen him hold up his hand

[1] Messenger Mounsey, M. D. died at his apartments in Chelsea College, Dec. 26, 1788, at the great age of ninety-five. An extraordinary direction in his will may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 50. p. ii. p. 1183.—MALONE. [The direction was, that his body should not suffer any funeral ceremony, but undergo dissection, and, after that operation, be thrown into the Thames, or where the surgeon pleased. It is surprising, that this coarse humorist should have been an intimate friend and favourite of the elegant and pious Mrs. Montagu.—ED.]

at the Old Bailey, and he neither swore nor talked loosely; or that you had seen him in the cart at Tyburn, and he neither swore nor talked loosely. And is it thus, sir, that you presume to controvert what I have related?" Dr. Johnson's animadversion was uttered in such a manner, that Dr. Percy seemed to be displeased, and soon afterwards left the company, of which Johnson did not at that time take any notice.

Swift having been mentioned, Johnson, as usual, treated him with little respect as an authour. Some of us endeavoured to support the Dean of St. Patrick's, by various arguments. One in particular praised his "Conduct of the Allies." JOHNSON. "Sir, his 'Conduct of the Allies' is a performance of very little ability." "Surely, sir," said Dr. Douglas, "you must allow it has strong facts[1]." JOHNSON. "Why yes, sir; but what is that to the merit of the composition? In the sessions-paper of the Old Bailey there are strong facts. Housebreaking is a strong fact; robbery is a strong fact; and murder is a *mighty* strong fact: but is great praise due to the historian of those strong facts? No, sir, Swift has told what he had to tell distinctly enough, but that is all. He had to count ten, and he has counted it right." Then recollecting that Mr. Davies, by acting as an *informer*, had been the occasion of his talking somewhat too harshly to his friend Dr. Percy, for which, probably, when the first ebullition was over, he felt some compunction, he took an opportunity to

[1] My respectable friend, upon reading this passage, observed that he probably must have said not simply "strong facts," but "strong facts well arranged." His lordship, however, knows too well the value of written documents to insist on setting his recollection against my notes taken at the time. He does not attempt to *traverse the record*. The fact, perhaps, may have been, either that the additional words escaped me in the noise of a numerous company, or that Dr. Johnson, from his impetuosity, and eagerness to seize an opportunity to make a lively retort, did not allow Dr. Douglas to finish his sentence.—BOSWELL.

give him a hit: so added, with a preparatory laugh, "Why, sir, Tom Davies might have written 'the Conduct of the Allies.'" Poor Tom being thus suddenly dragged into ludicrous notice in presence of the Scottish doctors, to whom he was ambitious of appearing to advantage, was grievously mortified. Nor did his punishment rest here; for upon subsequent occasions, whenever he, "statesman all o'er [1]," assumed a strutting importance, I used to hail him —"*the Authour of the Conduct of the Allies.*"

When I called upon Dr. Johnson next morning, I found him highly satisfied with his colloquial prowess the preceding evening. "Well," said he, "we had good talk." BOSWELL. "Yes, sir, you tossed and gored several persons."

The late Alexander Earl of Eglintoune [2], who loved wit more than wine, and men of genius more than sycophants, had á great admiration of Johnson; but from the remarkable elegance of his own manners, was, perhaps, too delicately sensible of the roughness which sometimes appeared in Johnson's behaviour. One evening about this time, when his lordship did me the honour to sup at my lodgings with Dr. Robertson, and several other men of literary distinction, he regretted that Johnson had not been educated with more refinement, and lived more in polished society. "No, no, my lord," said Signor Baretti, "do with him what you would, he would always have been a bear." "True," answered the earl,

[1] See the hard drawing of him in Churchill's Rosciad.—BOSWELL.

[2] [Tenth earl, who was shot, in 1769, by Mungo Campbell, whose fowling-piece Lord Eglintoune attempted to seize. To this nobleman Boswell was indebted, as he himself said, to his early introduction to the circle of the great, the gay, and the ingenious. Boswell thus mentions himself in a tale called "The Cub at Newmarket," published in 1762:

Lord Eglintoune, who loves, you know,
A little dish of whim or so,
By chance a curious *cub* had got
On Scotia's mountains newly caught.

Gent. Mag. 1795, 471.—ED.]

with a smile, "but he would have been a *dancing* bear."

To obviate all the reflections which have gone round the world to Johnson's prejudice, by applying to him the epithet of a *bear*, let me impress upon my readers a just and happy saying of my friend Goldsmith, who knew him well:—"Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner: but no man alive has a more tender heart. *He has nothing of the bear but his skin*[1]."

Pearson MSS. [DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. LUCY PORTER.

"18th June, 1768.

"My love,—It gives me great pleasure to find that you are so well satisfied with what little things it has been in my power to send you. I hope you will always employ me in any office that can conduce to your convenience.

"My health is, I thank God, much better, but it is yet very weak; and very little things put it into a troublesome state; but still I hope all will be well. Pray for me.

"My friends at Lichfield must not think that I forget them. Neither Mrs. Cobb, nor Mrs. Adey, nor Miss Adey, nor Miss Seward, nor Miss Vise, are to suppose that I have lost all memory of their kindness. Mention me to them when you see them. I hear Mr. Vise has been lately very much in danger. I hope he is better.

"When you write again, let me know how you go on, and what company you keep, and what you do all day. I love to think on you, but do not know when I shall see you. Pray, write very often. I am, dearest, your humble servant,

"Sam. Johnson."]

In 1769, so far as I can discover, the publick was favoured with nothing of Johnson's composition, either for himself or any of his friends[2]. His "Medita-

[1] [It was drolly said, in reference to the pensions granted to Doctors Shebbeare and Johnson, that the king had pensioned a *She-bear* and a *He-bear*.—Ed.]

[2] [A difference took place in the March of this year between Mr. Thrale and Sir Joseph Mawbey, his colleague, in the representation of Southwark, when Sir Joseph endeavoured to defend himself from some anti-popular step he had taken, by inculpating Mr. Thrale; the affair is related in the *Gentleman's*

tions" too strongly prove that he suffered much both in body and mind; yet was he perpetually striving against *evil*, and nobly endeavouring to advance his intellectual and devotional improvement. Every generous and grateful heart must feel for the distresses of so eminent a benefactor to mankind; and now that his unhappiness is certainly known, must respect that dignity of character which prevented him from complaining.

His majesty having the preceding year instituted the Royal Academy of Arts in London, Johnson had now the honour of being appointed Professor in Ancient Literature [1]. In the course of the year he wrote some letters to Mrs. Thrale, passed some part of the summer at Oxford and at Lichfield [2], and when at Oxford he wrote the following letter:

"TO THE REVEREND MR. THOMAS WARTON.

"31st May, 1769.

"DEAR SIR,—Many years ago, when I used to read in the library of your college, I promised to recompense the college for that permission, by adding to their books a Baskerville's

Magazine, and it seems that the concluding paragraph contains internal evidence of having been written by Dr. Johnson:

"If, therefore, delicacy of situation, and *fear of public resentment*, were the motives that impelled Sir Joseph to do his duty against his opinion, let his excuse have its full effect; but when he regrets his cowardice of compliance, let him regret likewise the cowardice of calumny; and when he shrinks from vulgar resentment, let him not employ falsehood to cover his retreat."—*Gent. Mag.* vol. xxxix. p. 162. The article proceeds to recommend a recurrence to triennial parliaments, a measure to which Johnson's hatred of the whig septennial bill would naturally incline him, and as, for Mr. Thrale's sake, he was obliged, by the violence of the times, to adopt some popular topic, he would probably select that of triennial parliaments.—ED.]

[1] In which place he has been succeeded by Bennet Langton, Esq. When that truly religious gentleman was elected to this honorary professorship, at the same time that Edward Gibbon, Esq., noted for introducing a kind of sneering infidelity into his historical writings, was elected Professor of Ancient History, in the room of Dr. Goldsmith, I observed that it brought to my mind "Wicked Will Whiston and good Mr. Ditton."—I am now also of that admirable institution, as Secretary for Foreign Correspondence, by the favour of the academicians, and the approbation of the sovereign.—BOSWELL.

[2] [He dates to Mrs. Thrale from Oxford, 27th June and 10th July. He seems to have been there ever since the 18th May.—ED.]

Virgil. I have now sent it, and desire you to reposit it on the shelves in my name [1].

"If you will be pleased to let me know when you have an hour of leisure, I will drink tea with you. I am engaged for the afternoon, to-morrow and on Friday: all my mornings are my own [2]. I am, &c. "SAM. JOHNSON."

Letters. vol. i. p. 24.

["TO MRS. THRALE.

"Lichfield, 14th August, 1769.

"I set out on Thursday morning, and found my companion, to whom I was very much a stranger, more agreeable than I expected. We went cheerfully forward, and passed the night at Coventry. We came in late, and went out early; and therefore I did not send for my cousin Tom, but I design to make him some amends for the omission.

"Next day we came early to Lucy, who was, I believe, glad to see us. She had saved her best gooseberries upon the tree for me; and, as Steele says, *I was neither too proud nor too wise* to gather them. I have rambled a very little *inter fontes et flumina nota*, but I am not yet well. They have cut down the trees in George-lane. Evelyn, in his book of Forest Trees, tells us of wicked men that cut down trees, and never prospered afterwards; yet nothing has deterred these audacious aldermen from violating the Hamadryad of George-lane. As an impartial traveller I must, however, tell that, in Stow-street, where I left a draw-well, I have found a pump, but the lading-well in this ill-fated George-lane lies shamefully neglected.

"I am going to-day or to-morrow to Ashbourne; but I am at a loss how I shall get back in time to London. Here are only chance coaches, so that there is no certainty of a place. If I do not come, let it not hinder your journey. I can be but a few days behind you; and I will follow in the Brighthelmstone coach. But I hope to come."]

Parker MSS.

["TO MRS. ASTON.

"Brighthelmstone, 26th August, 1769.

"MADAM,—I suppose you have received the mill: the whole

[1] "It has this inscription in a blank leaf: '*Hunc librum D. D. Samuel Johnson, eo quod hic loci studiis interdum vacaret.*' Of this library, which is an old Gothic room, he was very fond. On my observing to him that some of the *modern* libraries of the University were more commodious and pleasant for study, as being more spacious and airy, he replied, 'Sir, if a man has a mind to *prance*, he must study at Christ-Church and All-Souls.'"

[2] "During this visit he seldom or never dined out. He appeared to be deeply engaged in some literary work. Miss Williams was now with him at Oxford." —WARTON.

apparatus seemed to be perfect, except that there is wanting a little tin spout at the bottom, and some ring or knob, on which the bag that catches the meal is to be hung. When these are added, I hope you will be able to grind your own bread, and treat me with a cake, made by yourself, of meal from your own corn of your own grinding.

"I was glad, madam, to see you so well, and hope your health will long increase, and then long continue. I am, madam, your most obedient servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."]

I came to London in the autumn, and having informed him that I was going to be married in a few months, I wished to have as much of his conversation as I could before engaging in a state of life which would probably keep me more in Scotland, and prevent me seeing him so often as when I was a single man; but I found he was at Brighthelmstone with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. I was very sorry that I had not his company[1] with me at the Jubilee, in honour of Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon, the great poet's native town. Johnson's connexion both with Shakspeare and Garrick founded a double claim to his presence; and it would have been highly gratifying to Mr. Garrick. Upon this occasion I particularly lamented that he had not that warmth of friendship for his brilliant pupil, which we may suppose would have had a benignant effect on both When almost every man of eminence in the literary world was happy to partake in this festival of genius, the absence of Johnson could not but be wondered at and regretted. The only trace of him there, was in the whimsical advertisement of a haberdasher, who sold *Shaksperian ribands* of various dyes; and, by way of illustrating their appropriation to the bard, intro-

[1] [Mr. Boswell, on this occasion, justified Johnson's foresight and prudence, in advising him to "clear his head of Corsica:" unluckily the advice had no effect, for Boswell made a fool of himself at the Jubilee by sundry enthusiastic freaks; amongst others, lest he should not be sufficiently distinguished, he wore the words CORSICA BOSWELL in large letters round his hat.—ED.]

duced a line from the celebrated Prologue at the opening of Drury-lane theatre:

"Each change of *many-colour'd* life he drew."

From Brighthelmstone Dr. Johnson wrote me the following letter, which they who may think that I ought to have suppressed, must have less ardent feelings than I have always avowed [1].

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Brighthelmstone, 9th December, 1769.

"DEAR SIR,—Why do you charge me with unkindness? I have omitted nothing that could do you good, or give you pleasure, unless it be that I have forborne to tell you my opinion of your 'Account of Corsica.' I believe my opinion, if you think well of my judgment, might have given you pleasure; but when it is considered how much vanity is excited by praise, I am not sure that it would have done you good. Your history is like other histories, but your journal is in a very high degree curious and delightful. There is between the history and the journal that difference which there will always be found between notions borrowed from without, and notions generated within. Your history was copied from books; your journal rose out of your own experience and observation. You express images which operated strongly upon yourself, and you have impressed them with great force upon your readers. I know not whether I could name any narrative by which curiosity is better excited or better gratified.

[1] In the Preface to my Account of Corsica, published in 1768, I thus express myself:

"He who publishes a book affecting not to be an authour, and professing an indifference for literary fame, may possibly impose upon many people such an idea of his consequence as he wishes may be received. For my part I should be proud to be known as an authour, and I have an ardent ambition for literary fame; for, of all possessions, I should imagine literary fame to be the most valuable. A man who has been able to furnish a book, which has been approved by the world, has established himself as a respectable character in distant society, without any danger of having that character lessened by the observation of his weaknesses. To preserve an uniform dignity among those who see us every day, is hardly possible; and to aim at it, must put us under the fetters of perpetual restraint. The authour of an approved book may allow his natural disposition an easy play, and yet indulge the pride of superior genius, when he considers that by those who know him only as an authour, he never ceases to be respected. Such an authour, when in his hours of gloom and discontent, may have the consolation to think that his writings are, at that very time, giving pleasure to numbers; and such an authour may cherish the hope of being remembered after death, which has been a great object to the noblest minds in all ages."—BOSWELL.

"I am glad that you are going to be married; and as I wish you well in things of less importance, wish you well with proportionate ardour in this crisis of your life. What I can contribute to your happiness, I should be very unwilling to withhold; for I have always loved and valued you, and shall love you and value you still more, as you become more regular and useful: effects which a happy marriage will hardly fail to produce.

"I do not find that I am likely to come back very soon from this place. I shall, perhaps, stay a fortnight longer; and a fortnight is a long time to a lover absent from his mistress. Would a fortnight ever have an end? I am, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

After his return to town, we met frequently, and I continued the practice of making notes of his conversation, though not with so much assiduity as I wish I had done. At this time, indeed, I had a sufficient excuse for not being able to appropriate so much time to my journal; for General Paoli, after Corsica had been overpowered by the monarchy of France, was now no longer at the head of his brave countrymen, but having with difficulty escaped from his native island, had sought an asylum in Great Britain[1]; and it was my duty, as well as my pleasure, to attend much upon him[2]. Such particulars of Johnson's conversation at this period as I have committed to writing, I shall here introduce, without any strict attention to methodical arrangement. Sometimes short notes of different days shall be blended together, and sometimes a day may seem important enough to be separately distinguished.

He said, he would not have Sunday kept with rigid severity and gloom, but with a gravity and simplicity of behaviour.

[1] [21st Sept. 1769. General Paoli arrived at Mr Hutchinson's, in Old Bond-street.—27th Sept. General Paoli was presented to his Majesty at St. James's.—*Ann. Reg.*—ED.]

[2] [Mr. Boswell's *ostentatious* attendance on General Paoli excited, at the time, a good deal of observation and ridicule.—ED.]

Piozzi, p. 176.

[He ridiculed a friend who, looking out on Streatham-common from our windows one day, lamented the enormous wickedness of the times, because some bird-catchers were busy there one fine Sunday morning[1]. "While half the Christian world is permitted," said he, "to dance and sing, and celebrate Sunday as a day of festivity, how comes your puritanical spirit so offended with frivolous and empty deviations from exactness? Whoever loads life with unnecessary scruples, sir," continued he, "provokes the attention of others on his conduct, and incurs the censure of singularity without reaping the reward of superior virtue."]

I told him that David Hume had made a short collection of Scotticisms. "I wonder (said Johnson) that *he* should find them[2]."

He would not admit the importance of the question concerning the legality of general warrants. "Such a power (he observed) must be vested in every government, to answer particular cases of necessity; and there can be no just complaint but when it is abused, for which those who administer government must be answerable. It is a matter of such indifference, a matter about which the people care so very little, that were a man to be sent over Britain to offer them an exemption from it at a halfpenny a piece, very few would purchase it." This was a specimen of that *laxity of talking*, which I had heard him fairly acknowledge; for surely, while the power of granting general warrants was supposed to be legal, and the apprehension of them hung over our heads, we did not possess that security of freedom,

[1] [Though Dr. Johnson may have been induced by a spirit of contradiction or impatience, to say something of the kind here stated by Mrs. Piozzi, it is proper to observe, that he was, both in precept and practice, a decorous and generally a strict, though not a puritanical, observer of the Sabbath.—ED.]

[2] The first edition of Hume's History of England was full of Scotticisms, many of which he corrected in subsequent editions.—MALONE.

congenial to our happy constitution, and which, by the intrepid exertions of Mr. Wilkes, has been happily established.

He said, "The duration of parliament, whether for seven years or the life of the king, appears to me so immaterial, that I would not give half-a-crown to turn the scale one way or the other. The *habeas corpus* is the single advantage which our government has over that of other countries [1]."

On the 30th of September we dined together at the Mitre. I attempted to argue for the superiour happiness of the savage life, upon the usual fanciful topicks. JOHNSON. "Sir, there can be nothing more false. The savages have no bodily advantages beyond those of civilized men. They have not better health; and as to care or mental uneasiness, they are not above it, but below it, like bears. No, sir; you are not to talk such paradox: let me have no more on't. It cannot entertain, far less can it instruct. Lord Monboddo, one of your Scotch judges, talked a great deal of such nonsense. I suffered *him;* but I will not suffer *you.*" BOSWELL. "But, sir, does not Rousseau talk such nonsense?" JOHNSON. "True, sir, but Rousseau *knows* he is talking nonsense, and laughs at the world for staring at him." BOSWELL. "How so, sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, a man who talks nonsense so well, must know that he is talking nonsense. But I am *afraid* (chuckling and laughing), Monboddo does *not* know that he is talking nonsense [2]." BOSWELL. "Is it

[1] [Did he reckon the power of the commons over the public purse as nothing? and did he calculate how long the *habeas corpus* might exist, if the liberty of the press were destroyed, and the duration of parliaments unlimited?—ED.]

[2] His lordship having frequently spoken in an abusive manner of Dr. Johnson, in my company, I on one occasion, during the lifetime of my illustrious friend, could not refrain from retaliation, and repeated to him this saying. He has since published I don't know how many pages in one of his curious books, attempting in much anger, but with pitiful effect, to persuade mankind that my illustrious friend was not the great and good man which they esteemed and ever will esteem him to be.—BOSWELL.

wrong then, sir, to affect singularity, in order to make people stare?" JOHNSON. "Yes, if you do it by propagating errour; and, indeed, it is wrong in any way. There is in human nature a general inclination to make people stare, and every wise man has himself to cure of it, and does cure himself. If you wish to make people stare by doing better than others, why make them stare till they stare their eyes out. But consider how easy it is to make people stare, by being absurd. I may do it by going into a drawing-room without my shoes. You remember the gentleman in 'The Spectator,' who had a commission of lunacy taken out against him for his extreme singularity, such as never wearing a wig, but a nightcap. Now, sir, abstractedly, the nightcap was best; but, relatively, the advantage was overbalanced by his making the boys run after him."

Piozzi, p. 83 & 167.

[All desire of *singularity* had indeed a sure enemy in Dr. Johnson. Few people had a more settled reverence for the world than he, or was less captivated by new modes of behaviour introduced, or innovations on the long received customs of common life. One day, in company with Mrs. Thrale, they met a friend driving six very small ponies, and stopped to admire them. "Why does nobody," said Johnson, "begin the fashion of driving six spavined horses, all spavined of the same leg? it would have a mighty pretty effect, and produce the distinction of doing something worse than the common way." He hated the modern way of leaving a company without taking notice to the lady of the house that he was going; and did not much like any of the contrivances by which ease has been lately introduced into society instead of ceremony, which had more of his approbation. Cards, dress, and dancing, however, all found their advocates in Dr. Johnson, who inculcated, upon principle, the cultivation of those arts, which many a moralist thinks

himself bound to reject, and many a Christian holds unfit to be practised. "No person," said he, one day, "goes under-dressed till he thinks himself of consequence enough to forbear carrying the badge of his rank upon his back." And, in answer to the arguments urged by Puritans, Quakers, &c. against showy decorations of the human figure, I once heard him exclaim, "Oh, let us be found when our Master calls us, ripping not the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues! Let us all conform in outward customs, which are of no consequence, to the manners of those whom we live among, and despise such paltry distinctions. Alas, sir," continued he, "a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat, will not find his way thither the sooner in a grey one."] Piozzi, p. 83, 84.

Talking of a London life, he said, "The happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say, there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit, than in all the rest of the kingdom." BOSWELL. "The only disadvantage is the great distance at which people live from one another." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; but that is occasioned by the largeness of it, which is the cause of all the other advantages." BOSWELL. "Sometimes I have been in the humour of wishing to retire to a desert." JOHNSON. "Sir, you have desert enough in Scotland."

Although I had promised myself a great deal of instructive conversation with him on the conduct of the married state, of which I had then a near prospect, he did not say much upon that topick. Mr. Seward[1] heard

[1] [Mr. William Seward, author of the *Anecdotes of Eminent Persons*, and some other *Ana*, who must not be confounded with Mr. Seward, the canon of Lichfield.—ED.]

him once say, that "a man has a very bad chance for happiness in that state, unless he marries a woman of very strong and fixed principles of religion." He maintained to me, contrary to the common notion, that a woman would not be the worse wife for being learned; in which, from all that I have observed of *Artemisias*[1], I humbly differed from him. That a woman should be sensible and well informed, I allow to be a great advantage; and think that Sir Thomas Overbury[2], in his rude versification, has very judiciously pointed out that degree of intelligence which is to be desired in a female companion:

"Give me, next *good*, an *understanding wife*,
By nature *wise*, not *learned* by much art:
Some *knowledge* on her side will all my life
More scope of conversation impart;
Besides, her inborne virtue fortifie;
They are most firmly good, who best know why."

When I censured a gentleman of my acquaintance for marrying a second time, as it showed a disregard of his first wife, he said, "Not at all, sir. On the contrary, were he not to marry again, it might be concluded that his first wife had given him a disgust of marriage; but by taking a second wife he pays the highest compliment to the first, by showing that she made him so happy as a married man, that he wishes to be so a second time." So ingenious a turn did he give to this delicate question. And yet, on another occasion, he owned that he once had almost asked a promise of Mrs. Johnson that she would not marry again, but had checked himself. Indeed I cannot help thinking, that in his case the request would have been unreasonable; for if Mrs. Johnson forgot, or thought it no injury to the memory of her first love,—the husband of her youth and the father of

[1] [See Pope's satirical verses against a learned lady, entitled "Artemisia." —ED.]

[2] "A Wife," a poem, 1614.—BOSWELL.

her children,—to make a second marriage, why should she be precluded from a third, should she be so inclined? In Johnson's persevering fond appropriation of his *Tetty*, even after her decease, he seems totally to have overlooked the prior claim of the honest Birmingham trader[1]. I presume that her having been married before had, at times, given him some uneasiness; for I remember his observing upon the marriage of one of our common friends, "He has done a very foolish thing, sir; he has married a widow, when he might have had a maid."

We drank tea with Mrs. Williams. I had last year the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Thrale at Dr. Johnson's one morning, and had conversation enough with her to admire her talents; and to show her that I was as Johnsonian as herself. Dr. Johnson had probably been kind enough to speak well of me, for this evening he delivered me a very polite card from Mr. Thrale and her, inviting me to Streatham.

On the 6th October I complied with this obliging invitation, and found, at an elegant villa, six miles from town, every circumstance that can make society pleasing. Johnson, though quite at home, was yet looked up to with an awe, tempered by affection, and seemed to be equally the care of his host and hostess. I rejoiced at seeing him so happy.

He played off his wit against Scotland with a good-humoured pleasantry, which gave me, though no bigot to national prejudices, an opportunity for a little contest with him. I having said that England was obliged to us for gardeners, almost all their good gardeners being Scotchmen:—JOHNSON. "Why, sir, that is because gardening is much more necessary

[1] [Yet his inquisitive mind might have been struck by his friend Hervey's startling question to Sir Thomas Hanmer, relative to the lady who was the cause of their contention: "*In heaven, whose wife shall she be?*" See *ante*, p. 33. —ED.]

amongst you than with us, which makes so many of your people learn it. It is *all* gardening with you. Things which grow wild here, must be cultivated with great care in Scotland. Pray now (throwing himself back in his chair, and laughing), are you ever able to bring the *sloe* to perfection?"

I boasted that we had the honour of being the first to abolish the inhospitable, troublesome, and ungracious custom of giving veils to servants. JOHNSON: "Sir, you abolished veils, because you were too poor to be able to give them."

Mrs. Thrale disputed with him on the merit of Prior. He attacked him powerfully[1]; said he wrote of love like a man who had never felt it: his love verses were college verses: and he repeated the song "Alexis shunn'd his fellow swains," &c. in so ludicrous a manner, as to make us all wonder how any one could have been pleased with such fantastical stuff. Mrs. Thrale stood to her gun with great courage, in defence of amorous ditties, which Johnson despised, till he at last silenced her by saying, "My dear lady, talk no more of this. Nonsense can be defended but by nonsense."

Mrs. Thrale then praised Garrick's talents for light gay poetry; and, as a specimen, repeated his song in "Florizel and Perdita," and dwelt with peculiar pleasure on this line:

"I'd smile with the simple, and feed with the poor."

JOHNSON. "Nay, my dear lady, this will never do. Poor David! Smile with the simple!—what folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise, and feed with the rich." I repeated this sally to Garrick, and wondered to find his sensibility as a writer not

[1] [We shall see hereafter (23d Sept. 1777) that, with less justice, he chose to defend Prior's *delicacy*.—ED.]

a little irritated by it. To soothe him I observed, that Johnson spared none of us; and I quoted the passage in Horace, in which he compares one who attacks his friends for the sake of a laugh to a pushing ox, that is marked by a bunch of hay put upon his horns: *fœnum habet in cornu.* "Ay," said Garrick vehemently, "he has a whole *mow* of it."

Talking of history, Johnson said, "We may know historical facts to be true, as we may know facts in common life to be true. Motives are generally unknown[1]. We cannot trust to the characters we find in history, unless when they are drawn by those who knew the persons, as those, for instance, by Sallust and by Lord Clarendon."

He would not allow much merit to Whitfield's oratory. "His popularity, sir," said he, "is chiefly owing to the peculiarity of his manner. He would be followed by crowds were he to wear a nightcap in the pulpit, or were he to preach from a tree."

I know not from what spirit of contradiction he burst out into a violent declamation against the Corsicans, of whose heroism I talked in high terms. "Sir," said he, "what is all this rout about the Corsicans? They have been at war with the Genoese for upwards of twenty years, and have never yet taken their fortified towns. They might have battered down their walls, and reduced them to powder in twenty years. They might have pulled the walls in pieces, and cracked the stones with their teeth in twenty years." It was in vain to argue with him upon the want of artillery: he was not to be resisted for the moment.

[1] [This was what old Sir Robert Walpole probably meant when, his son Horace, wishing to amuse him one evening, after his fall, offered to read him some historical work. "Any thing," said the old statesman, "but history—that *must* be false." Mr. Gibbon says, "Malheureux sort de l'histoire! Les spectateurs sont trop peu instruits, et les acteurs trop interessés pour que nous puissions compter sur les récits des uns ou des autres!" *Misc. Works*, vol. iv. p. 410.—ED.]

On the evening of October 10, I presented Dr. Johnson to General Paoli. I had greatly wished that two men, for whom I had the highest esteem, should meet. They met with a manly ease, mutually conscious of their own abilities, and of the abilities of each other. The general spoke Italian, and Dr. Johnson English, and understood one another very well, with a little aid of interpretation from me, in which I compared myself to an isthmus which joins two great continents. Upon Johnson's approach, the general said, "From what I have read of your works, sir, and from what Mr. Boswell has told me of you, I have long held you in great veneration." The general talked of languages being formed on the particular notions and manners of a people, without knowing which, we cannot know the language. We may know the direct signification of single words; but by these no beauty of expression, no sally of genius, no wit is conveyed to the mind. All this must be by allusion to other ideas. "Sir," said Johnson, "you talk of language as if you had never done any thing else but study it, instead of governing a nation." The general said, "*Questo e un troppo gran complimento;*" this is too great a compliment. Johnson answered, "I should have thought so, sir, if I had not heard you talk[1]." The general asked him what he thought of the spirit of infidelity which was so prevalent. JOHNSON. "Sir, this gloom of infidelity, I hope, is only a transient cloud passing through the hemisphere, which will soon be dissipated, and the sun break forth with his usual splendour." "You think then," said the general, "that they will change their principles like their clothes." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, if they bestow no more

[1] [See *ante*, p. 36, the compliment of the king to himself.—ED.]

thought on principles than on dress, it must be so." The general said, that "a great part of the fashionable infidelity was owing to a desire of showing courage. Men who have no opportunities of showing it as to things in this life, take death and futurity as objects on which to display it." JOHNSON. "That is mighty foolish affectation. Fear is one of the passions of human nature, of which it is impossible to divest it. You remember that the Emperour Charles V. when he read upon the tombstone of a Spanish nobleman, 'Here lies one who never knew fear,' wittily said, 'Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers.'"

He talked a few words of French to the general; but finding he did not do it with facility, he asked for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following note:

"*J'ai lu dans la géographie de Lucas de Linda un Pater-noster écrit dans une langue tout-à-fait différente de l'Italienne, et de toutes autres lesquelles se dérivent du Latin. L'auteur l'appelle* linguam Corsicæ rusticam: *elle a peut-être passé, peu-à-peu; mais elle a certainement prévalue autrefois dans les montagnes et dans la campagne. Le même auteur dit la même chose en parlant de Sardaigne; qu'il y a deux langues dans l'Isle, une des villes, l'autre de la campagne.*"

The general immediately informed him that the *lingua rustica* was only in Sardinia[1].

Dr. Johnson went home with me, and drank tea till late in the night. He said, "General Paoli had the loftiest port of any man he had ever seen." He denied that military men were always the best bred

[1] [The Bishop of Ferns inquires whether it be not possible that a military colony of Jews, transported into Sardinia in the time of Tiberius, may have left some traces of their language there. *Tac. An.* l. 2, c. 85. *Suet. vit. Tib.* c. 36. *Joseph.* l. 18, c. 3.—ED.]

men. "Perfect good breeding (he observed) consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners; whereas, in a military man, you can commonly distinguish the *brand* of a soldier, *l'homme d'epée*:" [and it was, she said, the essence of a gentleman's character to bear the visible mark of no profession whatever. He once named Mr. Berenger as the standard of true elegance; but some one objecting, that he too much resembled the gentleman in Congreve's comedies, Dr. Johnson said, "We must fix then upon the famous Thomas Hervey, whose manners were polished even to acuteness and brilliancy, though he lost but little in solid power of reasoning, and in genuine force of mind." Johnson had an avowed and scarcely limited partiality for all who bore the name, or boasted the alliance of an Aston or a Hervey.]

Piozzi, p. 120.

Dr. Johnson shunned to-night any discussion of the perplexed question of fate and free will, which I attempted to agitate: "Sir (said he), we *know* our will is free, and *there's* an end on't."

He honoured me with his company at dinner on the 16th of October, at my lodgings in Old Bond-street, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Bickerstaff[1], and Mr. Thomas Davies. Garrick played round him with a fond vivacity, taking hold of the breasts of his coat, and, looking up in his face with a lively archness, complimented him on the good health which he seemed then to enjoy; while the sage, shaking his head, beheld him with a gentle complacency. One

[1] [Isaac Bickerstaff, the author of several theatrical pieces of considerable merit and continued popularity. This unhappy man was obliged to fly on suspicion of a capital crime, on which occasion Mrs. Piozzi relates, that "when Mr. Bickerstaff's flight confirmed the report of his guilt, and Mr. Thrale said, in answer to Johnson's astonishment, that he had long been a suspected man, 'By those who look close to the ground dirt will be seen, sir,' was the lofty reply; 'I hope that I see things from a greater distance.'" *Piozzi*, p. 130.—ED.]

of the company not being come at the appointed hour, I proposed, as usual upon such occasions, to order dinner to be served; adding, "Ought six people to be kept waiting for one?" "Why, yes (answered Johnson, with a delicate humanity), if the one will suffer more by your sitting down, than the six will do by waiting." Goldsmith, to divert the tedious minutes, strutted about, bragging of his dress, and I believe was seriously vain of it, for his mind was wonderfully prone to such impressions: "Come, come (said Garrick), talk no more of that. You are, perhaps, the worst—eh, eh!"—Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, when Garrick went on, laughing ironically, "Nay, you will always *look* like a gentleman; but I am talking of being well or *ill drest.*" "Well, let me tell you (said Goldsmith), when my tailor brought home my bloom-coloured coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favour to beg of you. When any body asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water-lane.'". JOHNSON. "Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat even of so absurd a colour."

After dinner our conversation turned first upon Pope. Johnson said, his characters of men were admirably drawn, those of women not so well. He repeated to us, in his forcible melodious manner, the concluding lines of the Dunciad[1]. While he was talking loudly in praise of those lines, one of the company ventured[2] to say, "Too fine for such a

[1] Mr. Langton informed me that he once related to Johnson (on the authority of Spence) that Pope himself admired those lines so much, that when he repeated them, his voice faltered: "and well it might, sir (said Johnson), for they are noble lines."—J. BOSWELL.

[2] [What an idea of the tyranny of Johnson's conversation does this word—*ventured*—give! There is reason, as will appear hereafter, to suspect that Boswell himself was the object of this sarcasm.—ED.]

poem:—a poem on what?" JOHNSON (with a disdainful look). "Why, on *dunces*. It was worth while being a dunce then. Ah, sir, hadst *thou* lived in those days! It is not worth while being a dunce now, when there are no wits." Bickerstaff observed, as a peculiar circumstance, that Pope's fame was higher when he was alive than it was then. Johnson said, his Pastorals were poor things, though the versification was fine. He told us, with high satisfaction, the anecdote of Pope's inquiring who was the authour of his "London," and saying, he will be soon *deterré*. He observed, that in Dryden's poetry there were passages drawn from a profundity which Pope could never reach. He repeated some fine lines on love, by the former (which I have now forgotten), and gave great applause to the character of Zimri[1]. Goldsmith said, that Pope's character of Addison showed a deep knowledge of the human heart. Johnson said, that the description of the temple, in "The Mourning Bride[2]," was the finest poetical passage he had ever read; he recollected none in Shakspeare equal to it.—"But (said Garrick, all alarmed for 'the god of his idolatry') we know not the extent and variety of his powers. We are to suppose there are such passages in his works. Shakspeare must not suffer from the badness of our memories." Johnson, diverted by this enthusiastic jealousy, went on with great ardour: "No, sir; Congreve has *nature* (smiling on the tragic eagerness of Garrick); but composing himself, he added, "Sir, this is not comparing Congreve on the whole with Shakspeare on the whole: but only maintaining that Congreve has one finer passage than any that can be found in Shakspeare. Sir, a man may have no more than ten guineas in

[1] [The Duke of Buckingham, in Absalom and Achitophel.—ED.]
[2] Act ii. scene 3.—MALONE.

the world, but he may have those ten guineas in one piece; and so may have a finer piece than a man who has ten thousand pound: but then he has only one ten-guinea piece.—What I mean is, that you can show me no passage where there is simply a description of material objects, without any intermixture of moral notions[1], which produced such an effect." Mr. Murphy mentioned Shakspeare's description of the night before the battle of Agincourt; but it was observed it had *men* in it. Mr. Davies suggested the speech of Juliet, in which she figures herself awaking in the tomb of her ancestors. Some one mentioned the description of Dover Cliff. JOHNSON. "No, sir; it should be all precipice—all vacuum. The crows impede your fall. The diminished appearance of the boats, and other circumstances, are all very good description; but do not impress the mind at once with the horrible idea of immense height. The impression is divided; you pass on by computation, from one stage of the tremendous space to another. Had the girl in 'The Mourning Bride' said, she could not cast her shoe to the top of one of the pillars in the temple, it would not have aided the idea, but weakened it."

Talking of a barrister who had a bad utterance, some one (to rouse Johnson) wickedly said, that he was unfortunate in not having been taught oratory by Sheridan. JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, if he had been taught by Sheridan, he would have cleared the room."

[1] In Congreve's description there seems to be *an intermixture of moral notions;* as the affecting power of the passage arises from the vivid impression of the described objects on the mind of the speaker: "And shoots a chillness," &c.—KEARNEY. [So, also, the very first words of the speech, "*how reverend;*" and again, "*it strikes an awe and terror;*" and again, "*looking tranquilly.*" All this is surely describing the building by its effects on the mind. The truth is, as Mrs. Piozzi states, Johnson loved to tease Garrick with this apparent preference of Congreve over Shakspeare. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 516.—ED.]

GARRICK. "Sheridan has too much vanity to be a good man."—We shall now see Johnson's mode of *defending* a man; taking him into his own hands and discriminating. JOHNSON. "No, sir. There is, to be sure, in Sheridan, something to reprehend and every thing to laugh at; but, sir, he is not a bad man. No, sir; were mankind to be divided into good and bad, he would stand considerably within the ranks of good. And, sir, it must be allowed that Sheridan excels in plain declamation, though he can exhibit no character."

I should, perhaps, have suppressed[1] this disquisition concerning a person of whose merit and worth I think with respect, had he not attacked Johnson so outrageously in his Life of Swift, and, at the same time, treated us his admirers as a set of pigmies. He who has provoked the lash of wit, cannot complain that he smarts from it.

Mrs. Montague, a lady distinguished for having written an Essay on Shakspeare, being mentioned—REYNOLDS. "I think that essay does her honour." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; it does *her* honour, but it would do nobody else honour. I have, indeed, not read it all. But when I take up the end of a web, and find it packthread, I do not expect, by looking further, to find embroidery. Sir, I will venture to say, there is not one sentence of true criticism in her book." GARRICK. "But, sir, surely it shows how much Voltaire has mistaken Shakspeare, which nobody else has done." JOHNSON. "Sir, nobody else

[1] [This is a singular avowal, which, had it proceeded from Hawkins or Mrs. Piozzi, Boswell would have very justly censured. But the phrase which he would have thus *suppressed*, *out of regard* to Sheridan, happens to be the most favourable to his character, and even to his talents, of the many observations of Johnson's which he has recorded. See vol. i. 398, relative to what Boswell so unjustly calls Sheridan's "outrageous attack" on Johnson and his admirers. —ED.]

has thought it worth while. And what merit is there in that? You may as well praise a schoolmaster for whipping a boy who has construed ill. No, sir, there is no real criticism in it; none showing the beauty of thought, as formed on the workings of the human heart."

The admirers of this essay[1] may be offended at the slighting manner in which Johnson spoke of it: but let it be remembered, that he gave his honest opinion unbiassed by any prejudice, or any proud jealousy of a woman intruding herself into the chair of criticism; for Sir Joshua Reynolds has told me, that when the essay first came out, and it was not known who had written it, Johnson wondered how Sir Joshua could like it. At this time Sir Joshua himself had received no information concerning the authour, except being assured by one of our most eminent literati, that it was clear its authour did not know the Greek tragedies in the original. One day at Sir Joshua's table, when it was related that Mrs. Montague, in an excess of compliment to the authour[2] of a modern tragedy, had exclaimed, "I tremble for Shakspeare," Johnson said, "When Shakspeare has got ——— for his rival, and Mrs. Montague for his defender, he is in a poor state indeed." [Yet on another occasion, when Mrs. Montague showed him some China plates which had once belonged to Queen Elizabeth, he told her, "that they had no

Piozzi, p. 158.

[1] Of whom I acknowledge myself to be one, considering it as a piece of the secondary or comparative species of criticism; and not of that profound species which alone Dr. Johnson would allow to be "real criticism." It is, besides, clearly and elegantly expressed, and has done effectually what it professed to do, namely, vindicated Shakspeare from the misrepresentations of Voltaire; and considering how many young people were misled by his witty, though false observations, Mrs. Montague's essay was of service to Shakspeare with a certain class of readers, and is, therefore, entitled to praise. Johnson, I am assured, allowed the merit which I have stated, saying (with reference to Voltaire), "it is conclusive *ad hominem*."—BOSWELL.

[2] [Probably Mr. Jephson, the author of "Braganza," which appeared, with great and somewhat exaggerated applause, in 1775, to which date this latter conversation must therefore be referred.—ED.]

Piozzi, p. 158. reason to be ashamed of their present possessor, who was so little inferior to the first[1].'"]

Johnson proceeded:—"The Scotchman[2] has taken the right method in his 'Elements of Criticism.' I do not mean that he has taught us any thing; but he has told us old things in a new way." MURPHY. "He seems to have read a great deal of French criticism, and wants to make it his own; as if he had been for years anatomising the heart of man, and peeping into every cranny of it." GOLDSMITH. "It is easier to write that book, than to read it." JOHNSON. "We have an example of true criticism in Burke's 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful;' and if I recollect, there is also Du Bos; and Bouhours, who shows all beauty to depend on truth. There is no great merit in telling how many plays have ghosts in them, and how this ghost is better than that. You must show how terrour is impressed on the human heart. In the description of night in Macbeth, the beetle and the bat detract from the general idea of darkness,—inspissated gloom."

Politicks being mentioned, he said, "This petitioning[3] is a new mode of distressing government, and a mighty easy one. I will undertake to get petitions either against quarter guineas or half guineas, with the help of a little hot wine. There must be no yielding to encourage this. The object is not important enough. We are not to blow up half a dozen palaces, because one cottage is burning."

[1] [It has been supposed, that the coolness between Mrs. Montagu and Dr. Johnson arose out of his treatment of Lord Lyttelton in *the Lives of the Poets*; but we see that he began to speak disrespectfully of her long before that publication; and, indeed, there is hardly any point of Dr. Johnson's conduct less respectable, than the contemptuous way in which he appears to have sometimes spoken of a lady, to whom he continued to address such extravagant compliments as that quoted in the text, and to write such flattering letters as we shall read in the course of this work.—ED.]

[2] [Lord Kames. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 119 and 403.—ED.]

[3] [A great number of petitions, condemnatory of the proceedings against Mr. Wilkes, and inflamed with all the violence of party, were at this period presented to the king.—ED.]

The conversation then took another turn. JOHNSON. "It is amazing what ignorance of certain points one sometimes finds in men of eminence. A wit about town, who wrote loose Latin verses, asked me how it happened that England and Scotland, which were once two kingdoms, were now one: and Sir Fletcher Norton did not seem to know that there were such publications as the Reviews."

"The ballad of Hardyknute has no great merit, if it be really ancient[1]. People talk of nature. But mere obvious nature may be exhibited with very little power of mind."

On Thursday, October 19, I passed the evening with him at his house. He advised me to complete a Dictionary of words peculiar to Scotland, of which I showed him a specimen. "Sir," said he, "Ray has made a collection of north-country words. By collecting those of your country, you will do a useful thing towards the history of the language." He bade me also go on with collections which I was making upon the antiquities of Scotland. "Make a large book; a folio." BOSWELL. "But of what use will it be, sir?" JOHNSON. "Never mind the use: do it."

I complained that he had not mentioned Garrick in his Preface to Shakspeare; and asked him if he did not admire him. JOHNSON. "Yes, as 'a poor player[2], who frets and struts his hour upon the stage;' as a shadow." BOSWELL. "But has he not brought Shakspeare into notice?" JOHNSON. "Sir, to allow that, would be to lampoon the age. Many of Shakspeare's plays are the worse for being acted: Macbeth, for instance." BOSWELL. "What, sir, is nothing gained by decoration and action? Indeed, I do wish

[1] It is unquestionably a modern fiction. It was written by Sir John Bruce of Kinross, and first published at Edinburgh in folio, 1719. See "Percy's Relics of ancient English Poetry," vol. ii. pp. 96. 111. Fourth edition.—MALONE.

[2] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 493.—ED.]

that you had mentioned Garrick." JOHNSON. "My dear sir, had I mentioned him, I must have mentioned many more; Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Cibber,—nay, and Mr. Cibber too; he too altered Shakspeare." BOSWELL. "You have read his apology[1], sir?" JOHNSON. "Yes, it is very entertaining. But as for Cibber himself, taking from his conversation all that he ought not to have said, he was a poor creature. I remember when he brought me one of his Odes to have my opinion of it, I could not bear such nonsense, and would not let him read it to the end; so little respect had I for *that great man!* (laughing.) Yet I remember Richardson wondering that I could treat him with familiarity."

I mentioned to him that I had seen the execution of several convicts at Tyburn[2], two days before, and, that none of them seemed to be under any concern. JOHNSON. "Most of them, sir, have never thought at all." BOSWELL. "But is not the fear of death natural to man?" JOHNSON. "So much so, sir, that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it." He then, in a low and earnest tone, talked of his meditating upon the awful hour of his own dissolution, and in what manner he should conduct himself upon that occasion:—"I know not (said he), whether I should wish to have a friend by me, or have it all between God and myself."

Talking of our feeling for the distresses of others: JOHNSON. "Why, sir, there is much noise made about it, but it is greatly exaggerated. No, sir, we have a certain degree of feeling to prompt us to do good; more than that, Providence does not intend. It would be misery to no purpose." BOSWELL. "But suppose now, sir, that one of your intimate

[1] [The Memoirs of himself and of the stage, which Cibber published under the modest title of an Apology for his Life. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 410.—ED.]

[2] [Six unhappy men were executed at Tyburn on Wednesday the 18th (*one* day before). It was one of the irregularities of Mr. Boswell's mind to be passionately fond of seeing these melancholy spectacles.—ED.]

friends were apprehended for an offence for which he might be hanged." JOHNSON. "I should do what I could to bail him, and give him any other assistance; but if he were once fairly hanged, I should not suffer." BOSWELL. "Would you eat your dinner that day, sir?" JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, and eat it as if he were eating with me. Why, there's Baretti, who is to be tried for his life to-morrow; friends have risen up for him on every side; yet if he should be hanged, none of them will eat a slice of plum-pudding the less. Sir, that sympathetick feeling goes a very little way in depressing the mind."

I told him that I had dined lately at Foote's, who showed me a letter which he had received from Tom Davies, telling him that he had not been able to sleep from the concern he felt on account of "*This sad affair of Baretti,*" begging of him to try if he could suggest any thing that might be of service; and, at the same time, recommending to him an industrious young man who kept a pickle-shop. JOHNSON. "Ay, sir, here you have a specimen of human sympathy—a friend hanged, and a cucumber pickled. We know not whether Baretti or the pickleman has kept Davies from sleep: nor does he know himself[1]. And as to his not sleeping, sir: Tom Davies is a very great man; Tom has been upon the stage, and knows how to do those things: I have not been upon the stage, and cannot do those things." BOSWELL. "I have often blamed myself, sir, for not feeling for others, as sensibly as many say they do." JOHNSON. "Sir, don't be duped by them any more. You will find these very feeling people are not very ready to do you good. They *pay* you by *feeling*."

[1] [It would seem that Davies's anxiety was more sincere than Johnson would represent. He says, in a letter to Granger, "I have been so taken up with a very unlucky accident that befell an intimate friend of mine, that for this last fortnight I have been able to attend to no business, though ever so urgent."—*Granger's Letters*, p. 28.—ED.]

Piozzi, p. 66, 67. 118. 136.

[Though Dr. Johnson possessed the strongest compassion for poverty or illness, he did not even pretend to feel for those who lamented the loss of a child, a parent, or a friend. "These are the distresses of sentiment," he would reply, "which a man who is really to be pitied has no leisure to feel. The sight of people who want food and raiment is so common in great cities, that a surly fellow like me has no compassion to spare for wounds given only to vanity or softness." *Canter* indeed was he none: he would forget to ask people after the health of their nearest relations, and say in excuse, "That he knew they did not care: why should they?" said he, "every one in this world has as much as they can do in caring for themselves, and few have leisure really to *think* of their neighbours' distresses, however they may delight their tongues with *talking* of them." Lady Tavistock[1], who grieved herself to death for the loss of her husband, was talked of. "She was rich and wanted employment," said Johnson, "so she cried till she lost all power of restraining her tears: other women are forced to outlive their husbands, who were just as much beloved, depend on it; but they have no time for grief: and I doubt not, if we had put my Lady Tavistock into a small chandler's shop, and given her a nurse-child to tend, her life would have been saved. The poor and the busy have no leisure for sentimental sorrow." Mrs. Thrale mentioned an event, which, if it had happened, would greatly have injured her husband and his family—"and then, dear sir," said she, "how sorry you would have been!" "I *hope*," replied he, after a

[1] [Lady Elizabeth Keppel, fifth daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle, married, in 1764, to Francis, eldest son of the fourth Duke of Bedford. He was killed by a fall from his horse, March, 1767. His lady did not die till October, 1768. They were the parents of the late and present Dukes of Bedford.—Ed.]

ng pause, "I should have been *very* sorry;—but remember Rochefoucault's maxim." An acquaintance[1] lost the almost certain hope of a good estate that had been long expected. "Such a one will grieve," said Mrs. Thrale, "at her friend's disappointment." "She will suffer as much perhaps," said he, "as your horse did when your cow miscarried." Piozzi, p. 68, 69.

When Mrs. Thrale professed herself sincerely grieved that accumulated distresses had crushed Sir George Colebrook's[2] family,—"Your own prosperity," said he, "may possibly have so far increased the natural tenderness of your heart, that for aught I know you *may* be a *little sorry;* but it is sufficient for a plain man if he does not laugh when he sees a fine new house tumble down all on a sudden, and a snug cottage stand by ready to receive the owner, whose birth entitled him to nothing better, and whose limbs are left him to go to work again with."

Nothing indeed more surely disgusted Dr. Johnson than hyperbole: he loved not to be told of sallies of excellence, which he said were seldom valuable, and seldom true. "Heroic virtues," said he, "are the *bon mots* of life; they do not appear often, and when they do appear are too much prized, I think; like the aloe-tree, which shoots and flowers once in a hundred years. But life is made up of little things; and that character is the best which does little but repeated acts of beneficence: as that conversation is the best which consists in elegant and pleasing thoughts expressed in natural and pleasing terms. With regard to my own notions of moral virtue," continued he,

[1] [Probably Mrs. Thrale herself.—Ed.]

[2] [The banking-house of Sir George Colebrook, Lessingham and Binns, stopped payment in March, 1773. It will be seen hereafter, (28th October, 1775), that Sir George retired for a time to France, where he lived in a style not entitled to much pity.—Ed.]

Piozzi, p.66,67. 69. 136. "I hope I have not lost my sensibility of wrong, but I hope likewise that I have lived long enough in the world, to prevent me from expecting to find any action of which both the original motive and all the parts were good."

Dr. Johnson had been a great reader of Mandeville, and was ever on the watch to spy out those stains of original corruption, so easily discovered by a penetrating observer even in the purest minds. The natural depravity of mankind and the remains of original sin were so fixed in his opinion, that he was a most acute observer of their effects; and used to say sometimes, half in jest, half in earnest, that his observations were the remains of his old tutor Mandeville's instructions. No man, therefore, who smarted from the ingratitude of his friends, found any sympathy from our philosopher: "Let him do good on higher motives next time," would be the answer; "he will then be sure of his reward." As a book, however, he took care always loudly to condemn the Fable of the Bees, but not without adding, "that it was the work of a thinking man."]

BOSWELL. "Foote has a great deal of humour." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir." BOSWELL. "He has a singular talent of exhibiting character." JOHNSON. "Sir, it is not a talent; it is a vice; it is what others abstain from. It is not comedy, which exhibits the character of a species, as that of a miser gathered from many misers; it is farce which exhibits individuals." BOSWELL. "Did not he think of exhibiting you, sir?" JOHNSON. "Sir, fear restrained him; he knew I would have broken his bones. I would have saved him the trouble of cutting off a leg; I would not have left him a leg to cut off." Bos-

WELL. "Pray, sir, is not Foote an infidel?" JOHNSON. "I do not know, sir, that the fellow is an infidel; but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject[1]." BOSWELL. "I suppose, sir, he has thought superficially, and seized the first notions which occurred to his mind." JOHNSON. "Why then, sir, still he is like a dog, that snatches the piece next him. Did you never observe that dogs have not the power of comparing? A dog will take a small bit of meat as readily as a large, when both are before him."

"Buchanan," he observed, "has fewer *centos* than any modern Latin poet. He has not only had great knowledge of the Latin language, but was a great poetical genius[2]. Both the Scaligers praise him."

He again talked of the passage in Congreve with high commendation, and said, "Shakspeare never has six lines together without a fault[3]. Perhaps you may find seven: but this does not refute my general assertion. If I come to an orchard, and say there's no fruit here, and then comes a poring man who finds two apples and three pears, and tells me, 'Sir, you are mistaken, I have found both apples and pears,' I should laugh at him: what would that be to the purpose?"

[1] When Mr. Foote was at Edinburgh, he thought fit to entertain a numerous Scotch company with a great deal of coarse jocularity, at the expense of Dr. Johnson, imagining it would be acceptable. I felt this as not civil to me; but sat very patiently till he had exhausted his merriment on that subject; and then observed, that surely Johnson must be allowed to have some sterling wit, and that I had heard him say a very good thing of Mr. Foote himself. "Ah, my old friend Sam," cried Foote, "no man says better things: do let us have it." Upon which I told the above story, which produced a very loud laugh from the company. But I never saw Foote so disconcerted. He looked grave and angry, and entered into a serious refutation of the justice of the remark. "What, sir," said he, "talk thus of a man of liberal education:—a man who for years was at the University of Oxford:—a man who has added sixteen new characters to the English drama of his country!"—BOSWELL.

[2] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 471, and *post*, *sub* 30th March, 1783.—ED.]

[3] [What strange "laxity of talk" this is from the author of the "Preface to Shakspeare?" See *ante*, p. 86.—ED.]

BOSWELL. "What do you think of Dr. Young's Night Thoughts, sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, there are very fine things in them." BOSWELL. "Is there not less religion in the nation now, sir, than there was formerly?" JOHNSON. "I don't know, sir, that there is." BOSWELL. "For instance, there used to be a chaplain in every great family, which we do not find now." JOHNSON. "Neither do you find any of the state servants which great families used formerly to have. There is a change of modes in the whole department of life."

Next day, October 20, he appeared, for the only time I suppose in his life, as a witness in a court of justice, being called to give evidence to the character of Mr. Baretti, who, having stabbed a man in the street, was arraigned at the Old Bailey for murder[1]. Never did such a constellation of genius enlighten the awful sessions-house, emphatically called Justice-hall; Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Beauclerk, and Dr. Johnson: and undoubtedly their favourable testimony had due weight with the court and jury. Johnson gave his evidence in a slow, deliberate, and distinct manner, which was uncommonly impressive.

ED. [Whatever the *manner* may have been, the *substance* of the evidence, as will appear by the following report of it, was not very important:

Gent. Mag. vol. 55, p. 100. "Dr. J.—I believe I began to be acquainted with Mr. Baretti about the year 1753 or 54. I have been intimate with him. He is a man of literature, a very studious man, a man of great diligence. He gets his living by study. I have no reason to think he was ever disordered with liquor in his life. A man that I never knew to be otherwise than peaceable, and a man that I take to be rather timorous.

[1] [It is odd enough, that two of Johnson's intimate associates, Savage and Baretti, should have been both tried for murder, committed in midnight broils. —ED.]

"Q.—Was he addicted to pick up women in the streets? Gent. Mag. vol. 55, p. 100.

"Dr. J.—I never knew that he was.

"Q.—How is he as to eyesight?

"Dr. J.—He does not see me now, nor do I see him. I do not believe he could be capable of assaulting any body in the street, without great provocation."]

It is well known that Mr. Baretti was acquitted.

On the 26th of October, we dined together at the Mitre tavern. I found fault with Foote for indulging his talent of ridicule at the expense of his visitors, which I colloquially termed making fools of his company. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, when you go to see Foote, you do not go to see a saint: you go to see a man who will be entertained at your house, and then bring you on a public stage; who will entertain you at his house, for the very purpose of bringing you on a public stage. Sir, he does not *make* fools of his company; they whom he exposes are fools already: he only brings them into action."

Talking of trade, he observed, "It is a mistaken notion that a vast deal of money is brought into a nation by trade. It is not so. Commodities come from commodities; but trade produces no capital accession of wealth. However, though there should be little profit in money, there is a considerable profit in pleasure, as it gives to one nation the productions of another; as we have wines and fruits, and many other foreign articles brought to us." BOSWELL. "Yes, sir, and there is a profit in pleasure, by its furnishing occupation to such numbers of mankind." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, you cannot call that pleasure to which all are averse, and which none begin but with the hope of leaving off; a thing which men dislike before they have tried it, and when they have tried it."

BOSWELL. "But, sir, the mind must be employed, and we grow weary when idle." JOHNSON. "That is, sir, because others being busy, we want company; but if we were all idle, there would be no growing weary; we should all entertain one another. There is, indeed, this in trade:—it gives men an opportunity of improving their situation. If there were no trade, many who are poor would always remain poor. But no man loves labour for itself." BOSWELL. "Yes, sir, I know a person who does. He is a very laborious judge, and he loves the labour." JOHNSON. "Sir, that is because he loves respect and distinction. Could he have them without labour, he would like it less." BOSWELL. "He tells me he likes it for itself."—"Why, sir, he fancies so, because he is not accustomed to abstract."

We went home to his house to tea. Mrs. Williams made it with sufficient dexterity, notwithstanding her blindness, though her manner of satisfying herself that the cups were full enough appeared to me a little awkward; for I fancied she put her finger down a certain way, till she felt the tea touch it[1]. In my first elation at being allowed the privilege of attending Dr. Johnson at his late visits to this lady, which was like being *è secretioribus consiliis*, I willingly drank cup after cup, as if it had been the Heliconian spring. But as the charm of novelty went off, I grew more fastidious; and besides, I discovered that she was of a peevish temper.

There was a pretty large circle this evening. Dr. Johnson was in very good humour, lively, and ready to talk upon all subjects. Mr. Fergusson, the self-

[1] I have since had reason to think that I was mistaken; for I have been informed by a lady, who was long intimate with her, and likely to be a more accurate observer of such matters, that she had acquired such a niceness of touch, as to know by the feeling on the outside of the cup, how near it was to being full.—BOSWELL.

taught philosopher, told him of a new invented machine which went without horses: a man who sat in it turned a handle, which worked a spring that drove it forward. "Then, sir," said Johnson, "what is gained is, the man has his choice whether he will move himself alone, or himself and the machine too." Dominicetti[1] being mentioned, he would not allow him any merit. "There is nothing in all this boasted system. No, sir; medicated baths can be no better than warm water: their only effect can be that of tepid moisture." One of the company took the other side, maintaining that medicines of various sorts, and some too of most powerful effect, are introduced into the human frame by the medium of the pores; and, therefore, when warm water is impregnated with salutiferous substances, it may produce great effects as a bath. This appeared to me very satisfactory. Johnson did not answer it; but talking for victory, and determined to be master of the field, he had recourse to the device which Goldsmith imputed to him in the witty words of one of Cibber's comedies: "There is no arguing with Johnson; for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the but-end of it." He turned to the gentleman[2], "Well, sir, go to Dominicetti, and get thyself fumigated; but be sure that the steam be directed to thy *head*, for *that* is the *peccant part*." This produced a triumphant roar of laughter from the motley assembly of philosophers, printers, and dependents, male and female.

[1] [Dominicetti was an Italian quack, who made a considerable noise about this time, by the use of medicated baths. He seems to have been received into fashionable society, for we find that he and his wife were much noticed at the celebrated masquerade, given by the King of Denmark, at the Opera-house, on the 10th Oct. 1768. *Ann. Reg.* and *Gent. Mag.*—Ed.]

[2] [This "gentleman" was probably Mr. Boswell himself; who, though he generally is candid enough, has occasionally concealed his own name, and particularly where there was no one else present likely to repeat the story. This was observed by the common friends of Johnson and Boswell on the first publication of this work.—Ed.]

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I know not how so whimsical a thought came into my mind, but I asked, "If, sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with you, what would you do?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, I should not much like my company." BOSWELL. "But would you take the trouble of rearing it?" He seemed, as may well be supposed, unwilling to pursue the subject: but upon my persevering in my question, replied, "Why yes, sir, I would; but I must have all conveniences. If I had no garden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for fresh air. I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water to please it, not with cold water to give it pain." BOSWELL. "But, sir, does not heat relax?" JOHNSON. "Sir, you are not to imagine the water is to be very hot. I would not *coddle* the child. No, sir, the hardy method of treating children does no good. I'll take you five children from London, who shall cuff five Highland children. Sir, a man bred in London will carry a burthen, or run, or wrestle, as well as a man brought up in the hardest manner in the country." BOSWELL. "Good living, I suppose, makes the Londoners strong." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, I don't know that it does. Our chairmen from Ireland, who are as strong men as any, have been brought up upon potatoes. Quantity makes up for quality." BOSWELL. "Would you teach this child that I have furnished you with, any thing?" JOHNSON. "No, I should not be apt to teach it." BOSWELL. "Would not you have a pleasure in teaching it?" JOHNSON. "No, sir, I should *not* have a pleasure in teaching it." BOSWELL. "Have you not a pleasure in teaching men! *There* I have you. You have the same pleasure in teaching men, that I should have in teaching children." JOHNSON. "Why, something about that."

TOAST

BOSWELL. "Do you think, sir, that what is called natural affection is born with us? It seems to me to be the effect of habit, or of gratitude for kindness. No child has it for a parent whom it has not seen." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, I think there is an instinctive natural affection in parents towards their children."

Russia being mentioned as likely to become a great empire, by the rapid increase of population:—JOHNSON. "Why, sir, I see no prospect of their propagating more. They can have no more children than they can get. I know of no way to make them breed more than they do. It is not from reason and prudence that people marry, but from inclination. A man is poor; he thinks, 'I cannot be worse, and so I 'll e'en take Peggy.'" BOSWELL. "But have not nations been more populous at one period than another?" JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; but that has been owing to the people being less thinned at one period than another, whether by emigrations, war, or pestilence, not by their being more or less prolifick. Births at all times bear the same proportion to the same number of people." BOSWELL. "But, to consider the state of our own country: does not throwing a number of farms into one hand hurt population?" JOHNSON. "Why no, sir; the same quantity of food being produced, will be consumed by the same number of mouths, though the people may be disposed of in different ways. We see, if corn be dear, and butchers' meat cheap, the farmers all apply themselves to the raising of corn, till it becomes plentiful and cheap, and then butchers' meat becomes dear; so that an equality is always preserved. No, sir, let fanciful men do as they will, depend upon it, it is difficult to disturb the system of life." BOSWELL. "But, sir, is it not a very bad thing for landlords to oppress their tenants, by raising their rents?" JOHNSON. "Very

bad. But, sir, it never can have any general influence: it may distress some individuals. For, consider this: landlords cannot do without tenants. Now tenants will not give more for land, than land is worth. If they can make more of their money by keeping a shop, or any other way, they 'll do it, and so oblige landlords to let land come back to a reasonable rent, in order that they may get tenants. Land, in England, is an article of commerce. A tenant who pays his landlord his rent, thinks himself no more obliged to him than you think yourself obliged to a man in whose shop you buy a piece of goods. He knows the landlord does not let him have his land for less than he can get from others, in the same manner as the shopkeeper sells his goods. No shopkeeper sells a yard of riband for sixpence when sevenpence is the current price." BOSWELL. "But, sir, is it not better that tenants should be dependent on landlords?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, as there are many more tenants than landlords, perhaps, strictly speaking, we should wish not. But if you please you may let your lands cheap, and so get the value, part in money and part in homage. I should agree with you in that." BOSWELL. "So, sir, you laugh at schemes of political improvements." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things."

He observed, "Providence has wisely ordered that the more numerous men are, the more difficult it is for them to agree in any thing, and so they are governed. There is no doubt, that if the poor should reason, 'We 'll be the poor no longer, we 'll make the rich take their turn,' they could easily do it, were it not that they can't agree. So the common soldiers, though so much more numerous than their officers, are governed by them for the same reason."

He said, "Mankind have a strong attachment to the habitations to which they have been accustomed. You see the inhabitants of Norway do not with one consent quit it, and go to some part of America, where there is a mild climate, and where they may have the same produce from land, with the tenth part of the labour. No, sir; their affection for their old dwellings, and the terrour of a general change, keep them at home. Thus, we see many of the finest spots in the world thinly inhabited, and many rugged spots well inhabited."

"The London Chronicle," which was the only newspaper he constantly took in, being brought, the office of reading it aloud was assigned to me. I was diverted by his impatience. He made me pass over so many parts of it, that my task was very easy. He would not suffer one of the petitions to the king about the Middlesex election to be read.

I had hired a Bohemian as my servant while I remained in London, and being much pleased with him, I asked Dr. Johnson whether his being a Roman Catholick should prevent my taking him with me to Scotland. JOHNSON. "Why no, sir. If *he* has no objection, you can have none." BOSWELL. "So, sir, you are no great enemy to the Roman Catholick religion." JOHNSON. "No more, sir, than to the Presbyterian religion." BOSWELL. "You are joking." JOHNSON. "No, sir, I really think so. Nay, sir, of the two, I prefer the popish[1]." BOSWELL. "How so, sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, the Presbyterians have no church, no apostolical ordination." BOSWELL. "And do you think that absolutely essential, sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, as it was an apostolical institution, I think it is dangerous to be without it. And, sir, the Presby-

[1] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 214.—ED.]

terians have no publick worship: they have no form of prayer in which they know they are to join. They go to hear a man pray, and are to judge whether they will join with him." BOSWELL. "But, sir, their doctrine is the same with that of the church of England. Their confession of faith, and the thirty-nine articles, contain the same points, even the doctrine of predestination." JOHNSON. "Why, yes, sir; predestination was a part of the clamour of the times, so it is mentioned in our articles, but with as little positiveness as could be." BOSWELL. "Is it necessary, sir, to believe all the thirty-nine articles?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, that is a question which has been much agitated. Some have thought it necessary that they should all be believed; others have considered them to be only articles of peace[1], that is to say, you are not to preach against them." BOSWELL. "It appears to me, sir, that predestination, or what is equivalent to it, cannot be avoided, if we hold an universal prescience in the Deity." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, does not God every day see things going on without preventing them?" BOSWELL. "True, sir, but if a thing be *certainly* foreseen, it must be fixed, and cannot happen otherwise; and if we apply this consideration to the human mind, there is no free-will, nor do I see how prayer can be of any avail." He mentioned Dr. Clarke, and Bishop Bramhall on Liberty and Necessity, and bid me read South's Sermons on Prayer; but avoided the question which

[1] Dr. Simon Patrick (afterwards Bishop of Ely), thus expresses himself on this subject, in a letter to the learned Dr. John Mapletoft, dated Feb. 8, 1682—3: "I always took the articles to be only articles of communion; and so Bishop Bramhall expressly maintains against the Bishop of Chalcedon; and I remember well, that Bishop Sanderson, when the king was first restored, received the subscription of an acquaintance of mine, which he declared was not to them as articles of *faith*, but *peace*. I think you need make no scruple of the matter, because all that I know so understand the meaning of subscription, and upon other terms would not subscribe."—The above was printed some years ago in the "European Magazine," from the original, now in the hands of Mr. Mapletoft, surgeon at Cherisey, grandson to Dr. John Mapletoft.—MALONE.

has excruciated philosophers and divines, beyond any other. I did not press it further, when I perceived that he was displeased, and shrunk from any abridgment of an attribute usually ascribed to the Divinity, however irreconcileable in its full extent with the grand system of moral government. His supposed orthodoxy here cramped the vigorous powers of his understanding. He was confined by a chain which early imagination and long habit made him think massy and strong, but which, had he ventured to try, he could at once have snapt asunder.

I proceeded:—"What do you think, sir, of Purgatory, as believed by the Roman Catholicks?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and therefore that God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering. You see, sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this." BOSWELL. "But then, sir, their masses for the dead?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, if it be once established that there are souls in purgatory, it is as proper to pray for *them*, as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this life." BOSWELL. "The idolatry of the mass?" JOHNSON. "Sir, there is no idolatry in the mass. They believe God to be there, and they adore him." BOSWELL. "The worship of saints?" JOHNSON. "Sir, they do not worship saints; they invoke them; they only ask their prayers. I am talking all this time of the *doctrines* of the church of Rome. I grant you that in *practice*, purgatory is made a lucrative imposition, and that the people do become idolatrous as they recommend themselves to the tutelary pro-

tection of particular saints[1]. I think their giving the sacrament only in one kind is criminal, because it is contrary to the express institution of Christ, and I wonder how the council of Trent admitted it." BOSWELL. "Confession?" JOHNSON. "Why, I don't know but that is a good thing. The scripture says 'Confess your faults one to another,' and the priests confess as well as the laity. Then it must be considered that their absolution is only upon repentance, and often upon penance also. You think your sins may be forgiven without penance, upon repentance alone."

I thus ventured to mention all the common objections against the Roman Catholick church, that I might hear so great a man upon them. What he said is here accurately recorded. But it is not improbable that if one had taken the other side, he might have reasoned differently.

I must however mention, that he had a respect for "*the old religion*," as the mild Melancthon called that of the Roman Catholick church, even while he was exerting himself for its reformation in some particulars. Sir William Scott informs me, that he heard Johnson say, "A man who is converted from protestantism to popery may be sincere, he parts with nothing: he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from popery to protestantism gives up so much of what he has held as sacred as any thing that he retains; there is so much *laceration of mind* in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting[2]." The truth of this reflection may be

[1] [The editor has now before him a Roman Catholic Prayer-book, printed at Ghent so late as 1823, in which there is a prayer to the Virgin addressing her as "*Ma divine Princesse*," and another to St. Joseph, as "*Mon aimable patron*."—ED.]

[2] [The Bishop of Ferns expresses his surprise that Johnson should have forgotten Latimer, Ridley, Hooper, and *all those of all nations* who have renounced popery.—ED.]

confirmed by many and eminent instances, some of which will occur to most of my readers[1].

When we were alone, I introduced the subject of death, and endeavoured to maintain that the fear of it might be got over. I told him that David Hume said to me, he was no more uneasy to think he should *not be* after this life, than that he *had not been* before he began to exist. JOHNSON. "Sir, if he really thinks so, his perceptions are disturbed; he is mad: if he does not think so, he lies. He may tell you he holds his finger in the flame of a candle, without feeling pain; would you believe him? When he dies, he at least gives up all he has." BOSWELL. "Foote, sir, told me, that when he was very ill he was not afraid to die." JOHNSON. "It is not true, sir. Hold a pistol to Foote's breast, or to Hume's breast, and threaten to kill them, and you'll see how they behave." BOSWELL. "But may we not fortify our minds for the approach of death?" Here I am sensible I was in the wrong, to bring before his view what he ever looked upon with horrour; for although when in a celestial frame of mind in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," he has supposed death to be "kind nature's signal for retreat," from this state of being to "a happier seat," his thoughts upon this awful change were in general full of dismal apprehensions. His mind resembled the vast amphitheatre, the Colisæum at Rome. In the centre stood his judgment, which, like a mighty gladiator, combated those apprehensions that, like the wild beasts of the *Arena*, were all around in cells, ready to be let out upon

[1] [The editor does not understand this allusion. He is not aware of "many and eminent instances" of persons converted *from* popery to protestantism relapsing either into superstition or infidelity. He suspects that Mr. Boswell, who often alludes to Mr. Gibbon's vacillation, really meant *him* in this passage, and that the converse of the proposition in the text—namely, that some converts from protestantism *to* popery had ended infidels—was what he intended to maintain.—ED.]

him. After a conflict, he drives them back into their dens; but not killing them, they were still assailing him. To my question, whether we might not fortify our minds for the approach of death, he answered, in a passion, "No, sir, let it alone. It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The act of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time." He added, with an earnest look, "A man knows it must be so, and submits. It will do him no good to whine."

I attempted to continue the conversation. He was so provoked, that he said, "Give us no more of this;" and was thrown into such a state of agitation[1], that he expressed himself in a way that alarmed and distressed me[2]; showed an impatience that I should leave him, and when I was going away, called to me sternly, "Don't let us meet to-morrow."

I went home exceedingly uneasy. All the harsh observations which I had ever heard made upon his character crowded into my mind; and I seemed to myself like the man who had put his head into the lion's mouth a great many times with perfect safety, but at last had it bit off.

Next morning [27th October], I sent him a note, stating that I might have been in the wrong, but it was not intentionally; he was therefore, I could not help thinking, too severe upon me. That notwithstanding our agreement not to meet that day, I would call on him in my way to the city, and stay five minutes by my watch. "You are," said I, "in my mind, since last night, surrounded with cloud and storm. Let me have a glimpse of sunshine, and go about my affairs in serenity and cheerfulness."

[1] [This was a touch of "that sad humour which his *father* gave him." See *ante*, p. 3.—ED.]

[2] [Yet Mr. Boswell could contradict Sir John Hawkins's assertion, "that Johnson's mind could not contemplate mortality with firmness." See *ante*, vol. i. p. 325.—ED.]

Upon entering his study, I was glad that he was not alone, which would have made our meeting more awkward. There were with him Mr. Steevens[1] and Mr. Tyers[2], both of whom I now saw for the first time. My note had, on his own reflection, softened him, for he received me very complacently; so that I unexpectedly found myself at ease, and joined in the conversation.

He said, the criticks had done too much honour to Sir Richard Blackmore, by writing so much against him. That in his "Creation" he had been helped by various wits, a line by Phillips, and a line by Tickell; so that by their aid, and that of others, the poem had been made out[3].

I defended Blackmore's supposed lines, which have been ridiculed as absolute nonsense:

> "A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
> Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won[4]."

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[1] [George Steevens, who, in the next year, became associated with Johnson in the edition of Shakspeare, which goes by their joint names. Mr. Steevens was born in 1736, and died at Hampstead in 1800. A cynical disposition rendered him unpopular with his acquaintance, as we shall have occasion to notice in the course of this work.—ED.]

[2] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 300.—ED.]

[3] Johnson himself has vindicated Blackmore upon this very point. See the *Lives of the Poets*, vol. iii. p. 75. 8vo. 1791.—J. BOSWELL.

[4] An acute correspondent of the European Magazine, April, 1792, has completely exposed a mistake, which has been unaccountably frequent in ascribing these lines to Blackmore, notwithstanding that Sir Richard Steele, in that very popular work, *The Spectator*, mentions them as written by the author of *The British Princes*, the Hon. Edward Howard. The correspondent, above mentioned, shows this mistake to be so inveterate, that not only *I* defended the lines as Blackmore's, in the presence of Dr. Johnson, without any contradiction or doubt of their authenticity, but that the Reverend Mr. Whittaker has asserted in print, that he understands they were *suppressed* in the late edition or editions of Blackmore. "After all," says this intelligent writer, "it is not unworthy of particular observation, that these lines, so often quoted, do not exist, either in Blackmore or Howard." In *The British Princes*, 8vo. 1669, now before me (p. 96), they stand thus:

> "A vest as admired Vortiger had on,
> Which from this Island's foes his grandsire won,
> Whose artful colour pass'd the Tyrian dye,
> Obliged to triumph in this legacy."

It is probable, I think, that some wag, in order to make Howard still more ridiculous than he really was, has formed the couplet as it now circulates.—BOSWELL.

I maintained it to be a poetical conceit. A Pict being painted, if he is slain in battle, and a vest is made of his skin, it is a painted vest won from him, though he was naked.

Johnson spoke unfavourably of a certain pretty voluminous authour[1], saying, "He used to write anonymous books, and then other books commending those books, in which there was something of rascality."

I whispered him, "Well, sir, you are now in good humour." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir." I was going to leave him, and had got as far as the staircase. He stopped me, and smiling, said, "Get you gone *in*;" a curious mode of inviting me to stay, which I accordingly did for some time longer.

This little incidental quarrel and reconciliation, which, perhaps, I may be thought to have detailed too minutely, must be esteemed as one of many proofs which his friends had, that though he might be charged with *bad humour* at times, he was always a *good-natured* man; and I have heard Sir Joshua Reynolds, a nice and delicate observer of manners, particularly remark, that when upon any occasion Johnson had been rough to any person in company, he took the first opportunity of reconciliation, by drinking to him, or addressing his discourse to him; but if he found his dignified indirect overtures sullenly neglected, he was quite indifferent, and considered himself as having done all that he ought to do, and the other as now in the wrong.

Being to set out for Scotland on the 10th of November, I wrote to him at Streatham, begging that

[1] [There is reason to suppose that this was Dr. Hill, who, as Mr. Chalmers observes to me, used to play such tricks, not only anonymously, but under false names, such as *Dr. Crine*, *Dr. Uvedale*, and many others. But it has been also surmised, that Smollett is meant; and as Boswell had certainly no tenderness for *Hill*'s character, (see *ante*, p. 38), the suppression of the name seems to favour this latter opinion.—ED.]

he would meet me in town on the 9th; but if this should be very inconvenient to him, I would go thither. His answer was as follows:

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"9th November, 1769.

"DEAR SIR,—Upon balancing the inconveniences of both parties, I find it will less incommode you to spend your night here, than me to come to town. I wish to see you, and am ordered by the lady of this house to invite you hither. Whether you can come or not, I shall not have any occasion of writing to you again before your marriage, and therefore tell you now, that with great sincerity I wish you happiness. I am, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

I was detained in town till it was too late on the ninth, so went to him early in the morning of the tenth of November. "Now," said he, "that you are going to marry, do not expect more from life than life will afford. You may often find yourself out of humour, and you may often think your wife not studious enough to please you; and yet you may have reason to consider yourself as upon the whole very happily married."

Talking of marriage in general, he observed, "Our marriage service is too refined. It is calculated only for the best kind of marriages: whereas, we should have a form for matches of convenience, of which there are many[1]." He agreed with me that there was no absolute necessity for having the marriage ceremony performed by a regular clergyman, for this was not commanded in scripture.

I was volatile enough to repeat to him a little epi-

[1] [It may be suspected that Mr. Boswell, in transcribing for the press, at the interval of twenty-five years, his original note, may have misrepresented Dr. Johnson's opinion. There are, no doubt, marriages of convenience, but such often turn out to be very happy marriages. Moreover, one would ask, how is the marriage ceremony too *refined*? and, again, if there were two services, who would ever consent to be married by that which implied some degree of degradation, or at least of inferiority? and finally, how is one to guess, beforehand, how a marriage is to turn out?—ED.]

grammatick song of mine, on matrimony, which Mr. Garrick had a few days before procured to be set to music by the very ingenious Mr. Dibdin.

A MATRIMONIAL THOUGHT.

"In the blithe days of honey-moon,
With Kate's allurements smitten,
I loved her late, I loved her soon,
And call'd her dearest kitten.

But now my kitten 's grown a cat,
And cross like other wives:
O! by my soul, my honest Mat,
I fear she has nine lives[1]."

My illustrious friend said, "It is very well, sir; but you should not swear." Upon which I altered "O! by my soul," to "alas, alas!"

He was so good as to accompany me to London, and see me into the post-chaise which was to carry me on my road to Scotland. And sure I am, that however inconsiderable many of the particulars recorded at this time may appear to some, they will be esteemed by the best part of my readers as genuine traits of his character, contributing together to give a full, fair, and distinct view of it.

In 1770, he published a political pamphlet, entitled "The False Alarm," intended to justify the conduct of ministry and their majority in the house of commons for having virtually assumed it as an axiom, that the expulsion of a member of parliament was equivalent to exclusion, and thus having declared Colonel Lutterel to be duly elected for the county of Middlesex, notwithstanding Mr. Wilkes had a great majority of votes. This being justly considered as a gross violation of the right of election, an alarm for the constitution extended itself all over the kingdom.

[1] [Mr. Boswell used (as did also his eldest son, Sir Alexander) to sing, in convivial society, songs of his own composition. See *Nich. Anecd.* vol. ii. p. 665.—Ed.]

To prove this alarm to be false was the purpose of Johnson's pamphlet; but even his vast powers are inadequate to cope with constitutional truth and reason, and his argument failed of effect; and the house of commons have since expunged the offensive resolution from their Journals. That the house of commons might have expelled Mr. Wilkes repeatedly, and as often as he should be rechosen, was not denied; but incapacitation cannot be but by an act of the whole legislature. It was wonderful to see how a prejudice in favour of government in general, and an aversion to popular clamour, could blind and contract such an understanding as Johnson's, in this particular case; yet the wit, the sarcasm, the eloquent vivacity which this pamphlet displayed, made it be read with great avidity at the time, and it will ever be read with pleasure, for the sake of its composition. That it endeavoured to infuse a narcotick indifference, as to publick concerns, into the minds of the people, and that it broke out sometimes into an extreme coarseness of contemptuous abuse, is but too evident.

It must not, however, be omitted, that when the storm of his violence subsides, he takes a fair opportunity to pay a grateful compliment to the king, who had rewarded his merit:—"These low-born railers have endeavoured, surely without effect, to alienate the affections of the people from the only king who for almost a century has much appeared to desire, or much endeavoured to deserve them." And "Every honest man must lament, that the faction has been regarded with frigid neutrality by the tories, who being long accustomed to signalise their principles by opposition to the court, do not yet consider, that they have at last a king who knows not the name of party, and who wishes to be the common father of all his people."

Piozzi, p. 31. [This his first and favourite pamphlet was written at Mr. Thrale's between eight o'clock on Wednesday night and twelve o'clock on Thursday night; and Johnson and Mrs. Thrale read it to Mr. Thrale when he came very late home from the house of commons.]

To this pamphlet, which was at once discovered to be Johnson's, several answers came out, in which care was taken to remind the publick of his former attacks upon government, and of his now being a pensioner, without allowing for the honourable terms upon which Johnson's pension was granted and accepted, or the change of system which the British court had undergone upon the accession of his present majesty. He was, however, soothed in the highest strain of panegyrick, in a poem called "The Remonstrance," by the Rev. Mr. Stockdale[1], to whom he was, upon many occasions, a kind protector.

The following admirable minute made by him describes so well his own state, and that of numbers to whom self-examination is habitual, that I cannot omit it:—

Prayers & Med. p. 100. "June 1, 1770. Every man naturally persuades himself that he can keep his resolutions, nor is he convinced of his imbecility but by length of time and frequency of experiment. This opinion of our own constancy is so prevalent, that we always despise him who suffers his general and settled purpose to be overpowered by an occasional desire. They, therefore, whom frequent failures have made desperate, cease to form resolutions; and they who are become cunning, do not tell them. Those who do not make them are very few, but of their effect little is perceived: for scarcely any man persists in a course of life planned by choice, but as he is restrained from deviation by some external power. He who may live as he will, seldom lives long in the observation of his own rules. I never yet saw a regular family, unless it were that of Mrs. Harriot's, nor a

[1] [The Reverend Percival Stockdale, whose strange and rambling autobiography was published in 1808; he was the author of several bad poems, and he died in 1811, at the age of 75. He was Johnson's neighbour for some years, both in Johnson's-court and Bolt-court.—ED.]

regular man, except Mr. ————[1], whose exactness I know only by his own report, and Psalmanazer, whose life was, I think, uniform."

Of this year I have obtained the following letters:

"TO THE REV. DR. FARMER, CAMBRIDGE.

"Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, 21st March, 1770.

"SIR,—As no man ought to keep wholly to himself any possession that may be useful to the publick, I hope you will not think me unreasonably intrusive, if I have recourse to you for such information as you are more able to give me than any other man.

"In support of an opinion which you have already placed above the need of any more support, Mr. Steevens, a very ingenious gentleman, lately of King's College, has collected an account of all the translations which Shakspeare might have seen and used. He wishes his catalogue to be perfect, and therefore entreats that you will favour him by the insertion of such additions as the accuracy of your inquiries has enabled you to make. To this request, I take the liberty of adding my own solicitation.

"We have no immediate use for this catalogue, and therefore do not desire that it should interrupt or hinder your more important employments. But it will be kind to let us know that you receive it. I am, sir, &c. "SAM. JOHNSON."

["DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. LUCY PORTER. Pearson MSS.

"1st May, 1770.

"DEAREST MADAM,—Among other causes that have hindered me from answering your last kind letter, is a tedious and painful rheumatism, that has afflicted me for many weeks, and still continues to molest me. I hope you are well, and will long keep your health and your cheerfulness.

"One reason why I delayed to write was, my uncertainty how to answer your letter. I like the thought of giving away the money very well; but when I consider that Tom Johnson is my nearest relation, and that he is now old and in great want; that he was my playfellow in childhood, and has never done any thing to offend me; I am in doubt whether I ought not rather give it him than any other.

"Of this, my dear, I would have your opinion. I would willingly please you, and I know that you will be pleased best with what you think right.

[1] [The name in the original manuscript is, as Dr. Hall informs me, *Campbell*, perhaps Dr. John Campbell, whom, on another occasion, (*ante*, vol. i. p. 431), Johnson calls a "good and a pious man;" but see *post*, 11th April, 1773.—ED.]

"Tell me your mind, and do not learn of me to neglect writing; for it is a very sorry trick, though it be mine.

"Your brother is well, I saw him to-day; and thought it long since I saw him before: it seems he has called often and could not find me. I am, my dear, your affectionate humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."]

Pearson MSS.

["London, 29th May, 1770.

"MY DEAREST DEAR,—I am very sorry that your eyes are bad; take great care of them, especially by candlelight. Mine continue pretty good, but they are sometimes a little dim. My rheumatism grows gradually better.

"I have considered your letter, and am willing that the whole money should go where you, my dear, originally intended. I hope to help Tom some other way. So that matter is over.

"Dr. Taylor has invited me to pass some time with him at Ashbourne; if I come, you may be sure that I shall take you and Lichfield in my way. When I am nearer coming, I will send you word

"Of Mr. Porter I have seen very little, but I know not that it is his fault, for he says that he often calls, and never finds me; I am sorry for it, for I love him.

"Mr. Mathias has lately had a great deal of money left him, of which you have probably heard already. I am, my dearest, your most affectionate servant, "SAM. JOHNSON.]

"TO THE REVEREND MR. THOMAS WARTON.

"London, 23d June, 1770.

"DEAR SIR,—The readiness with which you were pleased to promise me some notes on Shakspeare, was a new instance of your friendship. I shall not hurry you; but am desired by Mr. Steevens, who helps me in this edition, to let you know, that we shall print the tragedies first, and shall therefore want first the notes which belong to them. We think not to incommode the readers with a supplement; and therefore, what we cannot put into its proper place, will do us no good. We shall not begin to print before the end of six weeks, perhaps not so soon. I am, &c. "SAM. JOHNSON."

Letters, vol. i. p. 26.

["TO MRS. THRALE.

"Lichfield, 7th July, 1770.

"I thought I should have heard something to-day about Streatham; but there is no letter; and I need some consolation, for rheumatism is come again, though in a less degree than formerly. I reckon to go next week to Ashbourne, and

will try to bring you the dimensions of the great bull. The skies and the ground are all so wet, that I have been very little abroad; and Mrs. Aston is from home, so that I have no motive to walk. When she is at home, she lives on the top of Stow-hill, and I commonly climb up to see her once a day. There is nothing there now but the empty nest. Letters, vol. i. p. 27.

"To write to you about Lichfield is of no use, for you never saw Stow-pool, nor Borowcop-hill. I believe you may find Borow or Boroughcop-hill in my Dictionary, under cop or cob. Nobody here knows what the name imports."

"Lichfield, 11th July, 1770.

"Mr. Greene[1], the apothecary, has found a book which tells who paid levies in our parish, and how much they paid above an hundred years ago. Do you not think we study this book hard? Nothing is like going to the bottom of things. Many families that paid the parish rates are now extinct, like the race of Hercules. *Pulvis et umbra sumus.* What is nearest us touches us most. The passions rise higher at domestick than at imperial tragedies. I am not wholly unaffected by the revolutions of Sadler-street; nor can forbear to mourn a little when old names vanish away, and new come into their place."

"Ashbourne, 20th July, 1770. p. 31.

"I came hither on Wednesday, having staid one night at a lodge in the forest of Nedewood. Dr. Taylor's is a very pleasant house, with a lawn and a lake, and twenty deer and five fawns upon the lawn. Whether I shall by any light see Matlock I do not yet know.

. . . . . .

"That Baretti's book would please you all I made no doubt. p. 32. I know not whether the world has ever seen such Travels before. Those whose lot it is to ramble can seldom write, and those who know how to write very seldom ramble. If Sidney had gone, as he desired, the great voyage with Drake, there would probably have been such a narrative as would have equally satisfied the poet and the philosopher."

"Ashbourne, 23d July, 1770. p. 33.

"I have seen the great bull[2]; and very great he is. I have seen likewise his heir apparent, who promises to inherit all the bulk and all the virtues of his sire. I have seen the man who

[1] [See *post*, 23d March, 1776.—Ed.]

[2] [Dr. Taylor had a remarkable fine breed of cattle; and one bull, in particular, was of celebrated beauty and size.—Ed.]

Letters, vol. i. p. 33. offered an hundred guineas for the young bull, while he was yet little better than a calf. Matlock, I am afraid, I shall not see, but I purpose to see Dovedale; and, after all this seeing, I hope to see you."]

"TO THE REV. DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

"21st Sept. 1770.

"DEAR SIR,—I am revising my edition of Shakspeare, and remember that I formerly misrepresented your opinion of Lear. Be pleased to write the paragraph as you would have it, and send it. If you have any remarks of your own upon that or any other play, I shall gladly receive them.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Warton. I sometimes think of wandering for a few days to Winchester, but am apt to delay. I am, sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO MR. FRANCIS BARBER, AT MRS. CLAPP'S, BISHOP-STORTFORD, HERTFORDSHIRE.

"London, 25th Sept. 1770.

"DEAR FRANCIS,—I am at last sat down to write to you, and should very much blame myself for having neglected you so long, if I did not impute that and many other failings to want of health. I hope not to be so long silent again. I am very well satisfied with your progress, if you can really perform the exercises which you are set; and I hope Mr. Ellis does not suffer you to impose on him, or on yourself.

"Make my compliments to Mr. Ellis, and to Mrs. Clapp, and Mr. Smith.

"Let me know what English books you read for your entertainment. You can never be wise unless you love reading.

"Do not imagine that I shall forget or forsake you; for if, when I examine you, I find that you have not lost your time, you shall want no encouragement from yours affectionately,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

TO THE SAME.

"7th December, 1770.

"DEAR FRANCIS,—I hope you mind your business. I design you shall stay with Mrs. Clapp these holidays. If you are invited out you may go, if Mr. Ellis gives leave. I have ordered you some clothes, which you will receive, I believe, next week. My compliments to Mrs. Clapp, and to Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Smith, &c.—I am your affectionate "SAM. JOHNSON."

During this year there was a total cessation of all

correspondence between Dr. Johnson and me, without any coldness on either side, but merely from procrastination, continued from day to day; and as I was not in London, I had no opportunity of enjoying his company and recording his conversation[1].

In 1771 he published another political pamphlet, entitled "Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands," in which, upon materials furnished to him by ministry, and upon general topicks expanded in his rich style, he successfully endeavoured to persuade the nation that it was wise and laudable to suffer the question of right to remain undecided, rather than involve our country in another war. It has been suggested by some, with what truth I shall not take upon me to decide, that he rated the consequence of those islands to Great Britain too low. But however this may be, every humane mind must surely applaud the earnestness with which he averted the calamity of war; a calamity so dreadful, that it is astonishing how civilised, nay, christian nations, can deliberately continue to renew it. His description of its miseries in this pamphlet is one of the finest pieces of eloquence in the English language. Upon this occasion, too, we find Johnson lashing the party in opposition with unbounded severity, and making the fullest use of what he ever reckoned a most effectual argumentative instrument—contempt. His character of their very able mysterious champion, Junius, is executed with all the force of his genius, and finished with the highest care. He seems to have exulted in sallying forth to single combat against the boasted and formidable hero, who bade defiance to "principalities and powers, and the rulers of this world."

[1] [Here Mr. Boswell had placed Dr. Maxwell's "Collectanea," which the editor has removed to vol. 1, p. 373.—Ed.]

Piozzi, p. 31. [He often delighted his imagination with the thoughts of having destroyed Junius. One day, Mrs. Thrale had received a remarkably fine Stilton cheese as a present from some person who had packed and directed it carefully, but without mentioning whence it came. Mr. Thrale, desirous to know who they were obliged to, asked every friend as they came in, but nobody owned it. Dr. Johnson at last excited a general laugh, by saying, "Depend upon it, sir, it was sent by *Junius*."]

This pamphlet, it is observable, was softened in one particular, after the first edition; for the conclusion of Mr. George Grenville's character stood thus: "Let him not, however, be depreciated in his grave. He had powers not universally possessed: could he have enforced payment of the Manilla ransom, *he could have counted it.*" Which, instead of retaining its sly sharp point, was reduced to a mere flat unmeaning expression, or, if I may use the word —*truism:* "He had powers not universally possessed: and if he sometimes erred, he was likewise sometimes right."

"DR. JOHNSON TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.

"March 20, 1771.

"DEAR SIR,—After much lingering of my own, and much of the ministry, I have, at length, got out my paper [1]. But delay is not yet at an end: Not many had been dispersed, before Lord North ordered the sale to stop. His reasons I do not distinctly know. You may try to find them in the perusal [2]. Before his order, a sufficient number were dispersed to do all the mischief, though, perhaps, not to make all the sport that might be expected from it.

"Soon after your departure, I had the pleasure of finding all

1 "Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands."—BOSWELL.

2 By comparing the first with the subsequent editions, this curious circumstance of ministerial authourship may be discovered.—BOSWELL.

It can only be discovered (as Mr. Bindley observes to me) by him who possesses a copy of the first edition issued out before the sale was stopped.—MALONE.

the danger pass with which your navigation[1] was threatened. I hope nothing happens at home to abate your satisfaction; but that Lady Rothes[2], and Mrs. Langton, and the young ladies, are all well.

"I was last night at the Club. Dr. Percy has written a long ballad in many *fits*: it is pretty enough. He has printed, and will soon publish it. Goldsmith is at Bath, with Lord Clare[3]. At Mr. Thrale's, where I am now writing, all are well. I am, dear sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

[One evening in the oratorio season of the year 1771, Dr. Johnson went with Mrs. Piozzi to Covent-garden theatre; and though he was for the most part an exceeding bad playhouse companion, as his person drew people's eyes upon the box, and the loudness of his voice made it difficult to hear any body but himself, he sat surprisingly quiet, and Mrs. Piozzi flattered herself that he was listening to the musick. When they got home, however, he repeated these verses, which he said he had made at the oratorio: Piozzi, p. 55,56.

IN THEATRO.

Tertii verso quater orbe lustri,
Quid theatrales tibi, Crispe, pompæ!
Quam decet canos male litteratos
... Sera voluptas!

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[1] [Probably some canal or work of a similar nature in which Mr. Langton was interested in Lincolnshire. What the danger was which threatened it is not now recollected.—ED.]

[2] Mr. Langton married, May 24, 1770, Jane, the daughter of —— Lloyd, Esq. and widow of John, eighth Earl of Rothes, many years commander in chief of the forces in Ireland, who died in 1767.—MALONE. [It was, as Mr. Chalmers observes, a saying about that time, "*Married a Countess Dowager of Rothes!* Why, every body marries a Countess Dowager of Rothes!" And there were, in fact, about 1772, three ladies of that name married to second husbands. Mary Lloyd married to Mr. Langton; Jane Maitland, widow of John, ninth Earl of Rothes, married the Honourable P. Maitland, seventh son of the fifth Earl of Lauderdale; and Lady Jane Leslie, Countess of Rothes, widow of John Raymond Evelyn, Esq. remarried to Sir Lucas Pepys.—ED.]

[3] [Robert Nugent, an Irish gentleman, who married (the second of three wives) the sister and heiress of Secretary Craggs, by whom he acquired a considerable fortune. He was created, in 1767, Baron Nugent and Viscount Clare, and in 1777, Earl Nugent. His only daughter married the first Marquis of Buckingham, on whose second son the title of Baron Nugent devolved. Lord Nugent wrote some odes and light pieces, which had some merit and a great vogue. He died in 1788. Goldsmith addressed to him his lively verses called "The Haunch of Venison." The characters exhibited in this piece are very comic, and were no doubt drawn from nature; but Goldsmith ought to have confessed that he had borrowed the idea and some of the details from Boileau.—ED.]

Tene mulceri fidibus canoris ?
Tene cantorum modulis stupere ?
Tene per pictas, oculo elegante,
Currere formas ?

Inter equales, sine felle liber,
Codices, veri studiosus, inter,
Rectius vives : sua quisque carpat
Gaudia gratus.

Lusibus gaudet puer otiosis,
Luxus oblectat juvenem theatri,
At seni, fluxo sapienter uti
Tempore restat.

Hawk. p. 512, 513.

[The publication of Johnson's political tracts exhibited him to the world in a new character: he ceased now to be considered as one who, having been occupied in literary studies, and more conversant with books than with men, knew little of active life, the views of parties, or the artifices of designing men: on the contrary, they discovered that he had, by the force of his own genius, and the observations he had made on the history of our own and other countries, attained to such skill in the grand leading principles of political science, as are seldom acquired by those in the most active and important stations, even after long experience; and that, whatever opinions he might have formed on this subject, he had ability by strong reasoning to defend, and by a manly and convincing eloquence to enforce.

Mr. Thrale, a man of slow conceptions, but of a sound judgment, was not one of the last that discerned in his friend this talent, and believing that the exercise of it might redound to the benefit of the publick, entertained a design of bringing Johnson into parliament. We must suppose that he had previously determined to furnish him with a legal qualification, and Johnson, it is certain, was willing to accept the trust. Mr. Thrale had two meetings with the minister, who, at first, seemed inclined to find him a seat; but, whether upon conversation he doubted his fitness for

his purpose, or that he thought himself in no need of his assistance, the project failed.]

Mr. Strahan, the printer, who had been long in intimacy with Johnson, in the course of his literary labours, who was at once his friendly agent in receiving his pension for him, and his banker in supplying him with money when he wanted it; who was himself now a member of parliament, and who loved much to be employed in political negotiation; thought he should do eminent service, both to government and Johnson, if he could be the means of his getting a seat in the house of commons. With this view, he wrote a letter to one of the secretaries of the treasury[1], of which he gave me a copy, in his own handwriting, which is as follows:—

"New-street, March 30, 1771.

"SIR,—You will easily recollect, when I had the honour of waiting upon you some time ago, I took the liberty to observe to you, that Dr. Johnson would make an excellent figure in the house of commons, and heartily wished he had a seat there. My reasons are briefly these:

"I know his perfect good affection to his majesty, and his government, which I am certain he wishes to support by every means in his power.

"He possesses a great share of manly, nervous, and ready eloquence; is quick in discerning the strength and weakness of an argument; can express himself with clearness and precision, and fears the face of no man alive.

"His known character as a man of extraordinary sense and unimpeached virtue would secure him the attention of the house, and could not fail to give him a proper weight there.

"He is capable of the greatest application, and can undergo any degree of labour, where he sees it necessary, and where his heart and affections are strongly engaged. His majesty's ministers might therefore securely depend on his doing, upon every proper occasion, the utmost that could be expected from him. They would find him ready to vindicate such measures as tended to promote the stability of government, and resolute and steady in carrying them into execution. Nor is any thing

[1] [The secretaries of the treasury, at this time, were Sir Grey Cooper and James West, Esq.—ED.]

to be apprehended from the supposed impetuosity of his temper. To the friends of the king you will find him a lamb, to his enemies a lion.

"For these reasons, I humbly apprehend that he would be a very able and useful member. And I will venture to say, the employment would not be disagreeable to him; and knowing, as I do, his strong affection to the king, his ability to serve him in that capacity, and the extreme ardour with which I am convinced he would engage in that service, I must repeat, that I wish most heartily to see him in the house.

"If you think this worthy of attention, you will be pleased to take a convenient opportunity of mentioning it to Lord North. If his lordship should happily approve of it, I shall have the satisfaction of having been, in some degree, the humble instrument of doing my country, in my opinion, a very essential service. I know your good-nature, and your zeal for the publick welfare, will plead my excuse for giving you this trouble. I am, with the greatest respect, sir, your most obedient and humble servant, "WILLIAM STRAHAN."

This recommendation, we know, was not effectual; but how, or for what reason, can only be conjectured[1]. It is not to be believed that Mr. Strahan would have applied, unless Johnson had approved of it. I never heard him mention the subject; but at a later period of his life, when Sir Joshua Reynolds told him that Mr. Edmund Burke had said, that if he had come early into parliament, he certainly would have been the greatest speaker that ever was there, Johnson exclaimed, "I should like to try my hand now."

It has been much agitated among his friends and others, whether he would have been a powerful speaker in parliament, had he been brought in when advanced in life. I am inclined to think, that his extensive knowledge, his quickness and force of mind, his vivacity and richness of expression, his wit and

[1] [Lord Stowell has told the editor, that it was understood amongst Johnson's friends that "Lord North was afraid that Johnson's *help* (as he himself said of Lord Chesterfield's) might have been sometimes *embarrassing*." "He perhaps thought, and not unreasonably," added Lord Stowell, "that, like the elephant in the battle, he was quite as likely to trample down his friends as his foes."—ED.]

humour, and above all, his poignancy of sarcasm, would have had great effect in a popular assembly; and that the magnitude of his figure, and striking peculiarity of his manner, would have aided the effect. But I remember it was observed by Mr. Flood, that Johnson, having been long used to sententious brevity, and the short flights of conversation, might have failed in that continued and expanded kind of argument, which is requisite in stating complicated matters in publick speaking; and as a proof of this he mentioned the supposed speeches in parliament written by him for the magazine, none of which, in his opinion, were at all like real debates. The opinion of one who was himself so eminent an orator, must be allowed to have great weight. It was confirmed by Sir William Scott [Lord Stowell], who mentioned that Johnson had told him, that he had several times tried to speak in the Society of Arts and Manufactures, but "had found he could not get on[1]." From Mr. William Gerard Hamilton I have heard, that Johnson, when observing to him that it was prudent for a man who had not been accustomed to speak in publick, to begin his speech in as simple a manner as possible, acknowledged that he rose in that society to deliver a speech which he had prepared; "but," said he, "all my flowers of oratory forsook me." I however cannot help wishing, that he *had* "tried his hand" in parliament; and I wonder that ministry did not make the experiment.

[1] Dr. Kippis, however (*Biograph. Britan.* article "J. Gilbert Cooper," p. 266, n. new edit.), says, that he "once heard Dr. Johnson speak in the Society of Arts and Manufactures, upon a subject relative to mechanicks, with a propriety, perspicuity, and energy, which excited general admiration."—MALONE. [We cannot give credit to Dr. Kippis's account against Johnson's own statement vouched by Lord Stowell and Mr. Hamilton; but even if we could, one speech in the Society of Arts was no test of what Johnson might have been able to do in parliament; and it may be suspected that at the age of sixty-two he, with all his talents, would have failed to acquire that peculiar tact and dexterity, without which even great abilities do not succeed in that very fastidious assembly.—ED.]

Hawk. p. 513. [Johnson himself was, in Sir J. Hawkins's opinion, a little soured by this disappointment; and he afterwards spoke of Lord North in terms of asperity.]

Piozzi, p. 32, 33. [It was, says Mrs. Piozzi, in 1775 that Mr. Burke made the famous speech[1] in parliament, that struck even foes with admiration, and friends with delight. Among the nameless thousands who are contented to echo those praises they have not skill to invent, I ventured, before Dr. Johnson himself, to applaud, with rapture, the beautiful passage in it concerning Lord Bathurst and the angel; "which," said the doctor, "had I been in the house, I would have answered *thus:*

"Suppose, Mr. Speaker, that to Wharton, or to Marlborough, or to any of the eminent whigs of the last age, the *Devil* had, not with any great impropriety, consented to appear; he would perhaps in somewhat like these words have commenced the conversation:

"You seem, my lord, to be concerned at the judicious apprehension, that while you are sapping the foundations of royalty at home, and propagating here the dangerous doctrine of resistance, the distance of America may secure its inhabitants from your arts, though active: but I will unfold to you the gay prospects of futurity. This people, now so innocent and harmless, shall draw the sword against their mother-country, and bathe its point in the blood of their benefactors: this people, now contented with a little, shall then refuse to spare, what they themselves confess they could not miss; and these men, now so honest and so grateful, shall, in return for peace and for protection, see their vile agents in the house of parliament, there to sow the seeds of sedition, and propagate confusion, perplexity, and pain. Be not dispirited then at the contemplation of their present happy state; I promise you that anarchy, poverty, and death, shall, by my care, be carried even across the spacious Atlantic, and settle in America itself, the sure consequences of our beloved whiggism."

This Mrs Piozzi thought a thing so very particular, that she begged his leave to write it down

[1] [On the 22d March, 1775.—Ed.]

directly, before any thing could intervene that might make her forget the force of the expressions.]

[" TO MISS LANGTON.

" London, 17th April, 1771." Gent. Mag. p. 915.

" MADAM,—If I could have flattered myself that my letters could have given pleasure, or have alleviated pain, I should not have omitted to write to a lady to whom I do sincerely wish every increase of pleasure, and every mitigation of uneasiness.

" I knew, dear madam, that a very heavy affliction[1] had fallen upon you; but it was one of those which the established course of nature makes necessary, and to which kind words give no relief. Success is on these occasions to be expected only from time.

" Your censure of me, as deficient in friendship, is therefore too severe. I have neither been unfriendly, nor intentionally uncivil. The notice with which you have honoured me, I have neither forgotten, nor remembered without pleasure.

" The calamity of ill health, your brother will tell you that I have had, since I saw you, sufficient reason to know and to pity. But this is another evil against which we can receive little help from one another. I can only advise you, and I advise you with great earnestness, to do nothing that may hurt you, and to reject nothing that may do you good. To preserve health is a moral and religious duty: for health is the basis of all social virtues; we can be useful no longer than while we are well.

" If the family knows that you receive this letter, you will be pleased to make my compliments.

" I flatter myself with the hopes of seeing Langton after Lady Rothes's recovery; and then I hope that you and I shall renew our conferences, and that I shall find you willing as formerly to talk and to hear; and shall be again admitted to the honour of being, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

" SAM. JOHNSON."]

I at length renewed a correspondence which had been too long discontinued:

" TO DR. JOHNSON.

" Edinburgh, 18th April, 1771.

" MY DEAR SIR,—I can now fully understand those intervals of silence in your correspondence with me, which have often

[1] [Probably the death of her aunt, the elder Miss Langton.—ED.]

given me anxiety and uneasiness; for although I am conscious that my veneration and love for Mr. Johnson have never in the least abated, yet I have deferred for almost a year and a half to write to him."

In the subsequent part of this letter, I gave him an account of my comfortable life as a married man[1], and a lawyer in practice at the Scotch bar; invited him to Scotland, and promised to attend him to the Highlands and Hebrides.

"DR. JOHNSON TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, 20th June, 1771.

"DEAR SIR,—If you are now able to comprehend that I might neglect to write without diminution of affection, you have taught me, likewise, how that neglect may be uneasily felt without resentment. I wished for your letter a long time, and when it came, it amply recompensed the delay. I never was so much pleased as now with your account of yourself; and sincerely hope, that between publick business, improving studies, and domestick pleasures, neither melancholy nor caprice will find any place for entrance. Whatever philosophy may determine of material nature, it is certainly true of intellectual nature, that it *abhors a vacuum:* our minds cannot be empty; and evil will break in upon them, if they are not pre-occupied by good. My dear sir, mind your studies, mind your business, make your lady happy, and be a good Christian. After this,

'———————— tristitiam et metus
Trades protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.'

"If we perform our duty, we shall be safe and steady, '*Sive per,*' &c. whether we climb the Highlands, or are tossed among the Hebrides; and I hope the time will come when we may try our powers both with cliffs and water. I see but little of Lord Elibank[2], I know not why; perhaps by my own fault.

[1] [Mr. Boswell had married in November, 1769, Miss Margaret Montgomerie, of the family of the Montgomeries of Lainshawe, who were baronets, and claimed the peerage of Lyle. Dr. Johnson says of this lady to Mrs. Thrale, in a letter from Auchinleck, 23d August, 1773, "Mrs. B[oswell] has the mien and manner of a gentlewoman, and such a person and mind as would not in any place either be admired or condemned. She is in a proper degree inferior to her husband: she cannot rival him, nor can he ever be ashamed of her."—ED.]

[2] [Patrick Murray, fifth Lord Elibank. He had been in the army, and served as a colonel in the expedition against Carthagena in 1740. He was a man of wit and talents, and wrote some tracts relative to the statistics and history of Scotland. He died in 1778.—ED.]

I am this day going into Staffordshire and Derbyshire for six weeks. I am, dear sir, your most affectionate, and most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

["DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. THRALE. Letters. vol. i. p. 57.

"Lichfield, 22d June, 1771.

"Last night I came safe to Lichfield; this day I was visited by Mrs. Cobb. This afternoon I went to Mrs. Aston, where I found Miss T[urton], and waited on her home. Miss T[urton] wears spectacles, and can hardly climb the stiles. I was not tired at all, either last night or to-day. Miss Porter is very kind to me. Her dog and cats are all well."

"Ashbourne, 3d July, 1771. P. 39.

"Last Saturday I came to Ashbourne—Ashbourne in the Peak. Let not the barren name of the Peak terrify you; I have never wanted strawberries and cream. The great bull has no disease but age. I hope in time to be like the great bull; and hope you will be like him too a hundred years hence."

"Ashbourne, 7th July, 1771. P. 40.

"Poor Dr. Taylor is ill, and under my government; you know that the act of government is learned by obedience; I hope I can govern very tolerably.

"The old rheumatism is come again into my face and mouth, but nothing yet to the lumbago; however, having so long thought it gone, I do not like its return.

"Miss Porter was much pleased to be mentioned in your letter, and is sure that I have spoken better of her than she deserved. She holds that both Frank and his master are much improved. The master, she says, is not half so *lounging* and *untidy* as he was; there was no such thing last year as getting him off his chair."

"Ashbourne, 8th July, 1771. P. 42.

"Dr. Taylor is better, and is gone out in the chaise. My rheumatism is better too.

"I would have been glad to go to Hagley, in compliance with Mr. Lyttelton's[1] kind invitation, for, beside the pleasure of his company, I should have had the opportunity of recollecting past times, and wandering *per montes notos*[2] *et flumina nota*, of recalling the images of sixteen, and reviewing my conversa-

[1] [The uncle of Lord Lyttelton, who lived at Little Hagley.—ED.]
[2] [*Thus* in Mrs. Thrale's book.—ED.]

Letters, vol. i. p. 43.

tions with poor Ford[1]. But this year will not bring this gratification within my power. I promised Taylor a month. Every thing is done here to please me; and his health is a strong reason against desertion."]

"TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, IN LEICESTER-FIELDS.

"Ashbourne in Derbyshire, 17th July, 1771.

"DEAR SIR,—When I came to Lichfield, I found that my portrait[2] had been much visited, and much admired. Every man has a lurking wish to appear considerable in his native place; and I was pleased with the dignity conferred by such a testimony of your regard.

"Be pleased, therefore, to accept the thanks of, sir, your most obliged, and most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON.

"Compliments to Miss Reynolds."

"TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 27th July, 1771.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The bearer of this, Mr. Beattie, professor of moral philosophy at Aberdeen, is desirous of being introduced to your acquaintance. His genius and learning, and labours in the service of virtue and religion, render him very worthy of it: and as he has a high esteem of your character, I hope you will give him a favourable reception. I ever am, &c.

"JAMES BOSWELL."

Letters, vol. i. p. 5

["DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. THRALE.

"Lichfield, Sat. 3d Aug. 1771.

"Having stayed my month with Taylor, I came away on Wednesday, leaving him, I think, in a disposition of mind not very uncommon, at once weary of my stay, and grieved at my departure.

"My purpose was to have made haste to you and Streatham; and who would have expected that I should have been stopped by Lucy? Hearing me give Francis orders to take in places, she told me that I should not go till after next week. I thought it proper to comply; for I was pleased to find that I could please, and proud of showing you that I do not come an universal outcast. Lucy is likewise a very peremptory maiden; and if I had gone without permission, I am not very sure that I might have been welcome at another time."]

[1] Cornelius Ford, his mother's nephew.—PIOZZI.

[2] The second portrait of Johnson, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; with his arms raised, and his hands bent. It was at this time, it is believed, in the possession of Miss Lucy Porter, and is still probably at Lichfield.—MALONE. [It is now the property of the Marquis of Stafford.—ED.]

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ. AT LANGTON.

"29th August, 1771.

"DEAR SIR,—I am lately returned from Staffordshire and Derbyshire. The last letter mentions two others which you have written to me since you received my pamphlet. Of these two I never had but one, in which you mentioned a design of visiting Scotland, and, by consequence, put my journey to Langton out of my thoughts. My summer wanderings are now over, and I am engaging in a very great work, the revision of my Dictionary; from which I know not, at present, how to get loose.

"If you have observed, or been told, any errours or omissions, you will do me a great favour by letting me know them.

"Lady Rothes, I find, has disappointed you and herself. Ladies will have these tricks. The queen and Mrs. Thrale, both ladies of experience, yet both missed their reckoning this summer. I hope, a few months will recompense your uneasiness.

"Please to tell Lady Rothes how highly I value the honour of her invitation, which it is my purpose to obey as soon as I have disengaged myself. In the mean time I shall hope to hear often of her ladyship, and every day better news and better, till I hear that you have both the happiness, which to both is very sincerely wished by, sir, your most affectionate and most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

In October I again wrote to him, thanking him for his last letter, and his obliging reception of Mr. Beattie; informing him that I had been at Alnwick lately, and had good accounts of him from Dr. Percy.

[In October, 1771, John Bell, Esq. of Hertfordshire, a gentleman with whom he had maintained a long and strict friendship; had the misfortune to lose his wife, and wished Johnson, from the outlines of her character, which he should give him, and his own knowledge of her worth, to compose a monumental inscription for her: he returned the husband thanks for the confidence he placed in him, and acquitted himself of the task in a fine eulogium, now to be seen in the parish church of Watford in Hertfordshire.] Hawk. p. 471.

In his religious record of this year we observe that he was better than usual, both in body and mind, and better satisfied with the regularity of his conduct. But he is still "trying his ways" too rigorously. He charges himself with not rising early enough; yet he mentions what was surely a sufficient excuse for this, supposing it to be a duty seriously required, as he all his life appears to have thought it.

Prayers & Med. p. 104. "One great hinderance is want of rest; my nocturnal complaints grow less troublesome towards morning; and I am tempted to repair the deficiencies of the night."

Alas! how hard would it be, if this indulgence were to be imputed to a sick man as a crime. In his retrospect on the following Easter-eve, he says:

P. 109. "When I review the last year, I am able to recollect so little done, that shame and sorrow, though perhaps too weakly, come upon me."

Had he been judging of any one else in the same circumstances, how clear would he have been on the favourable side. How very difficult, and in my opinion almost constitutionally impossible it was for him to be raised early, even by the strongest resolutions, appears from a note in one of his little paper books (containing words arranged for his Dictionary), written, I suppose, about 1753:

"I do not remember that, since I left Oxford, I ever rose early by mere choice, but once or twice at Edial, and two or three times for the Rambler[1]."

I think he had fair ground enough to have quieted his mind on the subject, by concluding that he was physically incapable of what is at best but a commodious regulation.

In 1772 he was altogether quiescent as an authour;

[1] [And "for the Rambler," it could hardly have been "*by mere choice.*"—Ed.]

but it will be found, from the various evidences which I shall bring together, that his mind was acute, lively, and vigorous.

"DR. JOHNSON TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"27th February, 1772.

"DEAR SIR,—Be pleased to send to Mr. Banks, whose place of residence I do not know, this note, which I have sent open, that, if you please, you may read it.

"When you send it, do not use your own seal. I am, sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

"DR. JOHNSON TO JOSEPH BANKS, ESQ.

"Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, 27th Feb. 1772.

"Perpetua ambitâ bis terrâ præmia lactis
Hæc habet altrici Capra secunda Jovis[1].

"SIR,—I return thanks to you and to Dr. Solander for the pleasure which I received in yesterday's conversation. I could not recollect a motto for your goat, but have given her one. You, sir, may perhaps have an epick poem from some happier pen than, sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ. TO DR. JOHNSON.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is hard that I cannot prevail on you to write to me oftener. But I am convinced that it is in vain to expect from you a private correspondence with any regularity. I must, therefore, look upon you as a fountain of wisdom, from whence few rills are communicated to a distance, and which must be approached at its source, to partake fully of its virtues.

* * * * * *

"I am coming to London soon, and am to appear in an appeal from the court of session in the house of lords. A schoolmaster in Scotland was, by a court of inferior jurisdiction, deprived of his office, for being somewhat severe in the chastisement of his scholars. The court of session considering it to be dangerous to the interest of learning and education, to lessen

[1] Thus translated by a friend:—

"In fame scarce second to the nurse of Jove,
This goat, who twice the world had traversed round,
Deserving both her master's care and love,
Ease and perpetual pasture now has found."

[Neither the original nor the translation will add much to the poetical fame of Mr. Boswell's friends. The Latin seems particularly stiff and poor.—ED.]

the dignity of teachers, and make them afraid of too indulgent parents, instigated by the complaints of their children, restored him. His enemies have appealed to the house of lords, though the salary is only twenty pounds a year. I was counsel for him here. I hope there will be little fear of a reversal; but I must beg to have your aid in my plan of supporting the decree. It is a general question, and not a point of particular law.

* * * * * *

"I am, &c. "JAMES BOSWELL."

"DR. JOHNSON TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"15th March, 1772.

"DEAR SIR,—That you are coming so soon to town I am very glad; and still more glad that you are coming as an advocate. I think nothing more likely to make your life pass happily away, than that consciousness of your own value, which eminence in your profession will certainly confer. If I can give you any collateral help, I hope you do not suspect that it will be wanting. My kindness for you has neither the merit of singular virtue, nor the reproach of singular prejudice. Whether to love you be right or wrong, I have many on my side: Mrs. Thrale loves you, and Mrs. Williams loves you, and what would have inclined me to love you, if I had been neutral before, you are a great favourite of Dr. Beattie.

"Of Dr. Beattie I should have thought much, but that his lady puts him out of my head; she is a very lovely woman.

"The ejection which you come hither to oppose, appears very cruel, unreasonable, and oppressive. I should think there could not be much doubt of your success.

"My health grows better, yet I am not fully recovered. I believe it is held, that men do not recover very fast after threescore. I hope yet to see Beattie's college: and have not given up the western voyage. But however all this may be or not, let us try to make each other happy when we meet, and not refer our pleasure to distant times or distant places.

"How comes it that you tell me nothing of your lady? I hope to see her some time, and till then shall be glad to hear of her. I am, dear sir, &c. "SAM. JOHNSON."

"DR. JOHNSON TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.
AT LANGTON.

"14th March, 1772.

"DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you and Lady Rothes on your little man, and hope you will all be many years happy together.

"Poor Miss Langton can have little part in the joy of her family. She this day called her aunt Langton to receive the sacrament with her; and made me talk yesterday on such subjects as suit her condition. It will probably be her *viaticum*. I surely need not mention again that she wishes to see her mother. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

On the 21st of March, I was happy to find myself again in my friend's study, and was glad to see my old acquaintance, Mr. Francis Barber, who has now returned home. Dr. Johnson received me with a hearty welcome; saying, "I am glad you are come, and glad you are come upon such an errand:" (alluding to the cause of the schoolmaster.) BOSWELL. "I hope, sir, he will be in no danger. It is a very delicate matter to interfere between a master and his scholars: nor do I see how you can fix the degree of severity that a master may use." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, till you can fix the degree of obstinacy and negligence of the scholars, you cannot fix the degree of severity of the master. Severity must be continued until obstinacy be subdued, and negligence be cured." He mentioned the severity of Hunter, his own master. "Sir (said I), Hunter is a Scotch name: so it should seem this schoolmaster who beat you so severely was a Scotchman. I can now account for your prejudice against the Scotch." JOHNSON. "Sir, he was not Scotch; and, abating his brutality, he was a very good master."

We talked of his two political pamphlets, "The False Alarm," and "Thoughts concerning Falkland's Islands." JOHNSON. "Well, sir, which of them did you think the best?" BOSWELL. "I liked the second best." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, I liked the first best; and Beattie liked the first best. Sir, there is a

subtlety of disquisition in the first, that is worth all the fire of the second." BOSWELL. "Pray, sir, is it true that Lord North paid you a visit, and that you got two hundred a year in addition to your pension?" JOHNSON. "No, sir. Except what I had from the bookseller, I did not get a farthing by them. And between you and me, I believe Lord North is no friend[1] to me." BOSWELL. "How so, sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, you cannot account for the fancies of men. Well, how does Lord Elibank? and how does Lord Monboddo?" BOSWELL. "Very well, sir. Lord Monboddo[2] still maintains the superiority of the savage life." JOHNSON. "What strange narrowness of mind now is that, to think the things we have not known are better than the things which we have known." BOSWELL. "Why, sir, that is a common prejudice." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, but a common prejudice should not be found in one whose trade it is to rectify errour."

A gentleman having come in who was to go as a mate in the ship along with Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander, Dr. Johnson asked what were the names of the ships destined for the expedition[3]. The gentleman answered, they were once to be called the Drake and the Ralegh, but now they were to be called the Resolution and the Adventure. JOHNSON. "Much

[1] [See *ante*, p. 128.—ED.]

[2] [James Burnet, born in 1714, called to the Scottish bar in 1738, and advanced to be a lord of session, by the title of Lord Monboddo, in 1767, was, in private life, as well as in his literary career, a humorist; the learning and acuteness of his various works are obscured by his love of singularity and paradox. He died in 1799.—ED. He was a devout believer in the virtues of the heroic ages and the deterioration of civilized mankind; a great contemner of luxuries, insomuch that he never used a wheel-carriage. It should be added that he was a gentleman of the most amiable disposition, and the strictest honour and integrity.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[3] [There was no person in the capacity of *mate* in either of these ships. Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander did not go with this expedition. The reason which they alleged for abandoning the intention will be found in the Annual Register for 1772, p. 108.—ED.]

better; for had the Ralegh returned without going round the world, it would have been ridiculous. To give them the names of the Drake and the Ralegh was laying a trap for satire." BOSWELL. "Had you not some desire to go upon this expedition, sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, yes, but I soon laid it aside. Sir, there is very little of intellectual, in the course. Besides, I see but at a small distance. So it was not worth my while to go to see birds fly, which I should not have seen fly; and fishes swim, which I should not have seen swim."

The gentleman being gone, and Dr. Johnson having left the room for some time, a debate arose between the Reverend Mr. Stockdale and Mrs. Desmoulins, whether Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander were entitled so any share of glory from their expedition. When Dr. Johnson returned to us, I told him the subject of their dispute. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, it was probably for botany that they went out: I believe they thought only of culling of simples."

I thanked him for showing civilities to Beattie. "Sir (said he), I should thank *you*. We all love Beattie. Mrs. Thrale says, if ever she has another husband, she'll have Beattie. He sunk upon us[1] that he was married; else we should have shown his

[1] "TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Edinburgh, 3d May, 1792.

"MY DEAR SIR,—As I suppose your great work will soon be reprinted, I beg leave to trouble you with a remark on a passage of it, in which I am a little misrepresented. Be not alarmed; the misrepresentation is not imputable to you. Not having the book at hand, I cannot specify the page, but I suppose you will easily find it. Dr. Johnson says, speaking of Mrs. Thrale's family, 'Dr. Beattie *sunk upon us* that he was married, or words to that purpose.' I am not sure that I understand *sunk upon us*, which is a very uncommon phrase: but it seems to me to imply (and others, I find, have understood it in the same sense), *studiously concealed from us his being married*. Now, sir, this was by no means the case. I could have no motive to conceal a circumstance of which I never was nor can be ashamed; and of which Dr. Johnson seemed to think, when he afterwards became acquainted with Mrs. Beattie, that I had, as was true, reason to be proud. So far was I from concealing her, that my wife had at that time almost as numerous an acquaintance in London as I had myself;

lady more civilities. She is a very fine woman. But how can you show civilities to a nonentity? I did not think he had been married. Nay, I did not think about it one way or other; but he did not tell us of his lady till late."

He then spoke of St. Kilda, the most remote of the Hebrides. I told him, I thought of buying it. JOHNSON. "Pray do, sir. We will go and pass a winter amid the blasts there. We shall have fine fish, and we will take some dried tongues with us, and some books. We will have a strong built vessel, and some Orkney men to navigate her. We must build a tolerable house: but we may carry with us a wooden house ready made, and requiring nothing but to be put up. Consider, sir, by buying St. Kilda, you may keep the people from falling into worse hands. We must give them a clergyman, and he shall be one of Beattie's choosing. He shall be educated at Marischal College. I 'll be your lord chancellor, or what you please." BOSWELL. "Are you serious, sir, in advising me to buy St. Kilda? for if you should advise me to go to Japan, I believe I should do it." JOHNSON. "Why, yes, sir, I am serious." BOSWELL. "Why then I 'll see what can be done."

and was, not very long after, kindly invited and elegantly entertained at Streatham by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale.

"My request, therefore, is, that you would rectify this matter in your new edition. You are at liberty to make what use you please of this letter.

"My best wishes ever attend you and your family. Believe me to be, with the utmost regard and esteem, dear sir, your obliged and affectionate humble servant, "J. BEATTIE."

I have, from my respect for my friend Dr. Beattie, and regard to his extreme nsibility, inserted the foregoing letter, though I cannot but wonder at his con- dering as any imputation a phrase commonly used among the best friends.—BOSWELL. [Dr. Beattie was, perhaps, the more sensitive on this point as he must have been, at the time he wrote, conscious that there was something that might give a colour to such an imputation. It became known, shortly after the date of this letter, that the mind of poor Mrs. Beattie had become deranged, and she passed the last years of her life in confinement.—See *Life of Beattie*, by Sir W. Forbes.—ED.]

I gave him an account of the two parties in the church of Scotland, those for supporting the rights of patrons, independent of the people, and those against it. JOHNSON. "It should be settled one way or other. I cannot wish well to a popular election of the clergy, when I consider that it occasions such animosities, such unworthy courting of the people, such slanders between the contending parties, and other disadvantages. It is enough to allow the people to remonstrate against the nomination of a minister for solid reasons." (I suppose he meant heresy or immorality.)

He was engaged to dine abroad, and asked me to return to him in the evening, at nine, which I accordingly did.

We drank tea with Mrs. Williams, who told us a story of *second sight*, which happened in Wales, where she was born. He listened to it very attentively, and said he should be glad to have some instances of that faculty well authenticated. His elevated wish for more and more evidence for spirit, in opposition to the grovelling belief of materialism, led him to a love of such mysterious disquisitions. He again justly observed, that we could have no certainty of the truth of supernatural appearances, unless something was told us which we could not know by ordinary means, or something done which could not be done but by supernatural power[1]: that Pha-

[1] [This is the true distinction; and if Johnson had on all occasions abided by this text, he would have escaped the ridicule and regret which he often occasioned by the appearance, if not the reality, of superstitious credulity. When he said, "that all ages and all nations believe" in these supernatural manifestations (*ante*, vol. 1, p. 333); and again, "that they are so frequent, that they cannot be called fortuitous" (*ante*, p. 11), he should have given us the instances in which any thing was clearly and undoubtedly *done*, which could *only* have been done by supernatural power. *Appearances*, without supernatural *facts*, are nothing: they may be dreams, or disease. Every one sees visions in his sleep, and every body knows that the sick see them in their paroxysms; and there are some cases (such as that of Nicolai, the Berlin bookseller), in

raoh in reason and justice required such evidence from Moses; nay, that our Saviour said, "If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin." He had said in the morning, that "Macaulay's History of St. Kilda" was very well written, except some foppery about liberty and slavery. I mentioned to him that Macaulay told me, he was advised to leave out of his book the wonderful story that upon the approach of a stranger all the inhabitants catch cold[1]; but that it had been so well authenticated, he determined to retain it. JOHNSON. "Sir, to leave things out of a book, merely because people tell you they will not be believed, is meanness. Macaulay acted with more magnanimity."

We talked of the Roman Catholick religion, and how little difference there was in essential matters between ours and it. JOHNSON. "True, sir; all denominations of christians have really little difference in point of doctrine, though they may differ widely in external forms. There is a prodigious difference between the external form of one of your presbyterian churches of Scotland, and the church in Italy; yet the doctrine taught is essentially the same."

I mentioned the petition to parliament for removing the subscription to the thirty-nine articles[2].

which persons, awake and not *otherwise* disordered in mind, have "thick-coming fancies," and see what, if real, would be supernatural; but where, we must again ask, is there in the profane history of the world, one well attested supernatural *fact*?—ED.]

[1] [See *ante*, p. 52.—ED.]

[2] [This was a petition drawn up by Mr. Francis Blackburn, who, though an archdeacon of the church of England, had published several works against her discipline and peculiar doctrines; the petition was presented on the 6th of February, and after an animated debate, rejected (not being even allowed to lie on the table) by 217 voices against 71. Mr. Gibbon thus notices this debate, in a letter to Lord Sheffield: "I congratulate you on the late victory of our dear mamma, the church of England. She had, last Thursday (6th February), seventy-one rebellious sons, who pretended to set aside her will, on account of insanity, but two hundred and seventeen worthy champions, headed by Lord

JOHNSON. "It was soon thrown out. Sir, they talk of not making boys at the university subscribe to what they do not understand; but they ought to consider, that our universities were founded to bring up members for the church of England, and we must not supply our enemies with arms for our arsenal. No, sir, the meaning of subscribing is, not that they fully understand all the articles, but that they will adhere to the church of England. Now take it in this way, and suppose that they should only subscribe their adherence to the church of England, there would be still the same difficulty; for still the young men would be subscribing to what they do not understand. For if you should ask them, what do you mean by the church of England? Do you know in what it differs from the presbyterian church? from the Romish church? from the Greek church? from the Coptick church? they could not tell you. So, sir, it comes to the same thing." BOSWELL. "But, would it not be sufficient to subscribe the Bible?" JOHNSON. "Why, no, sir; for all sects will subscribe the Bible; nay, the Mahometans will subscribe the Bible; for the Mahometans acknowledge Jesus Christ, as well as Moses, but maintain that God sent Mahomet as a still greater prophet than either."

I mentioned the motion which had been made in the house of commons, to abolish the fast of the 30th of January[1]. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, I could have

North, Burke, Hans Stanley, Charles Fox, Godfrey Clarke, &c. supported the validity of it with infinite humour. By the by, *Charles Fox* prepared himself for that holy war, by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of hazard; his devotion only cost him 500*l.* per hour, in all 11,000*l.*" *Misc. Works*, vol. ii. p. 74. The argument which seemed to make most effect in the house, was against requiring subscription from every youth entering the university, of whatever age, or intended for whatever profession. To this point Johnson's observation particularly alludes.—ED.]

[1] [Doctor Nowell had preached, as usual, before the house on the 30th of Jan. and had been thanked for his sermon. Some days afterwards, Mr. Thos. Townshend complained of certain unconstitutional passages in the sermon; and on the

wished that it had been a temporary act, perhaps to have expired with the century. I am against abolishing it; because that would be declaring it wrong to establish it; but I should have no objection to make an act, continuing it for another century, and then letting it expire."

He disapproved of the royal marriage bill; "Because," said he, "I would not have the people think that the validity of marriage depends on the will of man, or that the right of a king depends on the will of man. I should not have been against making the marriage of any of the royal family, without the approbation of king and parliament, highly criminal[1]."

In the morning we had talked of old families, and the respect due to them. JOHNSON. "Sir, you have a right to that kind of respect, and are arguing for yourself. I am for supporting the principle, and am disinterested in doing it, as I have no such right." BOSWELL. "Why, sir, it is one more incitement to a man to do well." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, and it is a matter of opinion very necessary to keep society together. What is it but opinion, by which we have a respect for authority, that prevents us, who are the rabble, from rising up and pulling down you who are gentlemen from your places, and saying, 'We will be gentlemen in our turn?' Now, sir, that respect for authority is much more easily granted to a man whose father has had it, than to an upstart, and so

21st Feb. after a debate, the thanks were ordered to be expunged from the journals; and on the 2d March, Mr. Fred. Montague moved for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the observance of that day altogether. This motion was rejected by 125 to 97.—ED.]

[1] [It is not very easy to understand Dr. Johnson's objection as above stated. Does not the validity of *all marriages* "depend on the will of man," that is, are there not in all civilized nations certain legal *formulæ* and conditions requisite to constitute a marriage? If all human institutions are to be disregarded, what is marriage? And as to the indefeasible rights of kings, see Johnson's opinions, *ante*, vol. i. p. 438—445; and finally, if it be competent to the legislature to make an act *highly criminal*, does not that imply a competency to forbid it altogether?—ED.]

society is more easily supported." BOSWELL. "Perhaps, sir, it might be done by the respect belonging to office, as among the Romans, where the dress, the *toga*, inspired reverence." JOHNSON. "Why, we know very little about the Romans. But, surely, it is much easier to respect a man who has always had respect, than to respect a man who we know was last year no better than ourselves, and will be no better next year. In republicks there is no respect for authority, but a fear of power." BOSWELL. "At present, sir, I think riches seem to gain most respect." JOHNSON. "No, sir, riches do not gain hearty respect; they only procure external attention. A very rich man, from low beginnings, may buy his election in a borough; but, *cæteris paribus*, a man of family will be preferred. People will prefer a man for whose father their fathers have voted, though they should get no more money, or even less. That shows that the respect for family is not merely fanciful, but has an actual operation. If gentlemen of family would allow the rich upstarts to spend their money profusely, which they are ready enough to do, and not vie with them in expense, the upstarts would soon be at an end, and the gentlemen would remain; but if the gentlemen will vie in expense with the upstarts, which is very foolish, they must be ruined."

[Indeed, though a man of obscure birth himself, Dr. Johnson's partiality to people of family was visible on every occasion; his zeal for subordination warm even to bigotry; his hatred to innovation, and reverence for the old feudal times, apparent, whenever any possible manner of showing them occurred.] Piozzi, p. 236.

I gave him an account of the excellent mimickry of a friend of mine in Scotland; observing, at the same time, that some people thought it a very mean

thing. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, it is making a very mean use of man's powers. But to be a good mimick requires great powers, great acuteness of observation, great retention of what is observed, and great pliancy of organs to represent what is observed. I remember a lady of quality in this town, Lady ————[1], who was a wonderful mimick, and used to make me laugh immoderately. I have heard she is now gone mad." BOSWELL. "It is amazing how a mimick can not only give you the gestures and voice of a person whom he represents; but even what a person would say on any particular subject." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, you are to consider that the manner and some particular phrases of a person do much to impress you with an idea of him, and you are not sure that he would say what the mimick says in his character." BOSWELL. "I don't think Foote a good mimick, sir." JOHNSON. "No, sir; his imitations are not like. He gives you something different from himself, but not the character which he means to assume. He goes out of himself, without going into other people. He cannot take off any person unless he is strongly marked, such as George Faulkner. He is like a painter who can draw the portrait of a man who has a wen upon his face, and who therefore is easily known. If a man hops upon one leg, Foote can hop upon one leg. But he has not that nice discrimination which your friend seems to possess. Foote is, however, very entertaining with a kind of conversation between wit and buffoonery."

On Monday, March 23, I found him busy, preparing a fourth edition of his folio Dictionary. Mr. Peyton, one of his original amanuenses, was writing for him. I put him in mind of a meaning of the

[1] [The melancholy circumstance stated as to the lady, induces the editor to refrain from attempting to fill up this blank.—ED.]

word *side*, which he had omitted, viz. relationship; as father's side, mother's side. He inserted it. I asked him if *humiliating* was a good word. He said he had seen it frequently used, but he did not know it to be legitimate English. He would not admit *civilization*, but only *civility*. With great deference to him I thought *civilization*, from to *civilize*, better in the sense opposed to *barbarity* than *civility;* as it is better to have a distinct word for each sense, than one word with two senses, which *civility* is, in his way of using it.

He seemed also to be intent on some sort of chymical operation. I was entertained by observing how he contrived to send Mr. Peyton on an errand, without seeming to degrade him:—"Mr. Peyton, Mr. Peyton, will you be so good as to take a walk to Temple-Bar? You will there see a chymist's shop, at which you will be pleased to buy for me an ounce of oil of vitriol; not spirit of vitriol, but oil of vitriol. It will cost three half-pence." Peyton immediately went, and returned with it, and told him it cost but a penny.

[Of the death of this poor labourer in literature, of whom Mrs. Piozzi says that he had considerable talents, and knew many modern languages, Johnson gave himself the following pathetic account, in a letter to that lady:

"TO MRS. THRALE.

"1st April, 1776. Letters, vol. i. p. 312.

"Poor Peyton expired this morning. He probably—during many years, for which he sat starving by the bed of a wife, not only useless but almost motionless, condemned by poverty to personal attendance, and by the necessity of such attendance chained down to poverty—he probably thought often how lightly he should tread the path of life without his burthen. Of this thought the admission was unavoidable, and the indulgence might be forgiven to frailty and distress. His wife died at last, and be-

Letters, vol. i. p. 312.

fore she was buried, he was seized by a fever, and is now going to the grave.

"Such miscarriages, when they happen to those on whom many eyes are fixed, fill histories and tragedies; and tears have been shed for the sufferings, and wonder excited by the fortitude of those who neither did nor suffered more than Peyton."]

I then reminded him of the schoolmaster's cause, and proposed to read to him the printed papers concerning it. "No, sir," said he, "I can read quicker than I can hear." So he read them to himself.

After he had read for some time, we were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Kristrom, a Swede, who was tutor to some young gentlemen in the city. He told me that there was a very good History of Sweden, by Dalin. Having at that time an intention of writing the history of that country, I asked Dr. Johnson whether one might write a history of Sweden without going thither. "Yes, sir," said he, "one for common use."

We talked of languages. Johnson observed that Leibnitz had made some progress in a work, tracing all languages up to the Hebrew. "Why, sir," said he, "you would not imagine that the French *jour*, day, is derived from the Latin *dies*, and yet nothing is more certain; and the intermediate steps are very clear. From *dies*, comes *diurnus*. *Diu* is, by inaccurate ears, or inaccurate pronunciation, easily confounded with *giu*; then the Italians form a substantive of the ablative of an adjective, and thence *giurno*, or, as they make it, *giorno*; which is readily contracted into *giour*, or *jour*." He observed, that the Bohemian language was true Sclavonick. The Swede said, it had some similarity with the German. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, to be sure, such parts of Sclavonia as confine with Germany will borrow German words; and such parts as confine with Tartary will borrow Tartar words."

He said, he never had it properly ascertained that the Scotch Highlanders and the Irish understood each other [1]. I told him that my cousin, Colonel Graham, of the Royal Highlanders, whom I met at Drogheda, told me they did. JOHNSON. "Sir, if the Highlanders understood Irish, why translate the New Testament into Erse, as was lately done at Edinburgh, when there is an Irish translation?" BOSWELL. "Although the Erse and Irish are both dialects of the same language, there may be a good deal of diversity between them, as between the different dialects in Italy." The Swede went away, and Dr. Johnson continued his reading of the papers. I said, "I am afraid, sir, it is troublesome." "Why, sir," said he, "I do not take much delight in it; but I'll go through it."

We went to the Mitre, and dined in the room where he and I first supped together. He gave me great hopes of my cause. "Sir," said he, "the go-

[1] [In Mr. Anderson's Historical Sketches of the Native Irish, we find the following observations:—

"The Irish and Gaelic languages are the same, and formerly what was spoken in the Highlands of Scotland was generally called *Irish*. Those who have attended to the subject must have observed, that the word *Irish* was gradually changed into *Erse*, denoting the language that is now generally called *Gaelic*." Mr. Anderson states that, when he was in Galway, in Ireland, in 1814, he found a vessel there from Lewis, one of the Hebrides, the master of which remarked to him that the people here spoke *curious Gaelic*, but he understood them easily, and commerce is actually carried on between the Highlanders and the Irish through the medium of their common language."—P. 133.

My friend, Colonel Meyrick Shawe, who pointed out Mr. Anderson's work to me, adds, "I can venture to say from my own experience, that were it not for the difference of pronunciation, the Irish and the Highlanders would be perfectly intelligible to each other; and even with that disadvantage, they become so in a short time. I have indeed met some Highlanders whom I could not understand at all; but there was a Captain Cameron in the same regiment with me (76th), who spoke with an accent more like the Irish than usual, whom I could understand perfectly when he spoke slow. There are, I am told, few words in Irish that are not intelligible to the Highlanders, but there are many in the Gaelic which an Irishman cannot understand. The Scotch, as I am told, and as is natural from their position, have many Pictish and other foreign words. The Irish have no Pictish words, but many Latin."

Sir Walter Scott also informs me, that "there is no doubt the languages are the same, and the difference in pronunciation and construction not very considerable. The *Erse* or *Earish* is the *Irish*; and the race called *Scots* came originally from Ulster."—ED.]

vernment of a schoolmaster is somewhat of the nature of military government; that is to say, it must be arbitrary, it must be exercised by the will of one man, according to particular circumstances. You must show some learning upon this occasion. You must show, that a schoolmaster has a prescriptive right to beat; and that an action of assault and battery cannot be admitted against him unless there is some great excess, some barbarity. This man has maimed none of his boys. They are all left with the full exercise of their corporeal faculties. In our schools in England many boys have been maimed; yet I never heard of an action against a schoolmaster on that account. Puffendorf, I think, maintains the right of a schoolmaster to beat his scholars."

On Saturday, March 27, I introduced to him Sir Alexander Macdonald[1], with whom he had expressed a wish to be acquainted. He received him very courteously.

Sir Alexander observed, that the chancellors[2] in England are chosen from views much inferiour to the office, being chosen from temporary political views. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, in such a government as ours, no man is appointed to an office because he is the

[1] [Next brother of Sir James Macdonald, whom Mr. Boswell calls the Marcellus of Scotland, and whom the concurrent testimony of his contemporaries proves to have been a very extraordinary young man. He died at Rome in 1766. (See *post*, 5th Sept. 1773.) Sir Alexander succeeded his brother as eighth baronet, and was created an Irish baron, by the title of Lord Macdonald, in 1776. The late chief baron of the exchequer, Sir Archibald Macdonald, was their youngest brother. We shall see more of Sir Alexander under the year 1773, during the Tour to the Hebrides.—ED.]

[2] [This, no doubt, may occasionally happen, and a lord chancellor sometimes disappoints the expectations not only of the country, but of those who make him; yet on the whole, it seems hard to discover how chancellors can be selected without some attention to political interests. A party coming into power generally makes the ablest and most prominent lawyer of its principles chancellor. There is reason to suppose that a man thus selected in the face of the public, and from an eminence to which he has raised himself, will be better fitted to discharge the various duties of that great office, than if chancellors were to be chosen by some *other* standard. What, however, *that* other standard should or could be, Sir Alexander Macdonald did not suggest, and probably never considered.—ED.]

fittest for it, nor hardly in any other government; because there are so many connexions and dependencies to be studied. A despotick prince may choose a man to an office, merely because he is the fittest for it. The king of Prussia may do it." Sir A. "I think, sir, almost all great lawyers, such at least as have written upon law, have known only law, and nothing else." JOHNSON. "Why, no, sir; Judge Hale was a great lawyer, and wrote upon law; and yet he knew a great many other things, and has written upon other things. Selden too." Sir A. "Very true, sir; and Lord Bacon. But was not Lord Coke a mere lawyer?" JOHNSON. "Why, I am afraid he was, but he would have taken it very ill if you had told him so. He would have prosecuted you for scandal." BOSWELL. "Lord Mansfield is not a mere lawyer." JOHNSON. "No, sir, I never was in Lord Mansfield's company; but Lord Mansfield was distinguished at the university. Lord Mansfield, when he first came to town, 'drank champagne with the wits,' as Prior says. He was the friend of Pope[1]." Sir A. "Barristers, I believe, are not so abusive now as they were formerly[2]. I fancy they had less law long ago, and so were obliged to take to abuse to fill up the time. Now they have such a number of precedents, they have no occasion for abuse." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, they had more law

[1] [He was one of his executors. The large space which (thanks to Mr. Boswell) Dr. Johnson occupies in our estimate of the society of his day, makes it surprising that he should never have been in company with Lord Mansfield; but Boswell was disposed to overrate the extent and rank of Johnson's acquaintance. It is proper here to correct an error relative to Lord Mansfield and Dr. Johnson, which has found its way into print. In Miss Hawkins' Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 218, she gives the following anecdote on the authority of her brother, who states that, "*calling upon Dr. Johnson shortly after the death of Lord Mansfield, and mentioning the event, Johnson answered, 'Ah, sir; there was little learning and less virtue.'*" It happens, unluckily for the accuracy of this anecdote, that Lord Mansfield survived Dr. Johnson full ten years.—ED.]

[2] [The general tone of society is probably improved in this respect, and barristers are more men of the world, and mix more in polite company than at the times Sir A. Macdonald alluded to.—ED.]

long ago than they have now. As to precedents, to be sure they will increase in course of time; but the more precedents there are, the less occasion is there for law; that is to say, the less occasion is there for investigating principles." Sir A. "I have been correcting several Scotch accents in my friend Boswell. I doubt, sir, if any Scotchman ever attains to a perfect English pronunciation." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, few of them do, because they do not persevere after acquiring a certain degree of it. But, sir, there can be no doubt that they may attain to a perfect English pronunciation, if they will. We find how near they come to it; and certainly, a man who conquers nineteen parts of the Scotch accent, may conquer the twentieth. But, sir, when a man has got the better of nine-tenths he grows weary, he relaxes his diligence, he finds he has corrected his accent so far as not to be disagreeable, and he no longer desires his friends to tell him when he is wrong, nor does he choose to be told. Sir, when people watch me narrowly, and I do not watch myself, they will find me out to be of a particular county. In the same manner Dunning may be found out to be a Devonshire man. So most Scotchmen may be found out. But, sir, little aberrations are of no disadvantage. I never catched Mallet in a Scotch accent; and yet Mallet, I suppose, was past five-and-twenty before he came to London[1]."

Upon another occasion I talked to him on this subject, having myself taken some pains to improve my pronunciation, by the aid of the late Mr. Love[2], of Drury-lane theatre, when he was a player at

[1] [He says, in the *Lives of the Poets*, that "of Mallet he had a very slight personal knowledge." Mallet came to England in 1723, when he was about twenty-five years of age.—ED.]

[2] [Love was an assumed name. He was the son of Mr. Dance, the architect. He resided many years at Edinburgh as manager of the theatre of that city; he removed in 1762 to Drury-lane, and died in 1771. He wrote some theatrical pieces of no reputation.—ED.]

Edinburgh, and also of old Mr. Sheridan. Johnson said to me, "Sir, your pronunciation is not offensive." With this concession I was pretty well satisfied; and let me give my countrymen of North-Britain an advice not to aim at absolute perfection in this respect; not to speak *high English*, as we are apt to call what is far removed from the *Scotch*, but which is by no means *good English*, and makes "the fools who use it" truly ridiculous. Good English is plain, easy, and smooth in the mouth of an unaffected English gentleman. A studied and factitious pronunciation, which requires perpetual attention, and imposes perpetual constraint, is exceedingly disgusting. A small intermixture of provincial peculiarities may, perhaps, have an agreeable effect, as the notes of different birds concur in the harmony of the grove, and please more than if they were all exactly alike. I could name some gentlemen of Ireland[1], to whom a slight proportion of the accent and recitative of that country is an advantage. The same observation will apply to the gentlemen of Scotland. I do not mean that we should speak as broad as a certain prosperous member[2] of parliament from that country; though it has been well observed, that "it has been of no small use to him; as it rouses the attention of the house by its uncommonness; and is equal to tropes and figures in a good English speaker." I would give as an instance of what I mean to recommend to my countrymen, the pronunciation of the late Sir Gilbert Elliot[3]; and may I presume to

[1] [Mr. Boswell probably included, in this observation, Mr. Burke; who, to the last, retained more of the Irish accent than was agreeable to less indulgent ears.—ED.]

[2] [Mr. Dundas, successively lord advocate, secretary of state, first lord of the admiralty, and Viscount Melville, whose accent, and many of whose phrases, were to the last peculiarly national.—ED.]

[3] [The third baronet, father of the first Lord Minto; a gentleman of distinction in the political, and not unknown in the poetical world: he died in 1777. Is it not, however, rather *Hibernian* to recommend as a model of *pronunciation*, one who was already *dead*?—*ignotum per ignotius*.—ED.]

add that of the present Earl of Marchmont[1], who told me, with great good-humour, that the master of a shop in London where he was not known, said to him, "I suppose, sir, you are an American." "Why so, sir?" said his lordship. "Because, sir," replied the shopkeeper, "you speak neither English nor Scotch, but something different from both, which I conclude is the language of America."

BOSWELL. "It may be of use, sir, to have a dictionary to ascertain the pronunciation." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, my Dictionary shows you the accent of words, if you can but remember them." BOSWELL. "But, sir, we want marks to ascertain the pronunciation of the vowels. Sheridan, I believe, has finished such a work." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, consider how much easier it is to learn a language by the ear, than by any marks. Sheridan's Dictionary may do very well; but you cannot always carry it about with you: and, when you want the word, you have not the dictionary. It is like a man who has a sword that will not draw. It is an admirable sword, to be sure: but while your enemy is cutting your throat, you are unable to use it. Besides, sir, what entitles Sheridan to fix the pronunciation of English? He has, in the first place, the disadvantage of being an Irishman: and if he says he will fix it after the example of the best company, why, they differ among themselves. I remember an instance: when I published the Plan for my Dictionary, Lord Chesterfield told me that the word *great* should be pronounced so as to rhyme to *state;* and Sir William Yonge[2]

[1] [Hugh, fourth Earl of Marchmont, the friend and executor of Pope; born in 1708, died in 1794.—ED.]

[2] [Sir W. Yonge, fourth baronet, K. B. and secretary at war in Sir Robert Walpole's administration; he died in 1755. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 172, where the editor has inadvertently stated that Sir W. Yonge *told*, instead of *sent word* to Johnson how *scat* should be pronounced. The pronunciation is now settled, beyond question, in the mode stated by Lord Chesterfield.—ED.]

sent me word that it should be pronounced so as to rhyme to *seat*, and that none but an Irishman would pronounce it *grait*. Now here were two men of the highest rank, the one, the best speaker in the house of lords, the other, the best speaker in the house of commons, differing entirely."

I again visited him at night. Finding him in a very good humour, I ventured to lead him to the subject of our situation in a future state, having much curiosity to know his notions on that point. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, the happiness of an unembodied spirit will consist in a consciousness of the favour of GOD, in the contemplation of truth, and in the possession of felicitating ideas." BOSWELL. "But, sir, is there any harm in our forming to ourselves conjectures as to the particulars of our happiness, though the scripture has said but very little on the subject? 'We know not what we shall be.'" JOHNSON. "Sir, there is no harm. What philosophy suggests to us on this topick is probable: what scripture tells us is certain. Dr. Henry More[1] has carried it as far as philosophy can. You may buy both his theological and philosophical works in two volumes folio, for about eight shillings." BOSWELL. "One of the most pleasing thoughts is, that we shall see our friends again[2]." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; but you must consider, that when we are become purely rational, many of our friendships will be cut off. Many friendships are formed by a community of sensual pleasures; all these will be cut off. We

[1] [Called the Platonist, on account of his voluminous efforts to blend the platonic philosophy with christianity. He, Van Helmont, and Valentine Greatrakes, all mystics in their several professions, were patronised by Anne Finch, Lady Conway (herself a mystic), and all resided for some time in her house at Ragley, where there is a portrait of Van Helmont, and where were found by Mr. Walpole several letters of Dr. More.—ED.]

[2] Bishop Hall, in his Epistle, "discoursing of the different degrees of heavenly glory, and of our mutual knowledge of each other above," holds the affirmative on both these questions.—MALONE. [See *ante*, p. 9.—ED.]

form many friendships with bad men, because they have agreeable qualities, and they can be useful to us; but, after death, they can no longer be of use to us. We form many friendships by mistake, imagining people to be different from what they really are. After death, we shall see every one in a true light. Then, sir, they talk of our meeting our relations: but then all relationship is dissolved: and we shall have no regard for one person more than another, but for their real value. However, we shall either have the satisfaction of meeting our friends, or be satisfied without meeting them." BOSWELL. "Yet, sir, we see in scripture, that Dives still retained an anxious concern about his brethren." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, we must either suppose that passage to be metaphorical, or hold with many divines, and all the Purgatorians, that departed souls do not all at once arrive at the utmost perfection of which they are capable." BOSWELL. "I think, sir, that is a very rational supposition." JOHNSON. "Why, yes, sir; but we do not know it is a true one. There is no harm in believing it: but you must not compel others to make it an article of faith; for it is not revealed." BOSWELL. "Do you think, sir, it is wrong in a man who holds the doctrine of purgatory, to pray for the souls of his deceased friends?" JOHNSON. "Why no, sir." BOSWELL. "I have been told, that in the liturgy of the episcopal church of Scotland, there was a form of prayer for the dead." JOHNSON. "Sir, it is not in the liturgy which Laud framed for the episcopal church of Scotland: if there is a liturgy older than that, I should be glad to see it." BOSWELL. "As to our employment in a future state, the sacred writings say little. The Revelation, however, of St. John gives us many ideas, and particularly mentions musick. JOHNSON.

"Why, sir, ideas must be given you by means of something which you know: and as to musick, there are some philosophers and divines who have maintained that we shall not be spiritualized to such a degree, but that something of matter, very much refined, will remain. In that case, musick may make a part of our future felicity[1]."

BOSWELL. "I do not know whether there are any well-attested stories of the appearance of ghosts. You know there is a famous story of the appearance of Mrs. Veal, prefixed to 'Drelincourt on Death.'" JOHNSON. "I believe, sir, that is given up[2]; I believe the woman declared upon her deathbed that it was a lie[3]." BOSWELL. "This objection is made against the truth of ghosts appearing: that if they are in a state of happiness, it would be a punishment to them to return to this world; and if they are in a state of misery, it would be giving them a respite." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, as the happiness or misery of embodied spirits does not depend upon place, but is intellectual, we cannot say that they are less happy or less miserable by appearing upon earth."

We went down between twelve and one to Mrs. Williams's room, and drank tea. I mentioned that we were to have the remains of Mr. Gray in prose and verse, published by Mr. Mason. JOHNSON. "I think we have had enough of Gray. I see they have published a splendid edition of Akenside's works. One bad ode may be suffered; but a number of them

[1] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 120,—ED.]

[2] [It may be inferred from this that Dr. Johnson, notwithstanding his assertion, that apparitions are frequent, (*ante*, p. 11), was not able to produce one authentic instance of such an appearance. We shall find, in the course of his conversation, a statement, that old Cave had seen a spirit, and some other similar stories, but nothing which, as it would seem, Johnson himself could believe. —ED.]

[3] This fiction is known to have been invented by Daniel Defoe, and was added to the second edition of the English translation of Drelincourt's work (which was originally written in French), to make it sell. The first edition had it not. —MALONE.

together makes one sick." BOSWELL. "Akenside's distinguished poem is his 'Pleasures of Imagination:' but, for my part, I never could admire it so much as most people do." JOHNSON. "Sir, I could not read it through." BOSWELL. "I have read it through; but I did not find any great power in it."

I mentioned Elwal, the heretick, whose trial[1] Sir John Pringle had given me to read. JOHNSON. "Sir, Mr. Elwal was, I think, an ironmonger at Wolverhampton; and he had a mind to make himself famous, by being the founder of a new sect, which he wished much should be called *Elwallians*. He held, that every thing in the Old Testament that was not typical was to be of perpetual observance; and so he wore a riband in the plaits of his coat; and he also wore a beard. I remember I had the honour of dining in company with Mr. Elwal. There was one Barter, a miller, who wrote against him; and you had the controversy between Mr. Elwal and Mr. Barter. To try to make himself distinguished, he wrote a letter to King George the Second, challenging him to dispute with him, in which he said, 'George, if you be afraid to come by yourself, to dispute with a poor old man, you may bring a thousand of your *black*-guards with you; and if you should still be afraid, you may bring a thousand of your *red*-guards.' The letter had something of the impudence of Junius to our present king. But the men of Wolverhampton were not so inflammable as the common council of London; so Mr. Elwal failed in his scheme of making himself a man of great consequence."

On Tuesday, 31st March, he and I dined at Ge-

[1] ["The Triumph of Truth; being an account of the trial of E. Elwall for heresy and blasphemy, 8vo. Lond." This is rather the rambling declamation of an enthusiast, than the account of a trial.—ED.]

neral Paoli's. A question was started whether the state of marriage was natural to man. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is so far from being natural for a man and woman to live in a state of marriage, that we find all the motives which they have for remaining in that connexion, and the restraints which civilized society imposes to prevent separation, are hardly sufficient to keep them together." The general said, that in a state of nature a man and woman uniting together, would form a strong and constant affection, by the mutual pleasure each would receive; and that the same causes of dissension would not arise between them, as occur between husband and wife in a civilized state. JOHNSON. "Sir, they would have dissensions enough, though of another kind. One would choose to go a hunting in this wood, the other in that; one would choose to go a fishing in this lake, the other in that; or, perhaps, one would choose to go a hunting, when the other would choose to go a fishing; and so they would part. Besides, sir, a savage man and a savage woman meet by chance; and when the man sees another woman that pleases him better, he will leave the first."

We then fell into a disquisition whether there is any beauty independent of utility. The general maintained there was not. Dr. Johnson maintained that there was; and he instanced a coffee cup which he held in his hand, the painting of which was of no real use, as the cup could hold the coffee equally well if plain; yet the painting was beautiful.

We talked of the strange custom of swearing in conversation. The general said, that all barbarous nations swore from a certain violence of temper, that could not be confined to earth, but was always reaching at the powers above. He said, too, that there

was greater variety of swearing, in proportion as there was a greater variety of religious ceremonies.

Dr. Johnson went home with me to my lodgings in Conduit-street and drank tea, previous to our going to the Pantheon, which neither of us had seen before.

He said, "Goldsmith's Life of Parnell is poor; not that it is poorly written, but that he had poor materials; for nobody can write the life of a man, but those who have eat and drunk and lived in social intercourse[1] with him."

I said, that if it was not troublesome and presuming too much, I would request him to tell me all the little circumstances of his life; what schools he attended, when he came to Oxford, when he came to London, &c. &c. He did not disapprove of my curiosity as to these particulars; but said, "They 'll come out by degrees, as we talk together."

Piozzi, p. 24, 25. [When Mrs. Piozzi, in July, 1773, happened to allude to his future biographer, "And who will be my biographer," said he, "do you think?" "Goldsmith, no doubt," replied she, "and he will do it the best among us." "The dog would write it best, to be sure," replied he; "but his particular malice towards me, and general disregard for truth, would make the book useless to all, and injurious to my character." "Oh! as to that," said she, "we should all fasten upon him, and force him to do you justice; but the worst is, the doctor does not *know* your life; nor can I tell indeed who does, except Dr. Taylor of Ashbourne." "Why, Taylor," said he, "is better acquainted with my *heart* than any man or woman now alive; and the history

[1] [Yet Johnson himself knew but few of the many whose lives he wrote, and these few are certainly not his most amusing biographical productions. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 243 *n.*—Ed.]

of my Oxford exploits lies all between him[1] and Adams; but Dr. James knows my very early days better than he. After my coming to London to drive the world about a little, you must all go to Jack Hawkesworth for anecdotes: I lived in great familiarity with him (though I think there was not much affection) from the year 1753 till the time Mr. Thrale and you took me up. I intend, however, to disappoint the rogues, and either make you write the life, with Taylor's intelligence; or, which is better, do it myself, after outliving you all. I am now," added he, "keeping a diary, in hopes of using it for that purpose some time."] Piozzi. p. 24, 25.

He censured Ruffhead's Life of Pope; and said, "he knew nothing of Pope, and nothing of poetry." He praised Dr. Joseph Warton's Essay on Pope; but said, he supposed we should have no more of it, as the authour had not been able to persuade the world to think of Pope as he did." BOSWELL. "Why, sir, should that prevent him from continuing his work? He is an ingenious counsel, who has made the most of his cause: he is not obliged to gain it." JOHNSON. "But, sir, there is a difference when the cause is of a man's own making."

We talked of the proper use of riches. JOHNSON. "If I were a man of great estate, I would drive all the rascals whom I did not like out of the county, at an election."

I asked him, how far he thought wealth should be employed in hospitality. JOHNSON. "You are to consider that ancient hospitality, of which we hear so much, was in an uncommercial country, when

[1] [This (as well as the story of the *shoes*, *ante*, vol. i. p. 46, *n.*) seems inconsistent with the inference drawn from the books of Pembroke College, that Johnson had left Oxford before Taylor came thither. The Editor can attempt to reconcile these discrepancies only by supposing that Johnson, though he had left *Pembroke College*, continued in Oxford, living, perhaps, with Taylor, as companion or private tutor.—ED.]

men being idle, were glad to be entertained at rich men's tables. But in a commercial country, a busy country, time becomes precious, and therefore hospitality is not so much valued. No doubt there is still room for a certain degree of it; and a man has a satisfaction in seeing his friends eating and drinking around him. But promiscuous hospitality is not the way to gain real influence. You must help some people at table before others; you must ask some people how they like their wine oftener than others. You therefore offend more people than you please. You are like the French statesman, who said, when he granted a favour, '*J'ai fait dix mécontents et un ingrat.*' Besides, sir, being entertained ever so well at a man's table, impresses no lasting regard or esteem. No, sir, the way to make sure of power and influence is, by lending money confidentially to your neighbours at a small interest, or perhaps at no interest at all, and having their bonds in your possession." BOSWELL. "May not a man, sir, employ his riches to advantage, in educating young men of merit?". JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, if they fall in your way; but if it be understood that you patronize young men of merit, you will be harassed with solicitations. You will have numbers forced upon you, who have no merit; some will force them upon you from mistaken partiality; and some from downright interested motives, without scruple; and you will be disgraced."

"Were I a rich man, I would propagate all kinds of trees that will grow in the open air. A green-house is childish. I would introduce foreign animals into the country; for instance, the rein-deer[1]."

[1] This project has since been realized. Sir Henry Liddel, who made a spirited tour into Lapland, brought two rein-deer to his estate in Northumberland, where they bred: but the race has unfortunately perished.—BOSWELL.

The conversation now turned on critical subjects. JOHNSON. "Bayes, in 'The Rehearsal,' is a mighty silly character. If it was intended to be like a particular man, it could only be diverting while that man was remembered. But I question whether it was meant for Dryden, as has been reported; for we know some of the passages said to be ridiculed were written since the Rehearsal: at least a passage mentioned in the preface[1] is of a later date." I maintained that it had merit as a general satire on the self-importance of dramatick authours. But even in this light he held it very cheap.

We then walked to the Pantheon. The first view of it did not strike us so much as Ranelagh[2], of which he said, the "*coup d'œil* was the finest thing he had ever seen." The truth is, Ranelagh is of a more beautiful form; more of it, or rather indeed the whole *rotunda*, appears at once, and it is better lighted.

[1] There is no preface to "The Rehearsal," as originally published. Dr. Johnson seems to have meant the address to the reader, with a key subjoined to it, which have been prefixed to the modern editions of that play. He did not know, it appears, that several *additions* were made to "The Rehearsal" after the first edition. The ridicule on the passages here alluded to is found among those *additions*. They therefore furnish no ground for the doubts here suggested. Unquestionably Bayes was meant to be the representative of Dryden, whose familiar phrases in his ordinary conversation are frequently introduced in this piece.—MALONE. [Bayes may have been originally sketched for Sir Robert Howard, but there is no doubt that the finished picture was meant for Dryden—*he himself complains bitterly that it was so*; and Johnson, better informed when he came to write Dryden's life, expressly says that "he was characterized under the name of Bayes in 'The Rehearsal.'"—ED.]

[2] [Ranelagh, so called because its site was that of a villa of Viscount Ranelagh, near Chelsea, was a place of entertainment, of which the principal room was an oval of great dimensions, with an orchestra in the centre, and tiers of boxes all round. The chief amusement was *promenading*, as it was called, round and round the circular area below, and taking refreshments in the boxes, while the orchestra executed different pieces of music. The Pantheon, in Oxford-street, was built in 1772, after Wyatt's designs, as a kind of *town Ranelagh*, but partook more of the shape of a theatre (to the purposes of which it was sometimes applied). Both these places had a considerable vogue for a time, but are now almost forgotten: the last appearance (if one may use the expression) of Ranelagh was when the installation ball of the Knights of the Bath, in 1802, was given there. It has since been razed to the ground, and no vestige of that once fairy palace remains. The original Pantheon was burned down, but was rebuilt on a more moderate scale, and used to be heard of, as the scene of an occasional masquerade or concert; but it has not been opened, it is believed, for the last twenty years.—ED.]

However, as Johnson observed, we saw the Pantheon in time of mourning, when there was a dull uniformity; whereas we had seen Ranelagh when the view was enlivened with a gay profusion of colours. Mrs. Bosville [1], of Gunthwait, in Yorkshire, joined us, and entered into conversation with us. Johnson said to me afterwards, "Sir, this is a mighty intelligent lady."

I said there was not half a guinea's worth of pleasure in seeing this place. JOHNSON. "But, sir, there is half a guinea's worth of inferiority to other people in not having seen it." BOSWELL. "I doubt, sir, whether there are many happy people here." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, there are many happy people here. There are many people here who are watching hundreds, and who think hundreds are watching them."

Happening to meet Sir Adam Ferguson [2], I presented him to Dr. Johnson. Sir Adam expressed some apprehension that the Pantheon would encourage luxury. "Sir," said Johnson, "I am a great friend to publick amusements; for they keep people from vice. You now (addressing himself to me) would have been with a wench, had you not been here. O! I forgot you were married."

Sir Adam suggested, that luxury corrupts a people, and destroys the spirit of liberty. JOHNSON. "Sir, that is all visionary. I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another. It is of no moment to the happiness of an individual. Sir, the danger of the abuse of power is nothing to a private man. What Frenchman is

[1] [Diana Wentworth, wife of Godfrey Bosville, Esq. of Gunthwait, whose daughter had married, in 1768, Sir Alexander, afterwards created Lord, Macdonald.—ED.]

[2] [Sir Adam Ferguson of Kelkerran, Bart. member of parliament for Ayrshire from 1774 to 1780.—ED.]

prevented from passing his life as he pleases[1]?" SIR ADAM. "But, sir, in the British constitution it is surely of importance to keep up a spirit in the people, so as to preserve a balance against the crown." JOHNSON. "Sir, I perceive you are a vile whig[2]. Why all this childish jealousy of the power of the crown? The crown has not power enough. When I say that all governments are alike, I consider that in no government power can be abused long. Mankind will not bear it. If a sovereign oppresses his people to a great degree, they will rise and cut off his head. There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny, that will keep us safe under every form of government. Had not the people of France thought themselves honoured in sharing in the brilliant actions of Louis XIV., they would not have endured him; and we may say the same of the King of Prussia's people." Sir Adam introduced the ancient Greeks and Romans. JOHNSON. "Sir, the mass of both of them were barbarians. The mass of every people must be barbarous where there is no printing, and consequently knowledge is not generally diffused. Knowledge is diffused among our people by the newspapers." Sir Adam mentioned the orators, poets, and artists of Greece. JOHNSON. "Sir, I am talking of the mass of the people. We see even what the boasted Athenians were. The little effect which Demosthenes's orations had upon them, shows that they were barbarians."

Sir Adam was unlucky in his topicks; for he sug-

[1] [This is sad "laxity of talk." If a Frenchman had written any thing like Johnson's *Norfolk Prophecy*, or talked of Louis XV. as Johnson did of George the Second, he would have been either forced to fly, or would have expiated his indiscretion in the Bastille: poor Marmontel was, we know, sent to the Bastille for repeating the parody of a few lines in a play, at which a lord of the bedchamber happened to be offended.—ED.]

[2] [These words must have been accompanied and softened by some jocular expression of countenance or intonation of voice, for, rude as Johnson often was, it is hardly conceivable that he should have seriously said such a thing to a gentleman whom he saw for the first time.—ED.]

gested a doubt of the propriety of bishops having seats in the house of lords. JOHNSON. "How so, sir? Who is more proper for having the dignity of a peer than a bishop, provided a bishop be what he ought to be; and if improper bishops be made, that is not the fault of the bishops, but of those who make them."

On Sunday, April 5, after attending divine service at St. Paul's church, I found him alone. Of a schoolmaster[1] of his acquaintance, a native of Scotland, he said, "He has a great deal of good about him; but he is also very defective in some respects. His inner part is good, but his outer part is mighty awkward. You in Scotland do not attain that nice critical skill in languages, which we get in our schools in England. I would not put a boy to him, whom I intended for a man of learning. But for the sons of citizens, who are to learn a little, get good morals, and then go to trade, he may do very well."

I mentioned a cause in which I had appeared as counsel at the bar of the general assembly of the church of Scotland, where a *probationer* (as one licensed to preach, but not yet ordained, is called) was opposed in his application to be inducted, because it was alleged that he had been guilty of fornication five years before. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, if he has repented, it is not a sufficient objection. A man who is good enough to go to heaven, is good enough to be a clergyman." This was a humane and liberal sentiment. But the character of a clergyman is more sacred than that of an ordinary christian. As he is to instruct with authority, he should be regarded with reverence, as one upon whom divine truth has had the effect to set him above such transgressions, as men, less exalted by spiritual habits and

[1] [Mr. Elphinston: see *ante*, vol. i. p. 166.—ED.]

yet upon the whole not to be excluded from heaven, have been betrayed into by the predominance of passion. That clergymen may be considered as sinners in general, as all men are, cannot be denied; but this reflection will not counteract their good precepts so much, as the absolute knowledge of their having been guilty of certain specific immoral acts. I told him, that by the rules of the church of Scotland, in their "Book of Discipline," if a *scandal*, as it is called, is not prosecuted for five years, it cannot afterwards be proceeded upon, "unless it be *of a heinous nature*, or again become flagrant;" and that hence a question arose, whether fornication was a sin of a heinous nature; and that I had maintained, that it did not deserve that epithet, in as much as it was not one of those sins which argue very great depravity of heart: in short, was not, in the general acceptation of mankind, a heinous sin. JOHNSON. "No, sir, it is not a heinous sin. A heinous sin is that for which a man is punished with death or banishment." BOSWELL. "But, sir, after I had argued that it was not a heinous sin, an old clergyman rose up, and repeating the text of scripture denouncing judgment against whoremongers, asked, whether, considering this, there could be any doubt of fornication being a heinous sin." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, observe the word *whoremonger*. Every sin, if persisted in, will become heinous. Whoremonger is a dealer in whores, as ironmonger is a dealer in iron. But as you don't call a man an ironmonger for buying and selling a penknife; so you don't call a man a whoremonger for getting one wench with child [1]."

I spoke of the inequality of the livings of the clergy in England, and the scanty provisions of some of the

[1] It must not be presumed that Dr. Johnson meant to give any countenance to licentiousness, though in the character of an advocate he made a just and subtle distinction between occasional and habitual transgression.—BOSWELL.

curates. JOHNSON. "Why yes, sir; but it cannot be helped. You must consider, that the revenues of the clergy are not at the disposal of the state, like the pay of the army. Different men have founded different churches; and some are better endowed, some worse. The state cannot interfere, and make an equal division of what has been particularly appropriated. Now when a clergyman has but a small living, or even two small livings, he can afford very little to the curate."

He said he went more frequently to church when there were prayers only, than when there was also a sermon, as the people required more an example for the one than the other; it being much easier for them to hear a sermon, than to fix their minds on prayer.

On Monday, April 6, I dined with him at Sir Alexander Macdonald's, where was a young officer in the regimentals of the Scots Royal, who talked with a vivacity, fluency, and precision so uncommon, that he attracted particular attention. He proved to be the Hon. Thomas Erskine, youngest brother to the Earl of Buchan, who has since risen into such brilliant reputation at the bar in Westminster-hall [1].

Fielding being mentioned, Johnson exclaimed, "He was a blockhead;" and upon my expressing my astonishment at so strange an assertion, he said, "What I mean by his being a blockhead is, that he was a barren rascal." BOSWELL. "Will you not allow, sir, that he draws very natural pictures of human

[1] [Born in 1748; entered the *navy* as a midshipman in 1764, and the *army* as an ensign in the royals in 1768. He was called to the bar in 1779; appointed a king's council in 1783, and, in 1806, lord chancellor of England, and created a baron by the title of Lord Erskine. He died in 1823. Neither his conversation, (though, even to the last, remarkable for fluency and vivacity,) nor his parliamentary speeches, ever bore any proportion to the extraordinary force and brilliancy of his forensic eloquence. Those who only knew him in private, or in the house of commons, had some difficulty in believing the effect he produced at the bar. During the last years of his life, his conduct was eccentric to a degree that justified a suspicion, and even a hope, that his understanding was impaired.—ED.]

life?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, it is of very low life. Richardson used to say, that had he not known who Fielding was, he should have believed he was an ostler. Sir, there is more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson's, than in all 'Tom Jones[1].' I, indeed, never read 'Joseph Andrews.'" ERSKINE. "Surely, sir, Richardson is very tedious." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the sentiment." I have already given my opinion of Fielding; but I cannot refrain from repeating here my wonder at Johnson's excessive and unaccountable depreciation of one of the best writers that England has produced. "Tom Jones" has stood the test of publick opinion with such success, as to have established its great merit, both for the story, the sentiments, and the manners, and also the varieties of diction, so as to leave no doubt of its having an animated truth of execution throughout.

A book of travels, lately published under the title of *Coriat Junior*, and written by Mr. Paterson[2], was mentioned. Johnson said this book was in imitation of Sterne[3], and not of Coriat, whose name Paterson had chosen as a whimsical one. "Tom Coriat

[1] Johnson's severity against Fielding did not arise from any viciousness in his style, but from his loose life, and the profligacy of almost all his male characters. Who would venture to read one of his novels aloud to modest women? His novels are *male* amusements, and very amusing they certainly are. Fielding's conversation was coarse, and so tinctured with the rank weeds of *the garden*, [Covent-garden,] that it would now be thought only fit for a brothel.—BURNEY.

[2] Mr. Samuel Paterson, eminent for his knowledge of books.—BOSWELL. [He was the son of a woollen-draper: he kept a bookseller's shop, chiefly for old books, and was afterwards an auctioneer; but seems to have been unsuccessful in all his attempts at business. He made catalogues of several celebrated libraries. He died in 1802, ætat. 77.—ED.]

[3] Mr. Paterson, in a pamphlet, produced some evidence to show that his work was written before Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" appeared.—BOSWELL.

(said he) was a humourist about the court of James the First. He had a mixture of learning, of wit, and of buffoonery. He first travelled through Europe, and published his travels[1]. He afterwards travelled on foot through Asia, and had made many remarks; but he died at Mandoa, and his remarks were lost."

We talked of gaming, and animadverted on it with severity. JOHNSON. "Nay, gentlemen, let us not aggravate the matter. It is not roguery to play with a man who is ignorant of the game, while you are master of it, and so win his money; for he thinks he can play better than you, as you think you can play better than he; and the superior skill carries it." ERSKINE. "He is a fool, but you are not a rogue." JOHNSON. "That's much about the truth, sir. It must be considered, that a man who only does what every one of the society to which he belongs would do, is not a dishonest man. In the republic of Sparta it was agreed, that stealing was not dishonourable, if not discovered. I do not commend a society where there is an agreement that what would not otherwise be fair, shall be fair; but I maintain, that an individual of any society, who practises what is allowed, is not a dishonest man." BOSWELL. "So then, sir, you do not think ill of a man who wins perhaps forty thousand pounds in a winter?" JOHNSON. "Sir, I do not call a gamester a dishonest man; but I call him an unsocial man, an unprofitable man. Gaming is a mode of transferring property without producing any intermediate good. Trade gives employment to numbers, and so produces intermediate good."

Mr. Erskine told us, that when he was in the island

[1] [Under the title of "*Cruditics*, hastily gobbled up in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, Helvetia, &c." Coriat was born in 1577, educated at Westminster school and Oxford. He died in 1617, at *Surat*, says the Biog. Dict., after he had left Mandoa.—ED.]

of Minorca, he not only read prayers, but preached two sermons to the regiment[1]. He seemed to object to the passage in scripture, where we are told that the angel of the Lord smote in one night forty thousand Assyrians[2]. "Sir (said Johnson), you should recollect that there was a supernatural interposition; they were destroyed by pestilence. You are not to suppose that the angel of the Lord went about and stabbed each of them with a dagger, or knocked them on the head man by man."

After Mr. Erskine was gone, a discussion took place, whether the present Earl of Buchan, when Lord Cardross, did right to refuse to go secretary of the embassy to Spain, when Sir James Gray, a man of inferiour rank, went ambassadour. Dr. Johnson said, that perhaps in point of interest he did wrong; but in point of dignity he did well. Sir Alexander insisted that he was wrong; and said that Mr. Pitt intended it as an advantageous thing for him. "Why, sir (said Johnson), Mr. Pitt might think it an advantageous thing for him to make him a vintner, and get him all the Portugal trade; but he would have demeaned himself strangely, had he accepted of such a situation. Sir, had he gone secretary while his inferiour was ambassadour, he would have been a traitor to his rank and family[3]."

[1] [Lord Erskine was fond of this anecdote. He told it to the editor the first time that he had the honour of being in his company, and often repeated it with an observation, that he had been a sailor and a soldier, was a lawyer and a parson. The latter he affected to think the greatest of his efforts, and to support that opinion would quote the prayer for the *clergy* in the liturgy, from the expression of which he would (in no commendable spirit of jocularity) infer that the enlightening *them* was one of the "*greatest marvels*" which could be worked.—ED.]

[2] One hundred and eighty-five thousand. See Isaiah, xxxvii. 36, and 2 Kings, xix. 35.—MALONE.

[3] [If this principle were to be admitted, the young nobility would be excluded from all the professions; for the superiors in the profession would frequently be their inferiors in personal rank. Would Johnson have dissuaded Lord Cardross from entering on the military profession, because at his outset he must have been commanded by a person inferior in personal rank? This, if ever it was a subject of real doubt, is now better understood, and young men of the highest rank think it no degradation to enter into the junior ranks of the military, naval, and diplomatic and official professions.—ED.]

I talked of the little attachment which subsisted between near relations in London. "Sir (said Johnson), in a country so commercial as ours, where every man can do for himself, there is not so much occasion for that attachment. No man is thought the worse of here, whose brother was hanged[1]. In uncommercial countries, many of the branches of a family must depend on the stock; so, in order to make the head of the family take care of them, they are represented as connected with his reputation, that, self-love being interested, he may exert himself to promote their interest. You have first large circles, or clans; as commerce increases, the connexion is confined to families; by degrees, that too goes off, as having become unnecessary, and there being few opportunities of intercourse. One brother is a merchant in the city, and another is an officer in the guards; how little intercourse can these two have!"

I argued warmly for the old feudal system. Sir Alexander opposed it, and talked of the pleasure of seeing all men free and independent. JOHNSON. "I agree with Mr. Boswell, that there must be a high satisfaction in being a feudal lord; but we are to consider that we ought not to wish to have a number of men unhappy for the satisfaction of one." I maintained that numbers, namely, the vassals or followers, were not unhappy; for that there was a reciprocal satisfaction between the lord and them; he being kind in his authority over them; they being respectful and faithful to him.

On Thursday, April 9, I called on him to beg he

[1] [Johnson would hardly have volunteered this illustration if there had been any grounds for the story told by Miss Seward and Dr. M'Nicol.—See *ante*, vol. i. p. 5. *n.*; and, since that note was printed, Dr. Harwood has furnished additional grounds for disbelieving the story. Miss Seward says, that the person hanged was "*his uncle Andrew*," and Dr. M'Nicol says he was "*a native of Scotland.*" Now, in the parish register of Cubley, where Michael Johnson was born, we find the entries of the births of several persons of his family, between 1650 and 1700, and especially of "*Andrew Johnson*," the Doctor's *uncle*.—ED.]

would go and dine with me at the Mitre Tavern. He had resolved not to dine at all this day, I know not for what reason; and I was so unwilling to be deprived of his company, that I was content to submit to suffer a want, which was at first somewhat painful, but he soon made me forget it; and a man is always pleased with himself, when he finds his intellectual inclinations predominate.

He observed, that to reason philosophically on the nature of prayer was very unprofitable.

Talking of ghosts, he said, he knew one friend, who was an honest man and a sensible man, who told him he had seen a ghost—old Mr. Edward Cave, the printer at St. John's Gate. He said, Mr. Cave did not like to talk of it, and seemed to be in great horrour whenever it was mentioned. BOSWELL. "Pray, sir, what did he say was the appearance?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, something of a shadowy being."

I mentioned witches, and asked him what they properly meant. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, they properly mean those who make use of the aid of evil spirits." BOSWELL. "There is no doubt, sir, a general report and belief of their having existed." JOHNSON. "You have not only the general report and belief, but you have many voluntary solemn confessions." He did not affirm any thing positively upon a subject which it is the fashion of the times to laugh at as a matter of absurd credulity. He only seemed willing, as a candid inquirer after truth, however strange and inexplicable, to show that he understood what might be urged for it[1].

On Friday, April 10, I dined with him at General Oglethorpe's, where we found Dr. Goldsmith.

Armorial bearings having been mentioned, Johnson

[1] See this curious question treated by him with most acute ability, *post*, 16th Aug. 1773.—BOSWELL.

said they were as ancient as the siege of Thebes, which he proved by a passage in one of the tragedies of Euripides [1].

I started the question, whether duelling was consistent with moral duty. The brave old general fired at this, and said, with a lofty air, "Undoubtedly a man has a right to defend his honour." GOLDSMITH (turning to me). "I ask you first, sir, what would you do if you were affronted?" I answered, I should think it necessary to fight. "Why then," replied Goldsmith, "that solves the question." JOHNSON. "No, sir, it does not solve the question. It does not follow, that what a man would do is therefore right." I said, I wished to have it settled, whether duelling was contrary to the laws of christianity. Johnson immediately entered on the subject, and treated it in a masterly manner; and so far as I have been able to recollect, his thoughts were these: "Sir, as men become in a high degree refined, various causes of offence arise; which are considered to be of such importance, that life must be staked to atone for them, though in reality they are not so. A body that has received a very fine polish may be easily hurt. Before men arrive at this artificial refinement,

[1] The passage to which Johnson alluded, is to be found (as I conjecture) in the PHÆNISSÆ, l. 1120.

Και πρῶτα μὲν πρόσηγε, κ. τ. λ.
Ὁ της κυναγὸν Παρθενοπαῖος ἐκγονος,
ΕΠΙΣΗΜ, ἴχνῶν ΟΙΚΕΙΟΝ ἐν μέσῳ σακει.—J. BOSWELL.

[The meaning is that "Parthenopæus had, in the centre of his shield, the *domestic sign*—*Atalanta killing the Ætolian boar*;" but this, admitting that the story of Atalanta was the "armorial bearing" of Parthenopæus, would only prove them to be as ancient as *Euripides*, who flourished (442 A. C.) near 800 years after the siege of Thebes (1225 A. C.) Homer, whom the chronologists place 500 years before Euripides, describes a sculptured shield; and there can be little doubt that very soon after ingenuity had made a shield, taste would begin to decorate it. The words "*domestic sign*" are certainly very curious, yet probably mean no more than that he bore on his shield the representation of a family story. The better opinion seems to be that it was not till the visor concealed the face of the warrior, that the ornaments of the shields and crests became distinctive of individuals and families in that *peculiar* manner which we understand by the terms "*armorial bearings*."—ED.]

if one tells his neighbour, he lies, his neighbour tells him, he lies; if one gives his neighbour a blow, his neighbour gives him a blow: but in a state of highly polished society, an affront is held to be a serious injury. It must, therefore, be resented, or rather a duel must be fought upon it; as men have agreed to banish from their society one who puts up with an affront without fighting a duel. Now, sir, it is never unlawful to fight in self-defence. He, then, who fights a duel, does not fight from passion against his antagonist, but out of self-defence; to avert the stigma of the world, and to prevent himself from being driven out of society. I could wish there was not that superfluity of refinement; but while such notions prevail, no doubt, a man may lawfully fight a duel[1]."

Let it be remembered, that this justification is applicable only to the person who *receives* an affront. All mankind must condemn the aggressor.

The general told us, that when he was a very young man, I think only fifteen, serving under Prince Eugene of Savoy, he was sitting in a company at table with a Prince of Wirtemberg. The prince took up a glass of wine, and, by a fillip, made some of it fly in Oglethorpe's face. Here was a nice dilemma. To have challenged him instantly might have fixed a quarrelsome character upon the young soldier: to have taken no notice of it might have been considered as cowardice. Oglethorpe, therefore, keeping his eye upon the prince, and smiling all the time, as if he took what his highness had done in jest, said, "*Mon prince*—" I forget the French words he used, the purport however was "That's a

[1] [The frequent disquisitions on this subject bring painfully to recollection the death of Mr. Boswell's eldest son, Sir Alexander, who was killed in a duel in 1824.—Ed.]

good joke: but we do it much better in England;" and threw a whole glass of wine in the prince's face. An old general, who sat by, said, "*Il a bien fait, mon prince, vous l'avez commencé:*" and thus all ended in good-humour.

Dr. Johnson said, "Pray, general, give us an account of the siege of Belgrade." Upon which the general, pouring a little wine upon the table, described every thing with a wet finger. "Here we were, here were the Turks," &c. &c. Johnson listened with the closest attention.

A question was started, how far people who disagree in a capital point can live in friendship together. Johnson said they might. Goldsmith said they could not, as they had not the *idem velle atque idem nolle*—the same likings and the same aversions. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, you must shun the subject as to which you disagree. For instance, I can live very well with Burke: I love his knowledge, his genius, his diffusion, and affluence of conversation; but I would not talk to him of the Rockingham party[1]." GOLDSMITH. "But, sir, when people live together who have something as to which they disagree, and which they want to shun, they will be in the situation mentioned in the story of Bluebeard. 'You may look into all the chambers but one.' But we should have the greatest inclination to look into that chamber, to talk of that subject." JOHNSON (with a loud voice). "Sir, I am not saying that *you* could live in friendship with a man from whom you differ as to some point; I am only saying that *I* could do it. You put me in mind of Sappho in Ovid[2]."

[1] [Of which Mr. Burke was a leading member.—ED.]

[2] Mr. Boswell's note here being rather short, as taken at the time (with a view perhaps to future revision), Johnson's remark is obscure, and requires to be a little opened. What he said probably was, "You seem to think that

Goldsmith told us, that he was now busy in writing a Natural History[1]; and that he might have full leisure for it, he had taken lodgings, at a farmer's house, near to the six mile-stone, on the Edgware-road, and had carried down his books in two returned post-chaises. He said, he believed the farmer's family thought him an odd character, similar to that in which the *Spectator* appeared to his landlady and her children: he was *The Gentleman*. Mr. Mickle[2], the translator of "The Lusiad," and I, went to visit him at this place a few days afterwards. He was not at home; but having a curiosity to see his apartment, we went in, and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals, scrawled upon the wall with a black lead pencil.

The subject of ghosts being introduced, Johnson

two friends, to live well together, must be in a perfect harmony with each other; that each should be to the other, what Sappho boasts she was to her lover, and uniformly agree in every particular; but this is by no means necessary," &c. The words of Sappho alluded to, are "*omnique à parte placebam.*"—*Ovid. Epist. Sapp. ad Phaonem.* I. 51.—MALONE.

I should rather conjecture that the passage which Johnson had in view was the following, l. 45:

> "Si, nisi quæ facie poterit te digna videri
> Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est."

His reasoning and its illustration I take to be this. If you are determined to associate with no one whose sentiments do not universally coincide with your own, you will by such a resolution exclude yourself from all society, for no two men can be found who, on all points, invariably think alike. So Sappho in Ovid tells Phaon, that if he will not unite himself to any one who is not a complete resemblance of himself, it will be impossible for him to form any union at all.

The lines which I have quoted are thus expanded in Pope's Paraphrase, which, to say the truth, I suspect was at this moment more in Johnson's recollection than the original:

> "If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign
> But such as merit, such as equal thine,
> By none, alas! by none, thou canst be moved,
> Phaon alone by Phaon must be loved." JAMES BOSWELL.

[1] [Published soon after, under the title of a *History of the Earth and of Animated Nature*.—ED.]

[2] [William Julius Mickle, the son of a Scotch clergyman, was born in 1734. He lived the life that poets lived in those days; that is, in difficulties and distress till 1779, when being appointed secretary to Commodore Johnson, he realised by prize agencies a moderate competence; he died in 1788. His translation of the Lusiad is still read; his original pieces are almost all forgotten.—ED.]

repeated what he had told me of a friend of his[1], an honest man, and a man of sense, having asserted to him, that he had seen an apparition. Goldsmith told us, he was assured by his brother, the Reverend Mr. Goldsmith, that he also had seen one. General Oglethorpe told us, that Prendergast, an officer in the Duke of Marlborough's army, had mentioned to many of his friends, that he should die on a particular day; that upon that day a battle took place with the French; that after it was over, and Prendergast was still alive, his brother officers, while they were yet in the field, jestingly asked him, where was his prophecy now. Prendergast gravely answered, "I shall die, notwithstanding what you see." Soon afterwards, there came a shot from a French battery, to which the orders for a cessation of arms had not reached, and he was killed upon the spot. Colonel Cecil, who took possession of his effects, found in his pocket-book the following solemn entry:

[Here the date.] "Dreamt—or————[2]. Sir John Friend meets me." (Here the very day on which he was killed was mentioned). Prendergast

[1] Mr. Cave. See *ante*, p. 173.

[2] Here was a blank, which may be filled up thus: "*was told by an apparition;*" the writer being probably uncertain whether he was asleep or awake, when his mind was impressed with the solemn presentiment with which the fact afterwards happened so wonderfully to correspond.—BOSWELL. [My friend, Sir Henry Hardinge, secretary at war, is so kind as to inform me that it appears that Colonel Sir Thomas Prendergast, of the twenty-second foot, was killed at Malplaquet, August 31, 1709, but no trace can be found of Colonel Cecil. There were one or two subalterns, of the name of Cecil, at that time in the army, but it does not appear that they rose to the rank of field-officers. Is it not very strange, if this story made so great a noise, we should read of it nowhere else; and, as so much curiosity was excited, that the *paper* should not have been preserved, or, at least, so generally shown as to be mentioned by some other witness?—the paper would have been exceedingly curious; but the hearsay that there had been such a paper is nothing, and indeed, in point of evidence, worse than nothing; for if a paper had existed, thousands must have seen it, and Oglethorpe himself does not state that even he *saw* it. At the time of the battle of Malplaquet, Oglethorpe was only eleven years old. Pope's inquiries were probably made when the story was recent. Is it likely that Oglethorpe at the age of *eleven* was present at Pope's interview with Colonel Cecil, and even if he were, what credit is to be given to the recollections, after the lapse of *sixty-three* years, of what a boy of eleven had heard? —ED.]

had been connected with Sir John Friend, [redacted] executed for high treason. General Oglethorpe [redacted] he was with Colonel Cecil, when Pope came and inquired into the truth of this story, which made a great noise at the time, and was then confirmed by the colonel.

On Saturday, April 11, he appointed me to come to him in the evening, when he should be at leisure to give me some assistance for the defence of Hastie, the schoolmaster of Campbelltown, for whom I was to appear in the house of lords. When I came, I found him unwilling to exert himself. I pressed him to write down his thoughts upon the subject. He said, "There's no occasion for my writing. I'll talk to you." He was, however, at last prevailed on to dictate to me, while I wrote a [paper, which will be found in the appendix.] ED.

"This, sir," said he, "you are to turn in your mind, and make the best use of it you can in your speech."

Of our friend Goldsmith he said, "Sir, he is so much afraid of being unnoticed, that he often talks merely lest you should forget that he is in the company." BOSWELL. "Yes, he stands forward." JOHNSON. "True, sir, but if a man is to stand forward, he should wish to do it not in an awkward posture, not in rags, not so as that he shall only be exposed to ridicule." BOSWELL. "For my part, I like very well to hear honest Goldsmith talk away carelessly." JOHNSON. "Why yes, sir; but he should not like to hear himself."

On Tuesday, April 14, the decree of the court of session in the schoolmaster's cause was reversed in the house of lords, after a very eloquent speech by Lord Mansfield, who showed himself an adept in school discipline, but I thought was too rigorous

my client. On the evening of the next supped with Dr. Johnson, at the Crown and Anchor tavern, in the Strand, in company with Mr. Langton and his brother-in-law, Lord Binning[1]. I repeated a sentence of Lord Mansfield's speech, of which, by the aid of Mr. Longlands, the solicitor on the other side, who obligingly allowed me to compare his note with my own, I have a full copy. "My lords, severity is not the way to govern either boys or men." "Nay," said Johnson, "it is the way to *govern* them. I know not whether it be the way to *mend* them."

I talked of the recent[2] expulsion of six students from the University of Oxford, who were methodists, and would not desist from publickly praying and exhorting. JOHNSON. "Sir, that expulsion was extremely just and proper. What have they to do at an university, who are not willing to be taught, but will presume to teach? Where is religion to be learnt, but at an university? Sir, they were examined, and found to be mighty ignorant fellows." BOSWELL. "But, was it not hard, sir, to expel them, for I am told they were good beings?" JOHNSON. "I believe they might be good beings; but they were not fit to be in the University of Oxford. A cow is a very good animal in the field; but we turn her out of a garden." Lord Elibank used to repeat this as an illustration uncommonly happy.

Desirous of calling Johnson forth to talk, and exercise his wit, though I should myself be the object of it, I resolutely ventured to undertake the defence of convivial indulgence in wine, though he was not

[1] [Charles, Lord Binning, afterwards eighth Earl of Haddington, was the son of Mary Holt, who, by a first marriage with Mr. Lloyd, was the mother of Lady Rothes, Mr. Langton's wife.—ED.]

[2] [Not very recent, if he alluded to six members of St. Edmund Hall, who were expelled in May, 1768. See *Gent. Mag.* vol. xxxviii. p. 225.—ED.]

to-night in the most genial humour. After urging the common plausible topicks, I at last had recourse to the maxim, *in vino veritas*, a man who is well warmed with wine will speak truth. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, that may be an argument for drinking, if you suppose men in general to be liars. But, sir, I would not keep company with a fellow, who lies as long as he is sober, and whom you must make drunk before you can get a word of truth out of him [1]."

Mr. Langton told us, he was about to establish a school upon his estate, but it had been suggested to him, that it might have a tendency to make the people less industrious. JOHNSON. "No, sir. While learning to read and write is a distinction, the few who have that distinction may be the less inclined to work; but when every body learns to read and write, it is no longer a distinction. A man who has a laced waistcoat is too fine a man to work; but if every body had laced waistcoats, we should have people working in laced waistcoats. There are no people whatever more industrious, none who work more, than our manufacturers; yet they have all learnt to read and write Sir, you must not neglect doing a thing immediately good, from fear of remote evil, from fear of its being abused. A man who has candles may sit up too late, which he would not do if he had not candles; but nobody will deny that the art of making candles, by which light is continued to us beyond the time that the sun gives us light, is a valuable art, and ought to be preserved." BOSWELL. "But, sir, would it not be better to follow nature; and go to bed and rise just as nature gives us light or withholds it?"

[1] Mrs. Piozzi, in her "Anecdotes," p. 201, has given an erroneous account of this incident, as of many others. She pretends to relate it from recollection, as if she herself had been present: when the fact is that it was communicated to her by me. She has represented it as a personality, and the true point has escaped her.—BOSWELL.

JOHNSON. "No, sir; for then we should have no kind of equality in the partition of our time between sleeping and waking. It would be very different in different seasons and in different places. In some of the northern parts of Scotland how little light is there in the depth of winter!"

We talked of Tacitus, and I hazarded an opinion, that with all his merit for penetration, shrewdness of judgment, and terseness of expression, he was too compact, too much broken into hints, as it were, and therefore too difficult to be understood. To my great satisfaction, Dr. Johnson sanctioned this opinion: "Tacitus, sir, seems to me rather to have made notes for an historical work, than to have written a history[1]."

At this time it appears from his "Prayers and Meditations," that he had been more than commonly diligent in religious duties, particularly in reading the holy scriptures. It was Passion Week, that solemn season which the Christian world has appropriated to the commemoration of the mysteries of our redemption, and during which, whatever embers of religion are in our breasts, will be kindled into pious warmth.

I paid him short visits both on Friday and Saturday, and seeing his large folio Greek Testament before him, beheld him with a reverential awe, and would not intrude upon his time. While he was thus employed to such good purpose, and while his friends in their intercourse with him constantly found a vigorous intellect and a lively imagination, it is melancholy to read in his private register:

[1] It is remarkable that Lord Monboddo, whom, on account of his resembling Dr. Johnson in some particulars, Foote called an Elzevir edition of him, has, by coincidence, made the very same remark.—*Origin and Progress of Language*, vol. iii. 2d edit. p. 219.

"My mind is unsettled and my memory confused. I have of late turned my thoughts with a very useless earnestness upon past incidents. I have yet got no command over my thoughts; an unpleasing incident is almost certain to hinder my rest." Prayers & Med. p. 110.

What philosophick heroism was it in him to appear with such manly fortitude to the world, while he was inwardly so distressed! We may surely believe that the mysterious principle of being "made perfect through suffering," was to be strongly exemplified in him.

On Sunday, 19th April, being Easter-day, General Paoli and I paid him a visit before dinner. We talked of the notion that blind persons can distinguish colours by the touch. Johnson said, that Professor Sanderson mentions his having attempted to do it, but that he found he was aiming at an impossibility; that to be sure a difference in the surface makes the difference of colours; but that difference is so fine, that it is not sensible to the touch. The general mentioned jugglers and fraudulent gamesters, who could know cards by the touch. Dr. Johnson said, "the cards used by such persons must be less polished than ours commonly are."

We talked of sounds. The general said, there was no beauty in a simple sound, but only in an harmonious composition of sounds. I presumed to differ from this opinion, and mentioned the soft and sweet sound of a fine woman's voice. JOHNSON. "No, sir, if a serpent or a toad uttered it, you would think it ugly." BOSWELL. "So you would think, sir, were a beautiful tune to be uttered by one of those animals." JOHNSON. "No, sir, it would be admired. We have seen fine fiddlers whom we liked as little as toads." (laughing.)

Talking on the subject of taste in the arts, he said, that difference of taste was, in truth, difference of

skill. BOSWELL. "But, sir, is there not a quality called taste, which consists merely in perception or in liking? for instance, we find people differ much as to what is the best style of English composition. Some think Swift's the best; others prefer a fuller and grander way of writing." JOHNSON. "Sir, you must first define what you mean by style, before you can judge who has a good taste in style, and who has a bad. The two classes of persons whom you have mentioned, don't differ as to good and bad. They both agree that Swift has a good neat style; but one loves a neat style, another loves a style of more splendour. In like manner, one loves a plain coat, another loves a laced coat; but neither will deny that each is good in its kind."

[The following meditations, made about this period, are very interesting sketches of his feelings:

Prayers & Med. p. 115. "April 26, 1772. I was some way hindered from continuing this contemplation in the usual manner, and therefore try, at the distance of a week, to review the last [Easter] Sunday.

"I went to church early, having first, I think, used my prayer. When I was there, I had very little perturbation of mind. During the usual time of meditation, I considered the Christian duties under the three principles of soberness, righteousness, and godliness; and purposed to forward godliness by the *annual perusal of the Bible*; righteousness *by settling something for charity*, and soberness *by early hours*. I commended as usual, with preface of permission, and, I think, mentioned Bathurst I came home, and found Paoli and Boswell waiting for me. What devotions I used after my return home, I do not distinctly remember. I went to prayers in the evening; and, I think, entered late.

p. 117. "On Good Friday, I paid Peyton without requiring work.

"It is a comfort to me, that at last, in my sixty-third year, I have attained to know, even thus hastily, confusedly, and imperfectly, what my Bible contains."

p. 118. "Having missed church in the morning (April 26), I went this evening, and afterwards sat with Southwell."]

While I remained in London this spring, I was with him at several other times, both by himself and

in company. I dined with him one day at the Crown and Anchor tavern, in the Strand, with Lord Elibank, Mr. Langton, and Dr. Vansittart of Oxford [1]. Without specifying each particular day, I have preserved the following memorable things.

I regretted the reflection in his preface to Shakspeare against Garrick, to whom we cannot but apply the following passage:—"I collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for more, but have not found the collectors of these rarities very communicative." I told him, that Garrick had complained to me of it, and had vindicated himself by assuring me, that Johnson was made welcome to the full use of his collection, and that he left the key of it with a servant, with orders to have a fire and every convenience for him. I found Johnson's notion was, that Garrick wanted to be courted for them, and that, on the contrary, Garrick should have courted him, and sent him the plays of his own accord. But, indeed, considering the slovenly and careless manner in which books were treated by Johnson, it could not be expected that scarce and valuable editions should have been lent to him.

A gentleman having to some of the usual arguments for drinking added this:—"You know, sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable. Would not you allow a man to drink for that reason?" JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, if he sat next *you*."

[1] [Dr. Robert Vansittart, LL.D., professor of civil law at Oxford, and recorder of Windsor. He was a senior fellow of All Souls, where, after he had given up the profession in London, he chiefly resided in a set of rooms, formerly the old library, which he had fitted up in the Gothic style, and where he died about 1794. He was remarkable for his good-humour and inoffensive wit, and a great favourite on the Oxford circuit. He was tall and very thin; and the bar gave the name of *Counsellor Van* to a sharp-pointed rock on the Wye, which still retains the name. He was the elder brother of Mr. Henry Vansittart, governor of Bengal, father of the present Lord Bexley, to whom the editor is indebted for the above particulars relative to his uncle.—ED.]

I expressed a liking for Mr. Francis Osborne's[1] works, and asked him what he thought of that writer. He answered, "A conceited fellow. Were a man to write so now, the boys would throw stones at him." He, however, did not alter my opinion of a favourite authour, to whom I was first directed by his being quoted in "The Spectator," and in whom I have found much shrewd and lively sense, expressed indeed in a style somewhat quaint, which, however, I do not dislike. His book has an air of originality. We figure to ourselves an ancient gentleman talking to us.

When one of his friends endeavoured to maintain that a country gentleman might contrive to pass his life very agreeably, "Sir," said he, "you cannot give me an instance of any man who is permitted to lay out his own time, contriving not to have tedious hours." This observation, however, is equally applicable to gentlemen who live in cities[2], and are of no profession.

He said, "there is no permanent national character: it varies according to circumstances. Alexander the Great swept India[3]; now the Turks sweep Greece."

A learned gentleman, who, in the course of conversation, wished to inform us of this simple fact, that the counsel upon the circuit at Shrewsbury were much bitten by fleas, took, I suppose, seven or eight minutes in relating it circumstantially. He, in a plenitude of

[1] [Of the family of the Osbornes, of Chicksands, in Bedfordshire. The work by which he is now best known is, his "Historical Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth and King James," written in a very acrimonious spirit. He had attached himself to the Pembroke family; and, like Earl Philip (whom Walpole designates, by the too gentle appellation of *memorable Simpleton*), joined the parliamentarians. He died in 1659.—ED.]

[2] [Not quite: men who live in cities have theatres, clubs, and all the variety of public and private society within reach.—ED.]

[3] [The force of this illustration is not very obvious. India, so far as regards the natives, is perhaps now quite as liable to be *swept* by an invader as it was three thousand years ago. All authorities seem to be agreed that the people of India and China have changed wonderfully little in the lapse of time.—ED.]

phrase told us, that large bales of woollen cloth were lodged in the town-hall; that by reason of this, fleas nestled there in prodigious numbers; that the lodgings of the counsel were near the town-hall; and that those little animals moved from place to place with wonderful agility. Johnson sat in great impatience till the gentleman had finished his tedious narrative, and then burst out (playfully however), "It is a pity, sir, that you have not seen a lion; for a flea has taken you such a time, that a lion must have served you a twelvemonth [1]."

He would not allow Scotland to derive any credit from Lord Mansfield; for he was educated in England. "Much," said he, "may be made of a Scotchman, if he be *caught* young."

Talking of a modern historian [2], and a modern moralist [2], he said, "There is more thought in the moralist than in the historian. There is but a shallow stream of thought in history." BOSWELL. "But surely, sir, an historian has reflection." JOHNSON. "Why yes, sir; and so has a cat when she catches a mouse for her kitten." But she cannot write like [Beattie]; neither can [Robertson]."

He said, "I am very unwilling to read the manuscripts of authours, and give them my opinion. If the authours who apply to me have money, I bid them

[1] Mrs Piozzi, to whom I told this anecdote, has related it as if the gentleman had given "the *natural history* of the *mouse*."—*Anecdotes*, p. 191. [The "learned gentleman" was certainly Dr. Vansittart, as is proved by two passages in the correspondence between Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson, July and August, 1773. She writes to the doctor in Scotland, "*I have seen the man that saw the mouse*," &c. Johnson replies, "Poor V———, &c; he is a good man, and, when his mind is composed, a man of parts." This, with Boswell's reference in the preceding page to Dr. Vansittart, and the mention of the Shrewsbury circuit, which Vansittart went, together with the preceding note, leave no doubt that he was the person alluded to. It also proves that the *inaccuracy* of which Boswell accuses Mrs. Piozzi was (if an inaccuracy at all) sanctioned by Johnson himself; for we see that he at once understood whom she meant by "*the man that saw the mouse*."—ED.]

[2] [This historian and moralist (whose names Mr. Boswell left in blank) are Doctors Robertson and Beattie.—ED.]

boldly print without a name; if they have written in order to get money, I tell them to go to the booksellers and make the best bargain they can." BOSWELL. "But, sir, if a bookseller should bring you a manuscript to look at." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, I would desire the bookseller to take it away."

I mentioned a friend[1] of mine who had resided long in Spain, and was unwilling to return to Britain. JOHNSON. "Sir, he is attached to some woman." BOSWELL. "I rather believe, sir, it is the fine climate which keeps him there." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, how can you talk so? What is *climate* to happiness? Place me in the heart of Asia, should I not be exiled? What proportion does climate bear to the complex system of human life? You may advise me to go to live at Bologna to eat sausages. The sausages there are the best in the world; they lose much by being carried."

On Saturday, 9th May, Mr. Dempster and I had agreed to dine by ourselves at the British coffee-house. Johnson, on whom I happened to call in the morning, said, he would join us, which he did, and we spent a very agreeable day, though I recollect but little of what passed.

He said, "Walpole was a minister given by the king to the people: Pitt was a minister given by the people to the king,—as an adjunct."

"The misfortune of Goldsmith in conversation is this: he goes on without knowing how he is to get off. His genius is great, but his knowledge is small. As they say of a generous man, it is a pity he is not rich, we may say of Goldsmith, it is a pity he is not knowing. He would not keep his knowledge to himself."

[1] [Probably Mr. Boswell's brother, David. See *post*, *sub* 29th April, 1780. —ED.]

Before leaving London this year, I consulted him upon a question purely of Scotch law. It was held of old, and continued for a long period, to be an established principle in that law, that whoever intermeddled with the effects of a person deceased, without the interposition of legal authority to guard against embezzlement, should be subjected to pay all the debts of the deceased, as having been guilty of what was technically called *vicious intromission*. The court of session had gradually relaxed the strictness of this principle, where the interference proved had been inconsiderable. In a case[1] which came before that court the preceding winter, I had laboured to persuade the judge to return to the ancient law. It was my own sincere opinion, that they ought to adhere to it; but I had exhausted all my powers of reasoning in vain. Johnson thought as I did; and in order to assist me in my application to the court for a revision and alteration of the judgment, he dictated to me an argument [which will be found in the Appendix]. ED.

The reader will see with what comprehension of mind, and clearness of penetration, he treated a subject altogether new to him, without any other preparation than my having stated to him the arguments which had been used on each side of the question. His intellectual powers appeared with peculiar lustre, when tried against those of a writer of such fame as Lord Kames, and that too in his lordship's own department.

This masterly argument, after being prefaced and concluded with some sentences of my own, and garnished with the usual formularies, was actually printed and laid before the lords of session, but without success. My respected friend Lord Hailes, how-

[1] Wilson against Smith and Armour.—BOSWELL.

ever, one of that honourable body, had critical sagacity enough to discover a more than ordinary hand in the *petition*. I told him Dr. Johnson had favoured me with his pen. His lordship, with wonderful *acumen*, pointed out exactly where his composition began, and where it ended. But that I may do impartial justice, and conform to the great rule of courts, *Suum cuique tribuito*, I must add, that their lordships in general, though they were pleased to call this "a well-drawn paper," preferred the former very inferior petition, which I had written; thus confirming the truth of an observation made to me by one of their number, in a merry mood: "My dear sir, give yourself no trouble in the composition of the papers you present to us; for, indeed, it is casting pearls before swine[1]."

I renewed my solicitations that Dr. Johnson would this year accomplish his long-intended visit to Scotland.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"13th Aug. 1772.

"DEAR SIR,—The regret has not been little with which I have missed a journey so pregnant with pleasing expectations, as that in which I could promise myself not only the gratification of curiosity, both rational and fanciful, but the delight of seeing those whom I love and esteem. * * * * * * * But such has been the course of things, that I could not come; and such has been, I am afraid, the state of my body, that it would not well have seconded my inclination. My body, I think, grows better, and I refer my hopes to another year; for I am very sincere in my design to pay the visit, and take the ramble. In the mean time, do not omit any opportunity of keeping up a favourable opinion of me in the minds of any of my friends. Beattie's book[2] is, I believe, every day more liked; at least, I like it more, as I look more upon it.

[1] [The *expression* was coarse, but the *meaning* was correct: the *facts* and the *law* only ought to be considered by the judge—the verbal decorations of style should be of no weight. It is probable that the judge who made use of this homely phrase was bantering Boswell on some pleading in which there was perhaps more ornament than substance.—ED.]

[2] ["Essay on Truth," of which a third edition was published in 1772.—ED.]

"I am glad if you got credit by your cause, and am yet of opinion, that our cause was good, and that the determination ought to have been in your favour. Poor Hastie, [the schoolmaster], I think, had but his deserts.

"You promised to get me a little Pindar, you may add to it a little Anacreon.

"The leisure which I cannot enjoy, it will be a pleasure to hear that you employ upon the antiquities of the feudal establishment. The whole system of ancient tenures is gradually passing away; and I wish to have the knowledge of it preserved adequate and complete. For such an institution makes a very important part of the history of mankind. Do not forget a design so worthy of a scholar who studies the law of his country, and of a gentleman who may naturally be curious to know the condition of his own ancestors.—I am, dear sir, yours with great affection, "SAM. JOHNSON."

[He this autumn visited Lichfield and Ashbourne, where it appears from his letters to Mrs. Thrale that he was considerably indisposed.] ED.

["TO MRS. THRALE.

"[Lichfield,] 19th Oct. 1772. Letters, vol. i. p. 55.

"I set out on Thursday night at nine, and arrived at Lichfield on Friday night at eleven, no otherwise incommoded than with want of sleep, which, however, I enjoyed very comfortably the first night. I think a stage coach is not the worst bed."

"Ashbourne, 4th Nov. 1772. p. 62.

"Since I came to Ashbourne I have been out of order. I was well at Lichfield. You know sickness will drive me to you; so perhaps you very heartily wish me better: but you know likewise that health will not hold me away."

"[Ashbourne,] 23d Nov. 1772. p. 68.

"I cannot yet get well; my nights are flatulent and unquiet, but my days are tolerably easy, and Taylor says that I look much better than when I came hither. You will see when I come, and I can take your word."

"[Ashbourne,] 27th Nov. 1772.

"If you are so kind as to write to me on Saturday, the day on which you will receive this, I shall have it before I leave Ashbourne. I am to go to Lichfield on Wednesday, and purpose to find my way to London through Birmingham and Oxford.

Letters, vol. i. p. 68.

"I was yesterday at Chatsworth. It is a very fine house. I wish you had been with me to see it; for then, as we are apt to want matter of talk, we should have gained something new to talk on. They complimented me with playing the fountain, and opening the cascade. But I am of my friend's opinion, that when one has seen the ocean, cascades are but little things."]

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, 25th Dec. 1772.

"MY DEAR SIR,— * * * * * * *

"I was much disappointed that you did not come to Scotland last autumn. However, I must own that your letter prevents me from complaining; not only because I am sensible that the state of your health was but too good an excuse, but because you write in a strain which shows that you have agreeable views of the scheme which we have so long proposed.

* * * * * * * * *

"I communicated to Beattie what you said of his book in your last letter to me. He writes to me thus: 'You judge very rightly in supposing that Dr. Johnson's favourable opinion of my book must give me great delight. Indeed it is impossible for me to say how much I am gratified by it; for there is not a man upon earth whose good opinion I would be more ambitious to cultivate. His talents and his virtues I reverence more than any words can express. The extraordinary civilities (the paternal attentions I should rather say), and the many instructions I have had the honour to receive from him, will to me be a perpetual source of pleasure in the recollection,

"'"Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.'

"'I had still some thoughts, while the summer lasted, of being obliged to go to London on some little business; otherwise I should certainly have troubled him with a letter several months ago, and given some vent to my gratitude and admiration. This I intend to do as soon as I am left a little at leisure. Mean time, if you have occasion to write to him, I beg you will offer him my most respectful compliments, and assure him of the sincerity of my attachment and the warmth of my gratitude,' * * * * * I am, &c. "JAMES BOSWELL."

In 1773, his only publication was an edition of his folio Dictionary, with additions and corrections; nor did he, so far as is known, furnish any productions of his fertile pen to any of his numerous friends or

dependants, except the Preface*[1] to his old amanuensis Macbean's "Dictionary of ancient Geography." His Shakspeare, indeed, which had been received with high approbation by the publick, and gone through several editions, was this year republished by George Steevens, Esq. a gentleman not only deeply skilled in ancient learning, and of very extensive reading in English literature, especially the early writers, but at the same time of acute discernment and elegant taste. It is almost unnecessary to say, that by his great and valuable additions to Dr. Johnson's work, he justly obtained considerable reputation:

"Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet."

[He began this year with a fit of the gout. ED.

"TO MRS. THRALE. Letters, vol. i. p. 71.

"Tuesday, 26th Jan. 1773.

"Last night was very tedious, and this day makes no promises of much ease. However, I have this day put on my shoe, and hope that gout is gone. I shall have only the cough to contend with, and I doubt whether I shall get rid of that without change of place. I caught cold in the coach as I went away, and am disordered by very little things. Is it accident or age?"

"19th Feb. 1773.

"I think I am better, but cannot say much more than that I think so. I was yesterday with Miss Lucy Southwell and Mrs. Williams, at Mr. Southwell's[2]. Miss Frances Southwell is not well.

"I have an invitation to dine at Sir Joshua Reynolds's on Tuesday. May I accept it?"]

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, 22d Feb. 1773.

"DEAR SIR,—I have read your kind letter much more than

[1] He, however, wrote, or partly wrote, an epitaph [see *ante*, p. 133] on Mrs. Bell, wife of his friend John Bell, Esq. brother of the Rev. Dr. Bell, Prebendary of Westminster, which is printed in his works. It is in English prose, and has so little of his manner, that I did not believe he had any hand in it, till I was satisfied of the fact by the authority of Mr. Bell.—BOSWELL.

[2] [Dr. Johnson's early friend, Mr. Edmond Southwell, third son of the first Lord Southwell, born in 1705, had died in the preceding November, aged 67: the Mr. Southwell, here mentioned, was probably Thomas Arthur, afterwards the fourth lord and second viscount (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 353). The two ladies mentioned were probably daughters of the first lord: Frances born in 1708, and Lucy born in 1710.—ED.]

the elegant Pindar which it accompanied. I am always glad to find myself not forgotten; and to be forgotten by you would give me great uneasiness. My northern friends have never been unkind to me; I have from you, dear sir, testimonies of affection, which I have not often been able to excite; and Dr. Beattie rates the testimony which I was desirous of paying to his merit much higher than I should have thought it reasonable to expect.

"I have heard of your masquerade [1]. What says your synod to such innovations? I am not studiously scrupulous, nor do I think a masquerade either evil in itself, or very likely to be the occasion of evil; yet as the world thinks it a very licentious relaxation of manners, I would not have been one of the *first* masquers, in a country where no masquerade had ever been before [2].

"A new edition of my great Dictionary is printed, from a copy which I was persuaded to revise; but having made no preparation, I was able to do very little. Some superfluities I have expunged, and some faults I have corrected, and here and there have scattered a remark; but the main fabrick of the work remains as it was. I have looked very little into it since I wrote it, and, I think, I found it full as often better, as worse, than I expected.

"Baretti and Davies have had a furious quarrel; a quarrel, I think, irreconcileable. Dr. Goldsmith has a new comedy, which is expected in the spring. No name is yet given it. The chief diversion arises from a stratagem by which a lover is made to mistake his future father-in-law's house for an inn. This, you see, borders upon farce. The dialogue is quick and gay, and the incidents are so prepared as not to seem improbable.

"I am sorry that you lost your cause of intromission, because I yet think the arguments on your side unanswerable. But you seem, I think, to say that you gained reputation even by your defeat; and reputation you will daily gain, if you keep Lord Auchinleck's precept in your mind, and endeavour to consolidate in your mind a firm and regular system of law, instead of picking up occasional fragments.

[1] Given by a lady at Edinburgh.—BOSWELL.

[2] There had been masquerades in Scotland; but not for a very long time.—BOSWELL. [This masquerade was given on the 1st January, by the Dowager Countess of Fife; Johnson had no doubt seen an account of it in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, where it is said to have been the only masquerade ever seen in Scotland. Mr. Boswell himself appeared in the character of a *Dumb Conjuror*.—ED.]

"My health seems in general to improve; but I have been troubled for many weeks with vexatious catarrh, which is sometimes sufficiently distressful. I have not found any great effects from bleeding and physick; and am afraid that I must expect help from brighter days and softer air.

"Write to me now and then; and whenever any good befalls you, make haste to let me know it, for no one will rejoice at it more than, dear sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"You continue to stand very high in the favour of Mrs. Thrale."

While a former edition of my work was passing through the press, I was unexpectedly favoured with a packet from Philadelphia, from Mr. James Abercrombie, a gentleman of that country, who is pleased to honour me with very high praise of my "Life of Dr. Johnson." To have the fame of my illustrious friend, and his faithful biographer, echoed from the New World is extremely flattering; and my grateful acknowledgments shall be wafted across the Atlantick. Mr. Abercrombie has politely conferred on me a considerable additional obligation, by transmitting to me copies of two letters from Dr. Johnson to American gentlemen. "Gladly, sir (says he), would I have sent you the originals: but being the only relicks of the kind in America, they are considered by the possessors of such inestimable value, that no possible consideration would induce them to part with them. In some future publication of yours relative to that great and good man, they may perhaps be thought worthy of insertion."

"DR. JOHNSON TO MR. B——D[1].

"Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, 4th March, 1773.

"SIR,—That in the hurry of a sudden departure you should yet find leisure to consult my convenience, is a degree of kind-

[1] This gentleman, who now resides in America in a publick character of a considerable dignity, desired that his name might not be transcribed at full length. —BOSWELL. [Probably a Mr. Bland, whose "*Enquiry into the Rights of the British Colonies*" was republished in London, in 1770.—ED.]

ness, and an instance of regard, not only beyond my claims, but above my expectation. You are not mistaken in supposing that I set a high value on my American friends, and that you should confer a very valuable favour upon me by giving me an opportunity of keeping myself in their memory.

"I have taken the liberty of troubling you with a packet, to which I wish a safe and speedy conveyance, because I wish a safe and speedy voyage to him that conveys it. I am, sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO THE REVEREND MR. WHITE[1].

"Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, 4th March, 1773.

"DEAR SIR,—Your kindness for your friends accompanies you across the Atlantick. It was long since observed by Horace, that no ship could leave care behind: you have been attended in your voyage by other powers,—by benevolence and constancy: and I hope care did not often show her face in their company.

"I received the copy of Rasselas. The impression is not magnificent, but it flatters an authour, because the printer seems to have expected that it would be scattered among the people. The little book has been well received, and is translated into Italian, French, German, and Dutch. It has now one honour more by an American edition.

"I know not that much has happened since your departure that can engage your curiosity. Of all publick transactions the whole world is now informed by the newspapers. Opposition seems to despond; and the dissenters, though they have taken advantage of unsettled times, and a government much enfeebled, seem not likely to gain any immunities.

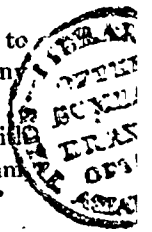
"Dr. Goldsmith has a new comedy[2] in rehearsal at Covent Garden, to which the manager predicts ill success. I hope he will be mistaken. I think it deserves a very kind reception.

"I shall soon publish a new edition of my large Dictionary; I have been persuaded to revise it, and have mended some faults, but added little to its usefulness.

"No book has been published since your departure, of which much notice is taken. Faction only fills the town with pamphlets, and greater subjects are forgotten in the noise of discord.

[1] Now Doctor White, and bishop of the episcopal church in Pennsylvania. During his first visit to England in 1771, as a candidate for holy orders, he was several times in company with Dr. Johnson, who expressed a wish to see the edition of Rasselas, which Dr. White told him had been printed in America. Dr. White, on his return, immediately sent him a copy.—BOSWELL.

[2] [She Stoops to Conquer.—ED.]



"Thus have I written, only to tell you how little I have to tell. Of myself I can only add, that having been afflicted many weeks with a very troublesome cough, I am now recovered.

"I take the liberty which you give me of troubling you with a letter, of which you will please to fill up the direction. I am, sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

["TO MRS. THRALE. Letters, vol. i. p. 80.

"25th March, 1773.

"Did not I tell you that I had written to Boswell? he has answered my letter [1].

"I am going this evening to put young Otway to school with Mr. Elphinston.

"C——— [2] is so distressed with abuse about his play, that he has solicited Goldsmith to *take him off the rack of the newspapers.*

"M——— [3] is preparing a whole pamphlet against G——— [3], and G—— is, I suppose, collecting materials to confute M——.

"Jennens [4] has published Hamlet, but without a preface, and S——— [5] declares his intention of letting him pass the rest of his life in peace. Here is news."

On Saturday, April 3, the day after my arrival in London this year, I went to his house late in the evening, and sat with Mrs. Williams till he came home. I found in the London Chronicle, Dr. Goldsmith's apology to the publick for beating Evans, a bookseller, on account of a paragraph [6] in a newspaper published by him, which Goldsmith thought impertinent to him and to a lady of his acquaintance. The apology was written so much in Dr. Johnson's manner, that both Mrs. Williams and I supposed it to be his; but when he came home, he soon unde-

[1] [But has not published his answer.—ED.]

[2] [Richard Cumberland. The play in question was the Choleric Man, which he afterwards published with a "Dedication to Detraction." He was very sensitive to such attacks, as Sheridan more than hints in the character of Sir Fretful Plagiary, which was intended for him.—ED.]

[3] These initials, no doubt, mean Mickle and Garrick, (see Garrick's letter to Boswell, *post*, *sub* 23d Oct. 1773): the quarrel was on the subject of the "Siege of Marseilles." See Mickle's Life in *Anderson's British Poets*.—ED.]

[4] [Soame Jenyns.—ED.]

[5] [George Steevens.—ED.]

[6] The offence given was a long abusive letter in the London Packet. A particular account of this transaction, and Goldsmith's Vindication (for such it was, rather than an Apology), may be found in the new Life of that poet, prefixed to his Miscellaneous Works, in 4 vols. 8vo. pp. 105—108.—MALONE.

ceived us. When he said to Mrs. Williams, "Well, Dr. Goldsmith's *manifesto* has got into your paper;" I asked him if Dr. Goldsmith had written it, with an air that made him see I suspected it was his, though subscribed by Goldsmith. JOHNSON. "Sir, Dr. Goldsmith would no more have asked me to write such a thing as that for him, than he would have asked me to feed him with a spoon, or to do any thing else that denoted his imbecility. I as much believe that he wrote it, as if I had seen him do it. Sir, had he shown it to any one friend, he would not have been allowed to publish it. He has, indeed, done it very well; but it is a foolish thing well done. I suppose he has been so much elated with the success of his new comedy, that he has thought every thing that concerned him must be of importance to the publick." BOSWELL. "I fancy, sir, this is the first time that he has been engaged in such an adventure." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, I believe it is the first time he has *beat*[1]; he may have *been beaten* before. This, sir, is a new plume to him."

I mentioned Sir John Dalrymple's "Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland," and his discoveries to the prejudice of Lord Russell and Algernon Sydney. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, every body who had just notions of government thought them rascals before. It is well that all mankind now see them to be rascals." BOSWELL. "But, sir, may not those discoveries be true without their being rascals?" JOHNSON. "Consider, sir, would any of them have been willing to have had it known that they intrigued with France? Depend upon it, sir, he who does what he is afraid should be known, has something rotten about him.

[1] [Mr. Chalmers, in the article *Goldsmith*, in the *Biog. Dict.*, states, on the authority of Evans, that *he* had beaten Goldsmith, and not Goldsmith him; but surely, in such a case, the authority of Evans would be suspicious, even if it were not opposed to the whole current of cotemporary evidence.—ED.]

This Dalrymple seems to be an honest fellow; for he tells equally what makes against both sides. But nothing can be poorer than his mode of writing, it is the mere bouncing of a schoolboy: Great He[1]! but greater She! and such stuff."

I could not agree with him in this criticism; for though Sir John Dalrymple's style is not regularly formed in any respect, and one cannot help smiling sometimes at his affected *grandiloquence*, there is in his writing a pointed vivacity, and much of a gentlemanly spirit.

At Mr. Thrale's, in the evening, he repeated his usual paradoxical declamation against action in publick speaking. "Action can have no effect upon reasonable minds. It may augment noise, but it never can enforce argument. If you speak to a dog, you use action; you hold up your hand thus, because he is a brute; and in proportion as men are removed from brutes, action will have the less influence upon them." MRS. THRALE. "What then, sir, becomes of Demosthenes's saying? 'Action, action, action!'" JOHNSON. "Demosthenes, madam, spoke to an assembly of brutes; to a barbarous people."

I thought it extraordinary, that he should deny the power of rhetorical action upon human nature, when it is proved by innumerable facts in all stages of society. Reasonable beings are not solely reasonable. They have fancies which may be pleased, passions which may be roused.

Lord Chesterfield being mentioned, Johnson remarked, that almost all of that celebrated nobleman's witty sayings were puns. He, however, allowed the merit of good wit to his lordship's saying of Lord Tyrawley and himself, when both very old and in-

[1] A bombastic ode of Oldham's on Ben Jonson begins thus: "GREAT THOU!" which perhaps his namesake remembered.—MALONE.

firm: "Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years; but we don't choose to have it known."

He talked with approbation of an intended edition of "The Spectator," with notes; two volumes of which had been prepared by a gentleman eminent in the literary world[1], and the materials which he had collected for the remainder had been transferred to another hand. He observed, that all works which describe manners, require notes in sixty or seventy years, or less; and told us, he had communicated all he knew that could throw light upon "The Spectator." He said, "Addison had made his Sir Andrew Freeport a true whig, arguing against giving charity to beggars, and throwing out other such ungracious sentiments[2]; but that he had thought better, and made amends by making him found an hospital for decayed farmers." He called for the volume of "The Spectator," in which that account is contained, and read it aloud to us. He read so well, that every thing acquired additional weight and grace from his utterance.

The conversation having turned on modern imitations of ancient ballads, and some one having praised their simplicity, he treated them with that ridicule which he always displayed when that subject was mentioned.

He disapproved of introducing scripture phrases into secular discourse. This seemed to me a question of some difficulty. A scripture expression may be used, like a highly classical phrase, to produce an instantaneous strong impression; and it may be done without being at all improper. Yet I own there is

[1] [Mr. Chalmers (who, himself, has ably performed this task) informs me, that the first of these gentlemen was Dr. Percy, and the second Dr. John Calder, of whom some account will be found, *Gent. Mag.* v. 85. p. 564.—ED.]

[2] [It probably was this conversation which made Mrs. Piozzi think, that he had used these expressions in his "Life of Addison." See *ante*, vol. i. p. 366. —ED.]

danger, that applying the language of our sacred book to ordinary subjects may tend to lessen our reverence for it. If therefore it be introduced at all, it should be with very great caution.

On Thursday, April 8, I sat a good part of the evening with him, but he was very silent. He said, "Burnet's 'History of his own Times' is very entertaining. The style, indeed, is mere chit-chat. I do not believe that Burnet intentionally lied; but he was so much prejudiced, that he took no pains to find out the truth. He was like a man who resolves to regulate his time by a certain watch; but will not inquire whether the watch is right or not."

Though he was not disposed to talk, he was unwilling that I should leave him; and when I looked at my watch, and told him it was twelve o'clock, he cried, "What's that to you and me?" and ordered Frank to tell Mrs. Williams that we were coming to drink tea with her, which we did. It was settled that we should go to church together next day.

On the 9th of April, being Good-Friday, I breakfasted with him on tea and cross-buns: *Doctor* Levett, as Frank called him, making the tea. He carried me with him to the church of St. Clement Danes, where he had his seat; and his behaviour was, as I had imaged to myself, solemnly devout. I never shall forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the Litany: "In the hour of death, and at the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us."

We went to church both in the morning and evening. In the interval between the two services we did not dine: but he read in the Greek New Testament, and I turned over several of his books.

In Archbishop Laud's Diary, I found the following passage, which I read to Dr. Johnson:

"1623. February 1, Sunday. I stood by the most illustrious Prince Charles[1], at dinner. He was then very merry, and talked occasionally of many things with his attendants. Among other things, he said, that if he were necessitated to take any particular profession of life, he could not be a lawyer, adding his reasons: 'I cannot,' saith he, 'defend a bad, nor yield in a good cause.'" JOHNSON. "Sir, this is false reasoning; because every cause has a bad side: and a lawyer is not overcome, though the cause which he has endeavoured to support be determined against him."

I told him that Goldsmith had said to me a few days before, "As I take my shoes from the shoemaker, and my coat from the tailor, so I take my religion from the priest." I regretted this loose way of talking. JOHNSON, "Sir, he knows nothing; he has made up his mind about nothing."

To my great surprise he asked me to dine with him on Easter-Day. I never supposed that he had a dinner at his house: for I had not then heard of any one of his friends having been entertained at his table. He told me, "I have generally a meat pie on Sunday: it is baked at a public oven, which is very properly allowed, because one man can attend it; and thus the advantage is obtained of not keeping servants from church to dress dinners."

April 11, being Easter-Sunday, after having attended divine service at St. Paul's, I repaired to Dr. Johnson's. I had gratified my curiosity much in dining with JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU, while he lived in the wilds of Neufchatel: I had as great a curiosity to dine with DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, in the dusky recess of a court in Fleet-street. I supposed we should scarcely have knives and forks, and only some

[1] Afterwards Charles I.—BOSWELL.

strange, uncouth, ill-drest dish: but I found every thing in very good order. We had no other company but Mrs. Williams and a young woman whom I did not know. As a dinner here was considered as a singular phenomenon, and as I was frequently interrogated on the subject, my readers may perhaps be desirous to know our bill of fare. Foote, I remember, in allusion to Francis, the *negro*, was willing to suppose that our repast was *black broth*. But the fact was, that we had a very good soup, a boiled leg of lamb and spinach, a veal pie[1], and a rice pudding.

Of Dr. John Campbell, the authour, he said, "He is a very inquisitive and a very able man, and a man of good religious principles, though I am afraid he has been deficient in practice. Campbell is radically right; and we may hope, that in time there will be good practice[2]."

He owned that he thought Hawkesworth was one of his imitators, but he did not think Goldsmith[3] was. Goldsmith, he said, had great merit. BOSWELL. "But, sir, he is much indebted to you for his getting so high in the publick estimation." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, he has perhaps got *sooner* to it by his intimacy with me."

Goldsmith, though his vanity often excited him to occasional competition, had a very high regard for Johnson, which he had at this time expressed in the strongest manner in the Dedication of his comedy, entitled "She Stoops to Conquer[4]."

[1] [Mr. Boswell does not say whether the pie had the extraordinary addition of "plums and sugar," which, Mrs. Piozzi tells us were ingredients in Dr. Johnson's veal pies. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 482.—ED.]

[2] [This praise of Dr. Campbell's piety is so moderate as to excite a doubt whether he was the person meant in p. 116: perhaps the words "*regularity*" and "*exactness*" in that passage are not to be taken in a sense exclusively religious.—ED.

[3] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 429.—ED.]

[4] "By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the publick, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety."—BOSWELL.

Johnson observed, that there were very few books printed in Scotland before the union. He had seen a complete collection of them in the possession of the Hon. Archibald Campbell, a nonjuring bishop[1]. I wish this collection had been kept entire. Many of them are in the library of the faculty of advocates at Edinburgh. I told Dr. Johnson that I had some intention to write the life of the learned and worthy Thomas Ruddiman[2]. He said, "I should take pleasure in helping you to do honour to him. But his farewell letter to the faculty of advocates, when he resigned the office of their librarian, should have been in Latin."

I put a question to him upon a fact in common life, which he could not answer, nor have I found any one else who could. What is the reason that women servants, though obliged to be at the expense of purchasing their own clothes, have much lower wages than men servants, to whom a great proportion of that article is furnished, and when in fact our female house servants work much harder than the male[3]?

He told me that he had twelve or fourteen times attempted to keep a journal of his life, but never could persevere. He advised me to do it. "The great thing to be recorded," said he, "is the state of your own mind; and you should write down every thing that you remember, for you cannot judge at first what is good or bad; and write immediately while the impression is fresh, for it will not be the same a week afterwards."

I again solicited him to communicate to me the particulars of his early life. He said, "You shall

[1] See an account of this learned and respectable gentleman, and of his curious work on the *Middle State*, *post*, 25th Oct. 1773.—BOSWELL.

[2] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 187.—ED.]

[3] There is a greater variety of employments for men than for women: therefore the demand raises the price.—KEARNEY.

have them all for twopence. I hope you shall know a great deal more of me before you write my life." He mentioned to me this day many circumstances, which I wrote down when I went home, and have interwoven in the former part of this narrative.

[The following is his own minute, but not uninteresting memorandum of this day:

"April 11, 1773. I had more disturbance in the night than has been customary for some weeks past. I rose before nine in the morning, and prayed and drank tea. I came, I think, to church in the beginning of the prayers. I did not distinctly hear the Psalms, and found that I had been reading the Psalms for Good Friday. I went through the Litany, after a short disturbance, with tolerable attention. Prayers & Med. p. 125, 126.

"After sermon, I perused my prayer in the pew, then went nearer the altar, and being introduced into another pew, used my prayer again, and recommended my relations, with Bathurst and [Miss] Boothby, then my wife again by herself. Then I went nearer the altar, and read the collects chosen for meditation. I prayed for Salisbury [1], and, I think, the Thrales. I then communicated with calmness, used the collect for Easter Day, and returning to the first pew, prayed my prayer the third time. I came home again; used my prayer and the Easter Collect. Then went into the study to Boswell, and read the Greek Testament. Then dined, and when Boswell went away, ended the four first chapters of St. Matthew, and the Beatitudes of the fifth.

"I then went to Evening Prayers, and was composed.

"I gave the pew-keepers each five shillings and threepence."]

On Tuesday, April 13, he and Dr. Goldsmith and I dined at General Oglethorpe's. Goldsmith expatiated on the common topick, that the race of our people was degenerated, and that this was owing to luxury. JOHNSON. "Sir, in the first place, I doubt the fact [2]. I believe there are as many tall men in

[1] [Mrs. Salisbury, Mrs. Thrale's mother, then languishing with an illness, of which she died in a few weeks.—ED.]

[2] [There seems no reason whatever to believe the fact: old coffins and old armour do not designate a taller race of men. Pope tells us, that Colley Cibber obtained King Edward's armour from the Tower, and wore it in a

England now, as ever there were. But, secondly, supposing the stature of our people to be diminished, that is not owing to luxury; for, sir, consider to how very small a proportion of our people luxury can reach. Our soldiery, surely, are not luxurious, who live on sixpence a day; and the same remark will apply to almost all the other classes. Luxury, so far as it reaches the poor, will do good to the race of people; it will strengthen and multiply them. Sir, no nation was ever hurt by luxury; for, as I said before, it can reach but to a very few. I admit that the great increase of commerce and manufactures hurts the military spirit of a people; because it produces a competition for something else than martial honours—a competition for riches. It also hurts the bodies of the people; for you will observe, there is no man who works at any particular trade, but you may know him from his appearance to do so. One part or the other of his body being more used than the rest, he is in some degree deformed: but, sir, that is not luxury. A tailor sits cross-legged; but that is not luxury." GOLDSMITH. "Come, you're just going to the same place by another road." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, I say that is not *luxury*. Let us take a walk from Charing-cross to Whitechapel, through, I suppose, the greatest series of shops in the world: what is there in any of these shops (if you except gin shops) that can do any human being any harm?" GOLDSMITH. "Well, sir, I'll accept your challenge. The very next shop to Northumberland-house is a pickle shop." JOHNSON. "Well, sir: do we not know that a maid can in one afternoon make

theatrical procession. The doors, windows, and ceilings of old houses are not loftier than those of modern days. *Other* animals, too, cannot have degenerated in size by the *luxury of man*; and they seem, by all evidence, to have borne in old times the same proportion to the human figure that they now bear. —ED.]

pickles sufficient to serve a whole family for a year? nay, that five pickle shops can serve all the kingdom? Besides, sir, there is no harm done to any body by the making of pickles, or the eating of pickles."

We drank tea with the ladies; and Goldsmith sung Toney Lumpkin's song in his comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," and a very pretty one, to an Irish tune [1], which he had designed for Miss Hardcastle; but as Mrs. Bulkeley, who played the part, could not sing, it was left out. He afterwards wrote it down for me, by which means it was preserved, and now appears amongst his poems. Dr. Johnson, in his way home, stopped at my lodgings in Piccadilly, and sat with me, drinking tea a second time, till a late hour.

I told him that Mrs. Macaulay said, she wondered how he could reconcile his political principles with his moral: his notions of inequality and subordination with wishing well to the happiness of all mankind, who might live so agreeably, had they all their portions of land, and none to domineer over another. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, I reconcile my principles very well, because mankind are happier in a state of inequality and subordination. Were they to be in this pretty state of equality, they would soon degenerate into brutes; they would become Monboddo's nation; their tails would grow. Sir, all would be losers, were all to work for all: they would have no intellectual improvement. All intellectual improvement arises from leisure; all leisure arises from one working for another."

Talking of the family of Stuart, he said, "It should seem that the family at present on the throne has

[1] The humours of Ballamagairy.—BOSWELL. [This air was not long since revived and vulgarized in a song sung by the late Mr. Johnstone, in a farce called "The Wags of Windsor." Mr. Moore has endeavoured to bring it back into good company; it is to be found in the ninth number of his Irish Melodies, p. 48.—ED.]

now established as good a right as the former family, by the long consent of the people; and that to disturb this right might be considered as culpable. At the same time I own, that it is a very difficult question, when considered with respect to the house of Stuart. To oblige people to take oaths as to the disputed right is wrong. I know not whether I could take them: but I do not blame those who do." So conscientious and so delicate was he upon this subject, which has occasioned so much clamour against him.

Talking of law cases, he said, "The English reports, in general, are very poor: only the half of what has been said is taken down; and of that half, much is mistaken. Whereas, in Scotland, the arguments on each side are deliberately put in writing, to be considered by the court. I think a collection of your cases upon subjects of importance, with the opinions of the judges upon them, would be valuable."

On Thursday, April 15, I dined with him and Dr. Goldsmith at General Paoli's. We found here Signor Martinelli[1], of Florence, authour of a History of England in Italian, printed at London.

I spoke of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," in the Scottish dialect, as the best pastoral that had ever been written; not only abounding with beautiful rural imagery, and just and pleasing sentiments, but being

[1] [Vincenzio Martinelli. He was an Italian, living chiefly among our nobility, many of whom he instructed in his native idiom. He is the author of several works in Italian. His History of England, in two quarto volumes, is a mere compilation from Rapin. Two volumes of moral philosophy on *La Vita Civile*, &c. An octavo volume of his "Lettere Familiare" is rather amusing, for the complacency of the writer respecting his own importance, and the narratives of his visits to various noblemen, whose names spangle his pages. Having prefixed his portrait to his works, Badini, another Italian scribbler, well known in his day, mortified at the success of his more fashionable rival, published a quarto pamphlet, entitled, I think, "La Bilancia." He also presented the portrait of Martinelli to the world, in a manner then perhaps novel. In a pair of scales, the head of Martinelli, weighed against a single feather, flies into the air. Martinelli disdained to reply to the scurrilities of his desperate compatriot, and to designate his low rank, and with an allusion to the well known grievance of the Lazzaroni of Naples, causticly observed, that he left his assailant to be tormented by another race of critics—*Lo lascio a i suoi pidochi.*—D'ISRAELI.]

a real picture of manners; and I offered to teach Dr. Johnson to understand it. "No, sir," said he, "I won't learn it. You shall retain your superiority by my not knowing it."

This brought on a question whether one man is lessened by another's acquiring an equal degree of knowledge with him. Johnson asserted the affirmative. I maintained that the position might be true in those kinds of knowledge which produce wisdom, power, and force, so as to enable one man to have the government of others; but that a man is not in any degree lessened by others knowing as well as he what ends in mere pleasure:—"eating fine fruits, drinking delicious wines, reading exquisite poetry."

The general observed, that Martinelli was a whig. JOHNSON. "I am sorry for it. It shows the spirit of the times; he is obliged to temporise." BOSWELL. "I rather think, sir, that toryism prevails in this reign." JOHNSON. "I know not why you should think so, sir. You see your friend Lord Lyttelton, a nobleman, is obliged in his history to write the most vulgar whiggism."

An animated debate took place whether Martinelli should continue his "History of England" to the present day. GOLDSMITH. "To be sure he should." JOHNSON. "No, sir; he would give great offence. He would have to tell of almost all the living great what they do not wish told." GOLDSMITH. "It may, perhaps, be necessary for a native to be more cautious; but a foreigner who comes among us without prejudice may be considered as holding the place of a judge, and may speak his mind freely." JOHNSON. "Sir, a foreigner, when he sends a work from the press, ought to be on his guard against catching the errour and mistaken enthusiasm of the people among whom he happens to be." GOLDSMITH.

"Sir, he wants only to sell his history, and to tell truth; one an honest, the other a laudable motive." JOHNSON. "Sir, they are both laudable motives. It is laudable in a man to wish to live by his labours; but he should write so as he may *live* by them, not so as he may be knocked on the head. I would advise him to be at Calais before he publishes his history of the present age. A foreigner who attaches himself to a political party in this country, is in the worst state that can be imagined: he is looked upon as a mere intermeddler. A native may do it from interest." BOSWELL. "Or principle." GOLDSMITH. "There are people who tell a hundred political lies every day, and are not hurt by it. Surely, then, one may tell truth with safety." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, in the first place, he who tells a hundred lies has disarmed the force of his lies. But besides; a man had rather have a hundred lies told of him, than one truth which he does not wish should be told." GOLDSMITH. "For my part, I'd tell truth, and shame the devil." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; but the devil will be angry. I wish to shame the devil as much as you do, but I should choose to be out of the reach of his claws." GOLDSMITH. "His claws can do you no harm, when you have the shield of truth."

It having been observed that there was little hospitality in London: JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, any man who has a name, or who has the power of pleasing, will be very generally invited in London. The man, Sterne, I have been told, has had engagements for three months." GOLDSMITH. "And a very dull fellow." JOHNSON. "Why, no, sir[1]."

[1] [Sterne, as may be supposed, was no great favourite with Dr. Johnson; and a lady once ventured to ask him how he liked Yorick's sermons: "I know nothing about them, madam," was his reply. But some time afterwards, forgetting himself, he severely censured them, and the lady very aptly retorted, "I understood you to say, sir, that you had never read them." "No, madam, I did read them, but it was in a stage-coach. I should never have deigned even to look at them had I been *at large*."—*Crad. Mem.* 208.—ED.]

Martinelli told us, that for several years he lived much with Charles Townshend, and that he ventured to tell him he was a bad joker. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, thus much I can say upon the subject. One day he and a few more agreed to go and dine in the country, and each of them was to bring a friend in his carriage with him. Charles Townshend asked Fitzherbert to go with him, but told him, 'You must find somebody to bring you back; I can only carry you there.' Fitzherbert did not much like this arrangement. He, however, consented, observing sarcastically, 'It will do very well; for then the same jokes will serve you in returning as in going.'"

An eminent public character[1] being mentioned:— JOHNSON. "I remember being present when he showed himself to be so corrupted, or at least something so different from what I think right, as to maintain that a member of parliament should go along with his party right or wrong. Now, sir, this is so remote from native virtue, from scholastick virtue, that a good man must have undergone a great change before he can reconcile himself to such a doctrine. It is maintaining that you may lie to the public; for you lie when you call that right which you think

[1] [The Editor once thought pretty confidently, that the "*eminent public character*" was Mr. Fox, and the friend of Johnson's, who had become too much the "*echo*" of the former, Mr. Burke; but Lord Wellesley and Sir James Mackintosh, who have been so kind as to favour the Editor with their advice on this and other points, think that Mr. Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds were meant, doubting whether Mr. Fox was, in 1773, sufficiently prominent to be designated as "an eminent public character," whom Mr. Burke (whose reputation was then at its maturity) could be said to "echo." Mr. Chalmers, on the whole, *inclines* to the same opinion, though he agrees with the Editor, that the distant and formal manner in which the *eminent character* is spoken of, and the allusion to his being "*already bought*," (that is, being already in office,) suit Mr. Fox better than Mr. Burke. All, however, agree that Mr. Burke was one of the persons meant; he always maintained the opinion alluded to, (see *post*, 15th August, 1773,) and was, indeed, the first who, in his "Thoughts on the Present Discontents," openly avowed and advocated the principle of inviolable adherence to political connexions, "putting," as Mr. Prior says, "to silence the hitherto common reproach applied to most public characters of being *party*-men." *Life of Burke*, vol. i. p. 232. "This is an instance," as Sir James Mackintosh observes, "which proves that the task of elucidating Boswell has not been undertaken too soon."—ED.]

wrong, or the reverse. A friend of ours who is too much an echo of that gentleman, observed, that a man who does not stick uniformly to a party, is only waiting to be bought. Why, then, said I, he is only waiting to be what that gentleman is already."

We talked of the king's coming to see Goldsmith's new play[1].—"I wish he would," said Goldsmith; adding, however, with an affected indifference, "Not that it would do me the least good." JOHNSON. "Well, then, sir, let us say it would do *him* good (laughing). No, sir, this affectation will not pass;—it is mighty idle. In such a state as ours, who would not wish to please the chief magistrate?" GOLDSMITH. "I *do* wish to please him. I remember a line in Dryden,

'And every poet is the monarch's friend.'

It ought to be reversed." JOHNSON. "Nay, there are finer lines in Dryden on this subject:

'For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.'"

General Paoli observed, that successful rebels might. MARTINELLI. "Happy rebellions." GOLDSMITH. "We have no such phrase." GENERAL PAOLI. "But have you not the *thing?*" GOLDSMITH. "Yes, all our *happy* revolutions. They have hurt our constitution, and will hurt it, till we mend it by another HAPPY REVOLUTION." I never before discovered that my friend Goldsmith had so much of the old prejudice in him.

General Paoli, talking of Goldsmith's new play, said, "*Il a fait un compliment très gracieux à une certaine grande dame;*" meaning a duchess of the first rank[2].

[1] ["She Stoops to Conquer" was played on Monday, 15th March.—ED.]

[2] [The lady, no doubt, was the Duchess of Cumberland, whose marriage made a great noise about this time. The "*compliment*" has escaped the Editor's observation, unless it be Hastings's speech to Miss Neville, in the second act, when he proposes to her to fly "to France, where, even among slaves, *the laws of marriage are respected.*"—ED.]

I expressed a doubt whether Goldsmith intended it, in order that I might hear the truth from himself. It, perhaps, was not quite fair to endeavour to bring him to a confession, as he might not wish to avow positively his taking part against the court. He smiled and hesitated. The general at once relieved him by this beautiful image: "*Monsieur Goldsmith est comme la mer, qui jette des perles et beaucoup d'autres belles choses, sans s'en appercevoir.*" GOLDSMITH. "*Très bien dit, et très élégamment.*"

A person was mentioned, who it was said could take down in short-hand the speeches in parliament with perfect exactness. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is impossible. I remember one Angel, who came to me to write for him a preface or dedication to a book upon short-hand, and he professed to write as fast as a man could speak. In order to try him, I took down a book, and read while he wrote; and I favoured him, for I read more deliberately than usual. I had proceeded but a very little way, when he begged I would desist, for he could not follow me." Hearing now for the first time of this preface or dedication, I said, "What an expense, sir, do you put us to in buying books, to which you have written prefaces or dedications." JOHNSON. "Why I have dedicated to the royal family all round; that is to say, to the last generation of the royal family." GOLDSMITH. "And perhaps, sir, not one sentence of wit in a whole dedication." JOHNSON. "Perhaps not, sir." BOSWELL. "What then is the reason for applying to a particular person to do that which any one may do as well?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, one man has greater readiness at doing it than another."

I spoke of Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, as being a very learned man, and in particular an eminent Grecian. JOHNSON. "I am not sure of that. His friends

give him out as such, but I know not who of his friends are able to judge of it." GOLDSMITH. "He is what is much better: he is a worthy, humane man." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, that is not to the purpose of our argument: that will as much prove that he can play upon the fiddle as well as Giardini, as that he is an eminent Grecian." GOLDSMITH. "The greatest musical performers have but small emoluments. Giardini, I am told, does not get above seven hundred a year." JOHNSON. "That is indeed but little for a man to get, who does best that which so many endeavour to do. There is nothing, I think, in which the power of art is shown so much as in playing on the fiddle. In all other things we can do something at first. Any man will forge a bar of iron, if you give him a hammer; not so well as a smith, but tolerably. A man will saw a piece of wood, and make a box, though a clumsy one; but give him a fiddle and a fiddle-stick, and he can do nothing." [To Mrs. Piozzi he observed of Mr. Harris's dedication to his Hermes, that, though but fourteen lines long, there were six grammatical faults in it.]

Piozzi, p. 46.

On Monday, April 19, he called on me with Mrs. Williams, in Mr. Strahan's coach, and carried me out to dine with Mr. Elphinston, at his academy at Kensington. A printer having acquired a fortune sufficient to keep his coach, was a good topick for the credit of literature. Mrs. Williams said, that another printer, Mr. Hamilton [1], had not waited so long as Mr. Strahan, but had kept his coach several years sooner. JOHNSON. "He was in the right. Life is short. The sooner that a man begins to enjoy his wealth, the better."

Mr. Elphinston talked of a new book that was

[1] [The Hamiltons were respectable booksellers for three generations.—ED.]

much admired, and asked Dr. Johnson if he had read it. JOHNSON. "I have looked into it." "What," said Elphinston, "have you not read it through?" Johnson, offended at being thus pressed, and so obliged to own his cursory mode of reading, answered tartly, "No, sir; do *you* read books *through?*"

He this day again defended duelling, and put his argument upon what I have ever thought the most solid basis; that if publick war be allowed to be consistent with morality, private war must be equally so. Indeed we may observe what strained arguments are used to reconcile war with the Christian religion. But, in my opinion, it is exceedingly clear that duelling having better reasons for its barbarous violence, is more justifiable than war in which thousands go forth without any cause of personal quarrel, and massacre each other.

On Wednesday, April 21, I dined with him at Mr. Thrale's. A gentleman attacked Garrick for being vain. JOHNSON. "No wonder, sir, that he is vain; a man who is perpetually flattered in every mode that can be conceived. So many bellows have blown the fire, that one wonders he is not by this time become a cinder." BOSWELL. "And such bellows too! Lord Mansfield with his cheeks like to burst: Lord Chatham like an Æolus[1]. I have read such notes from them to him, as were enough to turn his head." JOHNSON. "True. When he whom every body else flatters, flatters me, I then am truly happy." MRS. THRALE. "The sentiment is in Congreve, I think." JOHNSON. "Yes, madam, in 'The Way of the World:'

> 'If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
> That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.'

[1] [Lord Chatham addressed to him those very pretty lines, beginning,
"Leave, Garrick, leave the landscape, proudly gay;
Dock, forts, and navies bright'ning all the bay."—ED.]

No, sir, I should not be surprised though Garrick chained the ocean and lashed the winds." BOSWELL. "Should it not be, sir, lashed the ocean and chained the winds?" JOHNSON. "No, sir; recollect the original:

> 'In Corum atque Eurum solitus sævire flagellis
> Barbarus, Æolio nunquam hoc in carcere passos,
> Ipsum compedibus qui vinxerat Ennosigæum.'"

This does very well, when both the winds and the sea are personified, and mentioned by their mythological names, as in Juvenal; but when they are mentioned in plain language, the application of the epithets suggested by me is the most obvious; and accordingly my friend himself, in his imitation of the passage which describes Xerxes, has

> "The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind[1]."

The modes of living in different countries, and the various views with which men travel in quest of new scenes, having been talked of, a learned gentleman who holds a considerable office in the law expatiated on the happiness of a savage life, and mentioned an instance of an officer who had actually lived for some time in the wilds of America, of whom, when in that state, he quoted this reflection with an air of admiration, as if it had been deeply philosophical: "Here am I, free and unrestrained, amidst the rude magnificence of Nature, with this Indian woman by my side, and this gun, with which I can procure food when I want it: what more can be desired for human happiness?" It did not require much sagacity to foresee that such a sentiment would not be permitted to pass without due animadversion. JOHNSON. "Do not allow yourself, sir, to be imposed upon by such

[1] So also Butler, Hudibras, P. II. c. i. v. 845.

> "A Persian emperor *whipt* his grannam,
> The *sea*, his mother Venus came on."—MALONE.

gross absurdity. It is sad stuff; it is brutish. If a bull could speak, he might as well exclaim—Here am I with this cow and this grass; what being can enjoy greater felicity?"

We talked of the melancholy end of a gentleman[1] who had destroyed himself. JOHNSON. "It was owing to imaginary difficulties in his affairs, which, had he talked of with any friend, would soon have vanished." BOSWELL. "Do you think, sir, that all who commit suicide are mad?" JOHNSON. "Sir, they are often not universally disordered in their intellects, but one passion presses so upon them, that they yield to it, and commit suicide, as a passionate man will stab another." He added, "I have often thought, that after a man has taken the resolution to kill himself, it is not courage in him to do any thing, however desperate, because he has nothing to fear." GOLDSMITH. "I don't see that." JOHNSON. "Nay, but, my dear sir, why should you not see what every one else sees?" GOLDSMITH. "It is for fear of something that he has resolved to kill himself: and will not that timid disposition restrain him?" JOHNSON. "It does not signify that the fear of something made him resolve; it is upon the state of his mind after the resolution is taken that I argue. Suppose a man either from fear, or pride, or conscience, or whatever motive, has resolved to kill himself; when once the resolution is taken, he has nothing to fear. He may then go and take the King of Prussia by the nose, at the head of his army. He cannot fear the rack, who is resolved to kill himself. When Eustace Budgell was walking down to the Thames, determined

[1] [Sir John Hawkins (who, however, was not well disposed towards Mr. Dyer) affords some ground for suspecting that *he* (who had died in September, 1772) was the person alluded to. See, however, Malone's *Life of Dryden*, p. 85, which assigns reasons (though they have not quite convinced the Editor) for doubting that Mr. Dyer could be the person here meant.—ED.]

to drown himself[1], he might, if he pleased, without any apprehension of danger, have turned aside, and first set fire to St. James's palace."

On Tuesday, April 27, Mr. Beauclerk and I called on him in the morning. As we walked up Johnson's-court, I said, "I have a veneration for this court;" and was glad to find that Beauclerk had the same reverential enthusiasm. We found him alone. We talked of Mr. Andrew Stuart's elegant and plausible Letters to Lord Mansfield[2]; a copy of which had been sent by the authour to Dr. Johnson. JOHNSON. "They have not answered the end. They have not been talked of; I have never heard of them. This is owing to their not being sold. People seldom read a book which is given to them; and few are given. The way to spread a work is to sell it at a low price. No man will send to buy a thing that costs even sixpence, without an intention to read it." BOSWELL. "May it not be doubted, sir, whether it be proper to publish letters, arraigning the ultimate decision of an important cause by the supreme judicature of the nation?" JOHNSON. "No, sir, I do not think it was wrong to publish these letters. If they are thought to do harm, why not answer them? But they will do no harm. If Mr. Douglas be indeed the son of Lady Jane, he cannot be hurt: if he be not her son, and yet has the great estate of the family of Douglas, he may well submit to have a pamphlet against him by Andrew Stuart. Sir, I think such a publication does good, as it does good to show us the possibilities of human life. And, sir, you will not say that the

[1] [A friend and relative of Addison's, who drowned himself to escape a prosecution on account of forging the will of Dr. Tindal, in which Budgell had provided himself with a legacy of 2000*l*. To this Pope alludes:

"Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on my quill,
And write whate'er he please—*except my will.*"—ED.]

[2] [On the Douglas Cause.—ED.]

Douglas cause was a cause of easy decision, when it divided your court as much as it could do, to be determined at all. When your judges are seven and seven, the casting vote of the president must be given on one side or other; no matter, for my argument, on which; one or the other *must* be taken; as when I am to move, there is no matter which leg I move first. And then, sir, it was otherwise determined here. No, sir, a more dubious determination of any question cannot be imagined [1]."

He said, "Goldsmith should not be for ever attempting to shine in conversation: he has not temper for it, he is so much mortified when he fails. Sir, a game of jokes is composed partly of skill, partly of chance; a man may be beat at times by one who has not the tenth part of his wit. Now Goldsmith's putting himself against another, is like a man laying a hundred to one, who cannot spare the hundred. It is not worth a man's while. A man should not lay a hundred to one, unless he can easily spare it, though he has a hundred chances for him: he can get but a guinea, and he may lose a hundred. Goldsmith is in this state. When he contends, if he gets the better, it is a very little addition to a man of his literary reputation: if he does not get the better, he is miserably vexed."

Johnson's own superlative powers of wit set him above any risk of such uneasiness. Garrick had remarked to me of him, a few days before, "Rabelais and all other wits are nothing compared with him. You

[1] I regretted that Dr. Johnson never took the trouble to study a question which interested nations. He would not even read a pamphlet which I wrote upon it, entitled *The Essence of the Douglas Cause*; which I have reason to flatter myself had considerable effect in favour of Mr. Douglas; of whose legitimate filiation I was then, and am still, firmly convinced. Let me add, that no fact can be more respectably ascertained, than by the judgment of the most august tribunal in the world; a judgment in which Lord Mansfield and Lord Camden united in 1769, and from which only five of a numerous body entered a protest.—BOSWELL.

may be diverted by them; but Johnson gives you a forcible hug, and shakes laughter out of you, whether you will or no."

Goldsmith, however, was often very fortunate in his witty contests, even when he entered the lists with Johnson himself. Sir Joshua Reynolds was in company with them one day, when Goldsmith said that he thought he could write a good fable, mentioned the simplicity which that kind of composition requires, and observed that in most fables the animals introduced seldom talk in character. "For instance (said he), the fable of the little fishes, who saw birds fly over their heads, and, envying them, petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds. The skill (continued he) consists in making them talk like little fishes." While he indulged himself in this fanciful reverie, he observed Johnson shaking his sides, and laughing. Upon which he smartly proceeded, "Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like WHALES."

Johnson, though remarkable for his great variety of composition, never exercised his talents in fable, except we allow his beautiful tale published in Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies to be of that species. I have however found among his manuscript collections the following sketch of one:

"Glow-worm[1] lying in the garden saw a candle in a neighbouring palace,—and complained of the littleness of his own light; another observed—wait a little;—soon dark,—have outlasted πολλ [*many*] of these glaring lights, which are only brighter as they haste to nothing."

[1] It has already been observed, that one of the first Essays was a Latin poem on a glow-worm; but whether it be any where extant has not been ascertained. —MALONE.

On Thursday, April 29, I dined with him at General Oglethorpe's, where were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Langton, Dr. Goldsmith, and Mr. Thrale. I was very desirous to get Dr. Johnson absolutely fixed in his resolution to go with me to the Hebrides this year; and I told him that I had received a letter from Dr. Robertson, the historian, upon the subject, with which he was much pleased, and now talked in such a manner of his long intended tour, that I was satisfied he meant to fulfil his engagement.

The custom of eating dogs at Otaheite being mentioned, Goldsmith observed that this was also a custom in China; that a dog-butcher is as common there as any other butcher; and that when he walks abroad all the dogs fall on him. JOHNSON. "That is not owing to his killing dogs, sir. I remember a butcher at Lichfield, whom a dog that was in the house where I lived always attacked. It is the smell of carnage which provokes this, let the animals he has killed be what they may." GOLDSMITH. "Yes, there is a general abhorrence in animals at the signs of massacre. If you put a tub full of blood into a stable, the horses are like to go mad." JOHNSON. "I doubt that." GOLDSMITH. "Nay, sir, it is a fact well authenticated." THRALE. "You had better prove it before you put it into your book on natural history. You may do it in my stable if you will." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, I would not have him prove it. If he is content to take his information from others, he may get through his book with little trouble, and without much endangering his reputation. But if he makes experiments for so comprehensive a book as his, there would be no end to them; his erroneous assertions would then fall upon himself; and he might be blamed for not having made experiments as to every particular."

The character of Mallet having been introduced, and spoken of slightingly by Goldsmith; JOHNSON, "Why, sir, Mallet had talents enough to keep his literary reputation alive as long as he himself lived; and that, let me tell you, is a good deal." GOLDSMITH. "But I cannot agree that it was so. His literary reputation was dead long before his natural death. I consider an authour's literary reputation to be alive only while his name will ensure a good price for his copy from the booksellers. I will get you (to Johnson) a hundred guineas for any thing whatever that you shall write, if you put your name to it."

Dr. Goldsmith's new play, "She Stoops to Conquer," being mentioned; JOHNSON. "I know of no comedy for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience, that has answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry."

Goldsmith having said that Garrick's compliment to the queen, which he introduced into the play of "The Chances," which he had altered and revised this year, was mean and gross flattery;—JOHNSON. "Why, sir, I would not *write*, I would not give solemnly under my hand, a character beyond what I thought really true; but a speech on the stage, let it flatter ever so extravagantly, is formular. It has always been formular to flatter kings and queens; so much so, that even in our church-service we have 'our most religious king,' used indiscriminately, whoever is king. Nay, they even flatter themselves;—'we have been graciously pleased to grant.'" No modern flattery, however, is so gross as that of the Augustan age, where the emperour was deified. '*Præsens Divus habebitur Augustus.*' And as to meanness"—(rising into warmth)—"how is it mean in a player,—a showman,—a fellow who exhibits himself

for a shilling, to flatter his queen? The attempt, indeed, was dangerous; for if it had missed, what became of Garrick, and what became of the queen? As Sir William Temple says of a great general, it is necessary not only that his designs be formed in a masterly manner, but that they should be attended with success. Sir, it is right, at a time when the royal family is not generally liked, to let it be seen that the people like at least one of them." Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. "I do not perceive why the profession of a player should be despised; for the great and ultimate end of all the employments of mankind is to produce amusement. Garrick produces more amusement than any body." BOSWELL. "You say, Dr. Johnson, that Garrick exhibits himself for a shilling. In this respect he is only on a footing with a lawyer, who exhibits himself for his fee, and even will maintain any nonsense or absurdity, if the case require it. Garrick refuses a play or a part which he does not like: a lawyer never refuses." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, what does this prove? only that a lawyer is worse. Boswell is now like Jack in 'The Tale of a Tub,' who, when he is puzzled by an argument, hangs himself. He thinks I shall cut him down, but I'll let him hang" (laughing vociferously). Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. "Mr. Boswell thinks that the profession of a lawyer being unquestionably honourable, if he can show the profession of a player to be more honourable, he proves his argument."

On Friday, April 30, I dined with him at Mr. Beauclerk's, where were Lord Charlemont, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some more members of the LITERARY CLUB, whom he had obligingly invited to meet me, as I was this evening to be balloted for as candidate for admission into that distinguished so-

ciety. Johnson had done me the honour to propose me, and Beauclerk was very zealous for me.

Goldsmith being mentioned: JOHNSON. "It is amazing how little Goldsmith knows. He seldom comes where he is not more ignorant than any one else." Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. "Yet there is no man whose company is more liked." JOHNSON. "To be sure, sir. When people find a man of the most distinguished abilities as a writer, their inferiour while he is with them, it must be highly gratifying to them. What Goldsmith comically says of himself is very true,—he always gets the better when he argues alone; meaning that he is master of a subject in his study, and can write well upon it; but when he comes into company, grows confused, and unable to talk. Take him as a poet, his 'Traveller' is a very fine performance; ay, and so is his 'Deserted Village,' were it not sometimes too much the echo of his 'Traveller.' Whether, indeed, we take him as a poet,—as a comick writer,—or as an historian, he stands in the first class." BOSWELL. "An historian! My dear sir, you surely will not rank his compilation of the Roman History with the works of other historians of this age?" JOHNSON. "Why, who are before him?" BOSWELL. "Hume,—Robertson,—Lord Lyttelton." JOHNSON (His antipathy to the Scotch beginning to rise). "I have not read Hume; but, doubtless, Goldsmith's History is better than the *verbiage* of Robertson, or the foppery of Dalrymple." BOSWELL. "Will you not admit the superiority of Robertson, in whose history we find such penetration, such painting?" JOHNSON. "Sir, you must consider how that penetration and that painting are employed. It is not history, it is imagination. He who describes what he never saw, draws from fancy.

Robertson paints minds as Sir Joshua paints faces in a history-piece: he imagines an heroick countenance. You must look upon Robertson's work as romance, and try it by that standard. History it is not. Besides, sir, it is the great excellence of a writer to put into his book as much as his book will hold. Goldsmith has done this in his history. Now Robertson might have put twice as much into his book. Robertson is like a man who has packed gold in wool; the wool takes up more room than the gold. No, sir; I always thought Robertson would be crushed by his own weight,—would be buried under his own ornaments. Goldsmith tells you shortly all you want to know: Robertson detains you a great deal too long. No man will read Robertson's cumbrous detail a second time; but Goldsmith's plain narrative will please again and again. I would say to Robertson what an old tutor of a college said to one of his pupils: 'Read over your compositions, and wherever you meet with a passage which you think is particularly fine, strike it out.' Goldsmith's abridgement is better than that of Lucius Florus or Eutropius; and I will venture to say, that if you compare him with Vertot, in the same places of the Roman History, you will find that he excels Vertot. Sir, he has the art of compiling, and of saying every thing he has to say in a pleasing manner. He is now writing a Natural History, and will make it as entertaining as a Persian tale."

I cannot dismiss the present topick without observing, that it is probable that Dr. Johnson, who owned that he often "talked for victory," rather urged plausible objections to Dr. Robertson's excellent historical works, in the ardour of contest, than expressed his real and decided opinion; for it is not

easy to suppose that he should so widely differ from the rest of the literary world[1].

JOHNSON. "I remember once being with Goldsmith in Westminster-abbey. While we surveyed the Poets' Corner I said to him,

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis[2].'

When we got to Temple-bar, he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and slily whispered me,

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur ISTIS[3].'"

Johnson praised John Bunyan highly. "His 'Pilgrim's Progress' has great merit, both for invention, imagination, and the conduct of the story; and it has had the best evidence of its merit, the general and continued approbation of mankind. Few books, I believe, have had a more extensive sale. It is remarkable that it begins very much like the poem of Dante; yet there was no translation of Dante when Bunyan wrote. There is reason to think that he had read Spenser."

A proposition which had been agitated, that monuments to eminent persons should, for the time to come, be erected in St. Paul's church, as well as in Westminster-abbey, was mentioned; and it was asked who should be honoured by having his monument first erected there. Somebody suggested Pope. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, as Pope was a Roman Catholick, I would not have his to be first. I think Milton's rather should have the precedence[4]. I think

[1] [Mr. Boswell's friendship for both Johnson and Robertson is here sorely perplexed; but there seems no ground for doubting that Johnson's "*real and decided opinion*" of Robertson was very low. He on every occasion repeats it with a very contemptuous consistency. See *ante*, p. 54.—ED.]

[2] Ovid. de Art. Amand. i. iii. v. 13.—BOSWELL.

[3] In allusion to Dr. Johnson's supposed political principles, and perhaps his own.—BOSWELL.

[4] Here is another instance of his high admiration of Milton as a poet, notwithstanding his just abhorrence of that sour republican's political principles.

more highly of him now than I did at twenty. There is more thinking in him and in Butler, than in any of our poets.'

Some of the company expressed a wonder why the authour of so excellent a book as 'The Whole Duty of Man,' should conceal himself[1]. JOHNSON. "There may be different reasons assigned for this, any one of which would be very sufficient. He may have been a clergyman, and may have thought that his religious counsels would have less weight when known to come from a man whose profession was theology. He may have been a man whose practice was not suitable to his principles, so that his character might injure the effect of his book, which he had written in a season of penitence. Or he may have been a man of rigid self-denial, so that he would have no reward for his pious labours while in this world, but refer it all to a future state."

The gentlemen went away to their club, and I was left at Beauclerk's till the fate of my election should be announced to me. I sat in a state of anxiety which even the charming conversation of Lady Di Beauclerk could not entirely dissipate. In a short time I received the agreeable intelligence that I was chosen. I hastened to the place of meeting, and was introduced to such a society as can seldom be found. Mr. Edmund Burke, whom I then saw for the first time, and whose splendid talents had long made me

His candour and discrimination are equally conspicuous. Let us hear no more of his "injustice to Milton."—BOSWELL. [A monument to Milton in St. Paul's cathedral would be the more appropriate from his having received his early education in the adjoining public school.—HALL.]

[1] In a manuscript in the Bodleian Library several circumstances are stated, which strongly incline me to believe that Dr. Accepted Frewen, Archbishop of York, was the author of this work.—MALONE. [Accepted Frewen was Dean of Gloucester, installed 1731, loco Geo. Warburton.—HALL. See, on the subject of the author of this celebrated and excellent work, *Gent. Mag.* vol. xxiv. p. 26, and *Ballard's Memoirs of Learned Ladies*, p. 300. The late eccentric but learned Dr. Burnet, of Trinity College, Dublin, believed that Dr. Chapel, formerly provost of that college, was the author.—ED.]

ardently wish for his acquaintance; Dr. Nugent, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Jones, and the company with whom I had dined. Upon my entrance, Johnson placed himself behind a chair, on which he leaned as on a desk or pulpit, and with humorous formality gave me a *charge*, pointing out the conduct expected from me as a good member of this club.

Goldsmith produced some very absurd verses which had been publickly recited to an audience for money. JOHNSON. "I can match this nonsense. There was a poem called 'Eugenio,' which came out some years ago, and concludes thus:

> 'And now, ye trifling, self-assuming elves,
> Brimful of pride, of nothing, of yourselves,
> Survey Eugenio, view him o'er and o'er,
> Then sink into yourselves, and be no more[1].'

Nay, Dryden, in his poem on the Royal Society, has these lines:

> 'Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,
> And see the ocean leaning on the sky;
> From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,
> And on the lunar world securely pry.'"

Talking of puns, Johnson, who had a great contempt for that species of wit, deigned to allow that there was one good pun in "Menagiana," I think on the word *corps*[2].

[1] Dr. Johnson's memory here was not perfectly accurate: "Eugenio" does not conclude thus. There are eight more lines after the last of those quoted by him; and the passage which he meant to recite is as follows:

> "Say now, ye fluttering, poor, assuming elves,
> Stark full of pride, of folly, of—yourselves;
> Say, where 's the wretch of all your impious crew
> Who dares confront his character to view?
> Behold Eugenio, view him o'er and o'er,
> Then sink into yourselves, and be no more."

Mr. Reed informs me that the authour of Eugenio, Thomas Beech, a wine-merchant at Wrexham, in Denbighshire, soon after its publication, viz. 17th May, 1737, cut his own throat; and that it appears by Swift's Works, that the poem had been shown to him, and received some of his corrections. Johnson had read "Eugenio" on his first coming to town, for we see it mentioned in one of his letters to Mr. Cave, which has been inserted in this work.—BOSWELL.

[2] I formerly thought that I had, perhaps, mistaken the word, and imagined it to be *corps*, from its similarity of sound to the real one. For an accurate and

Much pleasant conversation passed, which Johnson relished with great good-humour. But his conversation alone, or what led to it, or was interwoven with it, is the business of this work.

On Saturday, May 1, we dined by ourselves at our old rendezvous, the Mitre tavern. He was placid, but not much disposed to talk. He observed, that "The Irish mix better with the English than the Scotch do; their language is nearer to English; as a proof of which, they succeed very well as players, which Scotchmen do not. Then, sir, they have not that extreme nationality which we find in the Scotch. I will do you, Boswell, the justice to say, that you are the most *unscottified* of your countrymen. You are almost the only instance of a Scotchman that I have known, who did not at every other sentence bring in some other Scotchman[1]."

We drank tea with Mrs. Williams. I introduced a question which has been much agitated in the church of Scotland, whether the claim of lay-patrons to present ministers to parishes be well founded; and supposing it to be well founded, whether it ought to be exercised without the concurrence of the people? That church is composed of a series of judicatures: a presbytery, a synod, and, finally, a general assembly; before all of which, this matter may be contended:

shrewd unknown gentleman, to whom I am indebted for some remarks on my work, observes on this passage, "Q. if not on the word *fort*? A vociferous French preacher said of Bourdaloue, 'Il prêche *fort bien*, et moi *bien fort*.'—*Menagiana*. See also *Anecdotes Litteraires*, *article Bourdaloue*." But my ingenious and obliging correspondent, Mr. Abercrombie of Philadelphia, has pointed out to me the following passage in "Menagiana;" which renders the preceding conjecture unnecessary, and confirms my original statement:

"Madame de Bourdonne, chanoinesse de Remiremont, venoit d'entendre un discours plein de feu et d'esprit, mais fort peu solide, et très irregulier. Une de ses amies, qui y prenoit intérêt pour l'orateur, lui dit en sortant, 'Eh bien, madame, que vous semble-t-il de ce que vous venez d'entendre? Qu'il y a d'esprit?'—'Il y a tant,' répondit Madame de Bourdonne, 'que je n'y ai pas vû de *corps*.'"—*Menagiana*, tome ii. p. 64. Amsterd. 1713.—Boswell.

[1] [Garrick, as Boswell himself tells us, used to rally him on his nationality, and there are abundant instances in these volumes to show that he was not exempt from that amiable prejudice. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 41. 109. 430. 437. 452.—Ed.]

and in some cases the presbytery having refused to induct, or *settle*, as they call it, the person presented by the patron, it has been found necessary to appeal to the general assembly. He said, I might see the subject well treated in the "Defence of Pluralities;" and although he thought that a patron should exercise his right with tenderness to the inclinations of the people of a parish, he was very clear as to his right. Then supposing the question to be pleaded before the general assembly, he dictated to me [the argument which will be found in the Appendix.]

Though I present to my readers Dr. Johnson's masterly thoughts on the subject, I think it proper to declare, that notwithstanding I am myself a lay-patron, I do not entirely subscribe to his opinion.

On Friday, May 7, I breakfasted with him at Mr. Thrale's in the Borough. While we were alone, I endeavoured as well as I could to apologise for a lady [1] who had been divorced from her husband by act of parliament. I said, that he had used her very ill, had behaved brutally to her, and that she could not continue to live with him without having her delicacy contaminated; that all affection for him was thus destroyed; that the essence of conjugal union being gone, there remained only a cold form, a mere civil obligation; that she was in the prime of life, with qualities to produce happiness; that these ought not to be lost; and that the gentleman on whose account she was divorced had gained her heart while thus unhappily situated. Seduced, perhaps, by the charms

[1] [No doubt Lady Diana Spencer, eldest daughter of Charles Duke of Marlborough, born in 1734, married in 1757 to Frederick Viscount Bolingbroke, from whom she was divorced in 1768, and married immediately after Mr. Topham Beauclerk. All that Johnson says is very true; but he would have been better entitled to hold such high language if he had not *practically* waived his right by living in that lady's private society. He should either, as a strict moralist, have refused her his countenance, or, as a man of honour and gratitude, been silent as to her frailties. He had no right to enjoy her society, and disparage her character.—ED.]

of the lady in question, I thus attempted to palliate what I was sensible could not be justified; for when I had finished my harangue, my venerable friend gave me a proper check: "My dear sir, never accustom your mind to mingle virtue and vice. The woman 's a whore, and there 's an end on't."

[One evening, in the rooms at Brighthelmstone, however, he fell into a comical discussion with that lady's first husband, happening to sit by him, and choosing to harangue very loudly about the nature, and use, and abuse, of *divorces*. Many people gathered round them to hear what was said, and when Mr. Thrale called him away, and told him to whom he had been talking, received an answer which Mrs. Thrale did not venture to write down.] Piozzi, p. 84,85.

He [illegible]ed the father[1] of one of his friends thus: [illegible]so exuberant a talker at publick meetings, that the gentlemen of his county were afraid of him. No business could be done for his declamation."

He did not give me full credit when I mentioned that I had carried on a short conversation by signs with some Esquimaux, who were then in London, particularly with one of them who was a priest. He thought I could not make them understand me. No man was more incredulous as to particular facts which were at all extraordinary; and therefore no man was more scrupulously inquisitive, in order to discover the truth.

I dined with him this day at the house of my friends, Messieurs Edward and Charles Dilly, booksellers in the Poultry: there were present, their elder brother, Mr. Dilly of Bedfordshire, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Langton, Mr. Claxton, Rev. Dr. Mayo, a dissenting minister, the Rev. Mr. Toplady, and my friend the Rev. Mr. Temple.

[1] [Old Mr. Langton.—Ed.]

Hawkesworth's compilation of the voyages to the South Sea being mentioned: JOHNSON. "Sir, if you talk of it as a subject of commerce, it will be gainful; if as a book that is to increase human knowledge, I believe there will not be much of that. Hawkesworth can tell only what the voyagers have told him; and they have found very little, only one new animal, I think." BOSWELL. "But many insects, sir." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, as to insects, Ray reckons of British insects twenty thousand species. They might have staid at home and discovered enough in that way."

Talking of birds, I mentioned Mr. Daines Barrington's ingenious Essay against the received notion of their migration. JOHNSON. "I think we have as good evidence for the migration of wood[redacted] as can be desired. We find they disappear at a[redacted] of the year, and appear again at a certain time of the year; and some of them, when weary in their flight, have been known to alight on the rigging of ships far out at sea." One of the company observed, that there had been instances of some of them found in summer in Essex. JOHNSON. "Sir, that strengthens our argument. *Exceptio probat regulam.* Some being found shows, that, if all remained, many would be found. A few sick or lame ones may be found." GOLDSMITH. "There is a partial migration of the swallows; the stronger ones migrate, the others do not."

BOSWELL. "I am well assured that the people of Otaheite who have the bread tree, the fruit of which serves them for bread, laughed heartily when they were informed of the tedious process necessary with us to have bread; plowing, sowing, harrowing, reaping, threshing, grinding, baking." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, all ignorant savages will laugh when they are told

of the advantages of civilized life. Were you to tell men who live without houses, how we pile brick upon brick, and rafter upon rafter, and that after a house is raised to a certain height, a man tumbles off a scaffold, and breaks his neck; he would laugh heartily at our folly in building; but it does not follow that men are better without houses. No, sir (holding up a slice of a good loaf), this is better than the bread tree."

He repeated an argument, which is to be found in his "Rambler," against the notion that the brute creation is endowed with the faculty of reason: "Birds build by instinct; they never improve; they build their first nest as well as any one they ever build." GOLDSMITH. "Yet we see if you take away a bird's nest with the eggs in it, she will make a slighter nest and lay again." JOHNSON. "Sir, that is, because at first she has full time, and makes her nest deliberately. In the case you mention she is pressed to lay, and must therefore make her nest quickly, and consequently it will be slight." GOLDSMITH. "The nidification of birds is what is least known in natural history, though one of the most curious things in it."

I introduced the subject of toleration. JOHNSON. "Every society has a right to preserve public peace and order, and therefore has a good right to prohibit the propagation of opinions which have a dangerous tendency[1]. To say the *magistrate* has this right, is using an inadequate word: it is the *society* for which the magistrate is agent. He may be morally or theologically wrong in restraining the propagation of opinions which he thinks dangerous, but he is politically right." MAYO. "I am of opinion, sir, that every man is entitled to liberty of conscience in re-

[1] [See *ante*, p. 14.—ED.]

ligion; and that the magistrate cannot restrain that right." JOHNSON. "Sir, I agree with you. Every man has a right to liberty of conscience, and with that the magistrate cannot interfere. People confound liberty of *thinking* with liberty of *talking*; nay, with liberty of *preaching*. Every man has a physical right to *think* as he pleases; for it cannot be discovered how he thinks. He has not a moral right, for he ought to inform himself, and think justly. But, sir, no member of a society has a right to *teach* any doctrine contrary to what the society holds to be true. The magistrate, I say, may be wrong in what he thinks; but while he thinks himself right, he may and ought to enforce what he thinks." MAYO. "Then, sir, we are to remain always in errour, and truth never can prevail; and the magistrate was right in persecuting the first Christians." JOHNSON. "Sir, the only method by which religious truth can be established is by martyrdom. The magistrate has a right to enforce what he thinks; and he who is conscious of the truth has a right to suffer. I am afraid there is no other way of ascertaining the truth, but by persecution on the one hand and enduring it on the other." GOLDSMITH. "But how is a man to act, sir? Though firmly convinced of the truth of his doctrine, may he not think it wrong to expose himself to persecution? Has he a right to do so? Is it not, as it were, committing voluntary suicide?" JOHNSON. "Sir, as to voluntary suicide, as you call it, there are twenty thousand men in an army who will go without scruple to be shot at, and mount a breach for five-pence a day." GOLDSMITH. "But have they a moral right to do this?" JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, if you will not take the universal opinion of mankind, I have nothing to say. If mankind cannot defend their own way of

thinking I cannot defend it. Sir, if a man is in doubt whether it would be better for him to expose himself to martyrdom or not, he should not do it. He must be convinced that he has a delegation from heaven.' GOLDSMITH. "I would consider whether there is the greater chance of good or evil upon the whole. If I see a man who has fallen into a well, I would wish to help him out; but if there is a greater probability that he shall pull me in, than that I shall pull him out, I would not attempt it. So were I to go to Turkey, I might wish to convert the grand signior to the christian faith; but when I considered that I should probably be put to death without effectuating my purpose in any degree, I should keep myself quiet." JOHNSON. "Sir, you must consider that we have perfect and imperfect obligations. Perfect obligations, which are generally not to do something, are clear and positive; as, 'Thou shalt not kill.' But charity, for instance, is not definable by limits. It is a duty to give to the poor; but no man can say how much another should give to the poor, or when a man has given too little to save his soul. In the same manner it is a duty to instruct the ignorant, and of consequence to convert infidels to Christianity; but no man in the common course of things is obliged to carry this to such a degree as to incur the danger of martyrdom, as no man is obliged to strip himself to the shirt, in order to give charity. I have said, that a man must be persuaded that he has a particular delegation from heaven." GOLDSMITH. "How is this to be known? Our first reformers, who were burnt for not believing bread and wine to be Christ ——" JOHNSON. (interrupting him). "Sir, they were not burnt for not believing bread and wine to be Christ, but for insulting those

who did believe it[1]. And, sir, when the first reformers began, they did not intend to be martyred; as many of them ran away as could." BOSWELL. "But, sir, there was your countryman Elwal, who you told me challenged King George with his blackguards and his red-guards." JOHNSON. "My countryman, Elwal, sir, should have been put in the stocks—a proper pulpit for him; and he'd have had a numerous audience. A man who preaches in the stocks will always have hearers enough." BOSWELL. "But Elwal thought himself in the right." JOHNSON. "We are not providing for mad people; there are places for them in the neighbourhood" (meaning Moorfields). MAYO. "But, sir, is it not very hard that I should not be allowed to teach my children what I really believe to be the truth?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, you might contrive to teach your children *extrà scandalum;* but, sir, the magistrate, if he knows it, has a right to restrain you. Suppose you teach your children to be thieves?" MAYO. "This is making a joke of the subject." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, take it thus: that you teach them the [illegible] be, the rule amongst mankind. Here, sir, you sap a great principle in society—property. And don't you think the magistrate would have a right to prevent you? Or, suppose you should teach your children the notion of the Adamites, and they should run

[1] [This seems to be altogether contrary to the fact. The first reformers, whether of Germany or England, were certainly not burned for insulting individuals: they were burned for heresy; and abominable as that was, it was less indefensible than what Johnson supposes, that they were burned for *insulting* individuals.—ED.]

[2] [See *ante*, p. 158.—ED.]

naked into the streets, would not the magistrate have a right to flog 'em into their doublets?" MAYO. "I think the magistrate has no right to interfere till there is some overt act." BOSWELL. "So, sir, though he sees an enemy to the state charging a blunderbuss, he is not to interfere till it is fired off!" MAYO. "He must be sure of its direction against the state." JOHNSON. "The magistrate is to judge of that. He has no right to restrain your thinking, because the evil centres in yourself. If a man were sitting at this table, and chopping off his fingers, the magistrate, as guardian of the community, has no authority to restrain him, however he might do it from kindness as a parent. Though, indeed, upon more consideration, I think he may; as it is probable, that he who is chopping off his own fingers, may soon proceed to chop off those of other people. If I think it right to steal Mr. Dilly's plate, I am a bad man; but he can say nothing to me. If I make an open declaration that I think so, he will keep me out of his house. If I put forth my hand I shall be sent to Newgate. This is the gradation of thinking, [illegible]hing, and acting: if a man thinks erroneously, [illegible]ay keep his thoughts to himself, and nobody [illegible]trouble him; if he preach erroneous doctrine, [illegible] may expel him; if he acts in consequence of [illegible]he law takes place, and he is hanged." MAYO. "But, sir, ought not christians to have liberty of conscience?" JOHNSON. "I have already told you so, sir. You are coming back to where you were." BOSWELL. "Dr. Mayo is always taking a return post-chaise, and going the stage over again. He has it at half-price." JOHNSON. "Dr. Mayo, like other champions for unlimited toleration, has got a set of words[1]. Sir, it is no matter, politically, whether the

[1] Dr. Mayo's calm temper and steady perseverance rendered him an ad-

magistrate be right or wrong. Suppose a club were to be formed, to drink confusion to King George the Third, and a happy restoration to Charles the Third, this would be very bad with respect to the state; but every member of that club must either conform to its rules, or be turned out of it. Old Baxter, I remember, maintains, that the magistrates should 'tolerate all things that are tolerable.' This is no good definition of toleration upon any principle; but it shows that he thought some things were not tolerable." TOPLADY. "Sir, you have untwisted this difficult subject with great dexterity."

During this argument, Goldsmith sat in restless agitation, from a wish to get in and *shine*. Finding himself excluded, he had taken his hat to go away, but remained for some time with it in his hand, like a gamester, who, at the close of a long night, lingers for a little while, to see if he can have a favourable opening to finish with success. Once when he was beginning to speak, he found himself overpowered by the loud voice of Johnson, who was at the opposite end of the table, and did not perceive Goldsmith [illegible] Thus disappointed of his wish to obt[illegible] the attention of the company, Goldsmith [illegible] looking angrily at [illegible] and exclaimed in a bitter tone, "*Tu[illegible]*" Toplady was going to speak, Johnson uttered some

mirable subject for the exercise of Dr. Johnson's powerful abilities. He never flinched; but, after reiterated blows, remained seemingly unmoved as at the first. The scintillations of Johnson's genius flashed every time he was struck, without his receiving any injury. Hence he obtained the epithet of *The Literary Anvil*.—BOSWELL. [Mr. Boswell speaks as if contests between Johnson and Mayo were so frequent as to have obtained a distinctive epithet for the latter; but it would seem, from the following extract of one of Dr. Johnson's letters to Mrs. Thrale (published by that lady, under the erroneous date of 22d May, 1775), that Johnson scarcely knew Mayo. "I dined in a large company, at a dissenting bookseller's, yesterday, and disputed against toleration with *one Dr. Meyer*." *Letters*, vol. i. p. 218. Whether the error of the *name* be Johnson's or the transcriber's, it is clear that he had little previous acquaintance with his antagonist.—ED.]

sound, which led Goldsmith to think that he was beginning again, and taking the words from Toplady. Upon which he seized this opportunity of venting his own envy and spleen, under the pretext of supporting another person: "Sir (said he to Johnson), the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour: pray allow us now to hear him." JOHNSON (sternly). "Sir, I was not interrupting the gentleman. I was only giving him a signal of my attention. Sir, you are impertinent." Goldsmith made no reply, but continued in the company for some time.

A gentleman[1] present ventured to ask Dr. Johnson if there was not a material difference as to toleration of opinions which lead to action, and opinions merely speculative; for instance, would it be wrong in the magistrate to tolerate those who preach against the doctrine of the TRINITY? Johnson was highly offended, and said, "I wonder, sir, how a gentleman of your piety can introduce this subject in a mixed company." He told me afterwards that the impropriety was that perhaps some of the company might have talked on the subject in such terms as might have shocked him; or he might have been forced to appear in their eyes a narrow-minded man. The gentleman, with submissive deference, said, he had only hinted at the question from a desire to hear Dr. Johnson's opinion upon it. JOHNSON. "Why, then, sir, I think that permitting men to preach any opinion contrary to the doctrine of the established church tends, in a certain degree, to lessen the authority of the church, and consequently to lessen the influence of religion." "It may be considered (said the gentleman), whether it would not be politick to

[1] [No doubt Mr. Langton. See *post*, 22d August, 1773.—ED.]

tolerate in such a case." JOHNSON. "Sir, we have been talking of *right:* this is another question. I think it is *not* politick to tolerate in such a case."

Though he did not think it fit that so awful a subject should be introduced in a mixed company, and therefore at this time waved the theological question; yet his own orthodox belief in the sacred mystery of the TRINITY is evinced beyond doubt, by the following passage in his private devotions:

Pr. and Med. p. 40. "O LORD, hear my prayer, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake; to whom, with thee and the HOLY GHOST, *three persons and* GOD, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen."

BOSWELL. "Pray, Mr. Dilly, how does Dr. Leland's History of Ireland sell?" JOHNSON (bursting forth with a generous indignation). "The Irish are in a most unnatural state; for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority. There is no instance, even in the ten persecutions, of such severity as that which the protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholicks. Did we tell them we have conquered them, it would be above board to punish them by confiscation and other penalties. But to do it was monstrous injustice. King William was not their lawful sovereign[1]: he had not been acknowledged by the parliament of Ireland when they appeared in arms against him."

I have suggested something favourable of the Roman Catholicks. TOPLADY. "Does not their invocation of saints suppose omnipresence in the saints?" JOHNSON. "No, sir; it supposes only pluripresence[2], and when spirits are divested of matter, it seems probable that they should see with more extent than

[1] [We must not forget that Johnson had been a violent *Jacobite*. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 444.—ED.]

[2] [Surely it implies omnipresence in the same way that prayers to the Deity imply omnipresence. And, after all, what is the difference, to our bounded reason, between *pluri*presence and *omni*presence?—ED.]

…hen in an embodied state. There is, therefore, no …pproach to an invasion of any of the divine attri…butes in the invocation of saints. But I think it is …worship, and presumption. I see no command …for it, and therefore think it is safer not to practise it."

… and Mr. Langton and I went together to THE …. Where we found Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, and …other members, and amongst them our friend Goldsmith, … silently brooding over Johnson's reprimand … after dinner. Johnson perceived his, and … aside to some of us, "I'll make Goldsmith … him;" and then called to him in a loud voice, "… Goldsmith, something passed to-day … I dined: I ask your pardon." Goldsmith answered placidly, "It must be much from you, sir, that I take ill." And so at once the difference was over, and they were on as easy terms as ever, and Goldsmith rattled away as usual.

In our way to the club to-night, when I regretted that Goldsmith would, upon every occasion, endeavour to shine, by which he often exposed himself, Mr. Langton observed that he was not like Addison, who was content with the fame of his writings, and did not aim also at excellency in conversation, for which he found himself unfit; and that he said to a lady who complained of his having talked little in company, "Madam, I have but nine pence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds." I observed that Goldsmith had a great deal of gold in his cabinet, but, not content with that, was always taking out his purse. JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, but that so often an empty purse!"

Goldsmith's incessant desire of being conspicuous in company was the occasion of his sometimes appearing to such disadvantage as one should hardly have supposed possible in a man of his genius.

When his literary reputation had risen deservedly high, and his society was much courted, he became very jealous of the extraordinary attention which was every where paid to Johnson. One evening, in a circle of wits, he found fault with me for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honour of unquestionable superiority. "Sir," said he, "you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republick[1]."

He was still more mortified, when, talking in a company with fluent vivacity, and, as he flattered himself, to the admiration of all who were present, a German who sat next him, and perceived Johnson rolling himself as if about to speak, suddenly stopped him, saying, "Stay, stay—Toctor Snonson is going to say something." This was, no doubt, very provoking, especially to one so irritable as Goldsmith, who frequently mentioned it with strong expressions of indignation.

It may also be observed, that Goldsmith was sometimes content to be treated with an easy familiarity, but upon occasions would be consequential and important. An instance of this occurred in a small particular. Johnson had a way of contracting the names of his friends: as, Beauclerk, Beau; Boswell, Bozzy; Langton, Lanky; Murphy, Mur; Sheridan, Sherry. I remember one day, when Tom Davies was telling that Dr. Johnson said, "We are all in labour for a name to *Goldy*'s play," Goldsmith seemed displeased that such a liberty should be taken with his name, and said, "I have often desired him not to call me *Goldy*." Tom was remarkably attentive to the most minute circumstance about Johnson. I re-

[1] [In some late publication it is stated that Buonaparte, repressing the flattery of one of his literary courtiers, said, "Pour Dieu, laissez-nous au moins *la republique des lettres*." It has been also, with more probability, stated, that instead of being said *by*, it was said *of* him. Perhaps, after all, the French story is but a version of this bon mot of Goldsmith's.—Ed.]

collect his telling me once, on my arrival in London, "Sir, our great friend has made an improvement on his appellation of old Mr. Sheridan: he calls him now *Sherry derry*.

"TO THE REV. MR. BAGSHAW, AT BROMLEY[1].

"8th May, 1773.

"SIR,—I return you my sincere thanks for your additions to my Dictionary; but the new edition has been published some time, and therefore I cannot now make use of them. Whether I shall ever revise it more, I know not. If many readers had been as judicious, as diligent, and as communicative as yourself, my work had been better. The world must at present take it as it is. I am, sir, your most obliged and most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

On Sunday, 8th May, I dined with Johnson at Mr. Langton's, with Dr. Beattie and some other company. He descanted on the subject of literary property. "There seems," said he, "to be in authours a stronger right of property than that by occupancy; a metaphysical right, a right, as it were, of creation, which should from its nature be perpetual; but the consent of nations is against it; and indeed reason and the interests of learning are against it; for were it to be perpetual, no book, however useful, could be universally diffused amongst mankind, should the proprietor take it into his head to restrain its circulation. No book could have the advantage of being edited with notes, however necessary to its elucidation,

[1] The Rev. Thomas Bagshaw, M.A. who died on the 20th November, 1787, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, chaplain of Bromley college, in Kent, and rector of Southfleet. He had resigned the cure of Bromley parish some time before his death. For this, and another letter from Dr. Johnson in 1784, to the same truly respectable man, I am indebted to Dr. John Loveday, of the commons, a son of the late learned and pious John Loveday, Esq. of Caversham, in Berkshire, who obligingly transcribed them for me from the originals in his possession. The worthy gentleman, having retired from business, now lives in Warwickshire. The world has been lately obliged to him as the editor of the late Rev. Dr. Townson's excellent work, modestly entitled "A Discourse on the Evangelical History, from the Interment to the Ascension of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;" to which is prefixed a truly interesting and pleasing account of the authour, by the Rev. Mr. Ralph Churton.—BOSWELL.

should the proprietor perversely oppose it. For the general good of the world, therefore, whatever valuable work has once been created by an authour, and issued out by him, should be understood as no longer in his power, but as belonging to the publick; at the same time the authour is entitled to an adequate reward. This he should have by an exclusive right to his work for a considerable number of years."

He attacked Lord Monboddo's strange speculation on the primitive state of human nature; observing, "Sir, it is all conjecture about a thing useless, even were it known to be true. Knowledge of all kinds is good. Conjecture, as to things useful, is good; but conjecture as to what it would be useless to know, such as whether men went upon all four, is very idle."

On Monday, 9th May, as I was to set out on my return to Scotland next morning, I was desirous to see as much of Dr. Johnson as I could. But I first called on Goldsmith to take leave of him. The jealousy and envy, which, though possessed of many most amiable qualities, he frankly avowed, broke out violently at this interview[1]. Upon another occasion, when Goldsmith confessed himself to be of an envious disposition, I contended with Johnson that we ought not to be angry with him, he was so candid in owning it. "Nay, sir," said Johnson, "we must be angry that a man has such a superabundance of an odious quality, that he cannot keep it within his own breast, but it boils over." In my opinion, however, Goldsmith had not more of it than other people have, but only talked of it freely.

He now seemed very angry that Johnson was going to be a traveller; said "he would be a dead weight for me to carry, and that I should never be able to

[1] [I wonder why Boswell so often displays a malevolent feeling towards Goldsmith? Rivalry for Johnson's good graces, perhaps.—WALTER SCOTT.]

lug him along through the Highlands and Hebrides." Nor would he patiently allow me to enlarge upon Johnson's wonderful abilities; but exclaimed, "Is he like Burke, who winds into a subject like a serpent?" "But," said I, "Johnson is the Hercules who strangled serpents in his cradle."

I dined with Dr. Johnson at General Paoli's. He was obliged, by indisposition, to leave the company early; he appointed me, however, to meet him in the evening at Mr. (now Sir Robert) Chambers's in the Temple, where he accordingly came, though he continued to be very ill. Chambers, as is common on such occasions, prescribed various remedies to him. JOHNSON (fretted by pain). "Pr'ythee don't tease me. Stay till I am well, and then you shall tell me how to cure myself." He grew better, and talked with a noble enthusiasm of keeping up the representation of respectable families. His zeal on this subject was a circumstance in his character exceedingly remarkable, when it is considered that he himself had no pretensions to blood. I heard him once say, "I have great merit in being zealous for subordination and the honours of birth; for I can hardly tell who was my grandfather." He maintained the dignity and propriety of male succession, in opposition to the opinion of one of our friends [1], who had that day employed Mr. Chambers to draw his will, devising his estate to his three sisters, in preference to a remote heir male. Johnson called them "three *dowdies*," and said, with as high a spirit as the boldest baron in the most perfect days of the feudal system, "An ancient estate should always go to males. It is mighty

[1] [It seems, from many circumstances, that this was Mr. Langton; and that there was something more in the matter than a mere sally of obstreperous mirth. It is certain that the friendship of "twenty years' standing" (*post*, 22d August, 1773) between Johnson and Langton suffered, about this time, a serious interruption. Johnson chose to attribute it to the reproof he had lately given Langton at Mr. Dilly's table (*ante*, p. 239); but it is more probable that it arose from this affair of the will.—ED.]

foolish to let a stranger have it because he marries your daughter, and takes your name. As for an estate newly acquired by trade, you may give it, if you will, to the dog *Towser*, and let him keep his *own* name."

I have known him at times exceedingly diverted at what seemed to others a very small sport. He now laughed immoderately, without any reason, that we could perceive, at our friend's making his will: called him the *testator*, and added, "I dare say he thinks he has done a mighty thing. He won't stay till he gets home to his seat in the country, to produce this wonderful deed: he 'll call up the landlord of the first inn on the road; and, after a suitable preface upon mortality and the uncertainty of life, will tell him that he should not delay making his will; and here, sir, will he say, is my will, which I have just made, with the assistance of one of the ablest lawyers in the kingdom; and he will read it to him (laughing all the time). He believes he has made this will; but he did not make it; you, Chambers, made it for him. I trust you have had more conscience than to make him say, 'being of sound understanding!' ha, ha, ha! I hope he has left me a legacy. I 'd have his will turned into verse, like a ballad."

In this playful manner did he run on, exulting in his own pleasantry, which certainly was not such as might be expected from the authour of "The Rambler," but which is here preserved, that my readers may be acquainted even with the slightest occasional characteristicks of so eminent a man.

Mr. Chambers did not by any means relish this jocularity upon a matter of which *pars magna fuit* [1],

[1] [Mr. Chambers may have known more of the real state of the affair than Boswell, and been offended at the mode in which Johnson treated their common friend. It is absurd to think that he could have felt any displeasure on his own account.—ED.]

and seemed impatient till he got rid of us. Johnson could not stop his merriment, but continued it all the way till he got without the Temple-gate. He then burst into such a fit of laughter, that he appeared to be almost in a convulsion; and, in order to support himself, laid hold of one of the posts at the side of the foot pavement, and sent forth peals so loud, that in the silence of the night his voice seemed to resound from Temple-bar to Fleet-ditch.

This most ludicrous exhibition of the awful, melancholy, and venerable Johnson, happened well to counteract the feelings of sadness which I used to experience when parting with him for a considerable time. I accompanied him to his door, where he gave me his blessing.

He records of himself this year:

"Between Easter and Whitsuntide, having always considered that time as propitious to study, I attempted to learn the low Dutch language." Prayers & Med. p. 191.

It is to be observed, that he here admits an opinion of the human mind being influenced by seasons, which he ridicules in his writings. His progress, he says, was interrupted by a fever, "which, by the imprudent use of a small print, left an inflammation in his useful eye." We cannot but admire his spirit when we know, that amidst a complication of bodily and mental distress, he was still animated with the desire of intellectual improvement[1]. Various notes of his studies appear on different days, in his manuscript diary of this year; such as,

"*Inchoavi lectionem Pentatcuchi. Finivi lectionem Conf. Fab. Burdonum. Legi primum actum Troadum. Legi Dissertationem Clerici postremam de Pent. 2 of Clark's Sermons. L. Apollonii pugnam Betriciam. L. centum versus Homeri.*"

[1] Not six months before his death, he wished me to teach him the Scale of Musick: "Dr. Burney, teach me at least the alphabet of your language."—BURNEY.

Let this serve as a specimen of what accessions of literature he was perpetually infusing into his mind, while he charged himself with idleness.

Piozzi, p. 131. This year died Mrs. Salisbury (mother of Mrs. Thrale), a lady whom he appears to have esteemed much, and whose memory he honoured with an epi-

Ed. taph. [This event also furnished him with a subject of meditation for the evening of June the 18th, on which day this lady died.]

Prayers & Med. p. 127. ["Friday, June 18, 1773. This day, after dinner, died Mrs. Salisbury; she had for some days almost lost the power of speaking. Yesterday, as I touched her hand, and kissed it, she pressed my hand between her two hands, which she probably intended as the parting caress. At night her speech returned a little; and she said, among other things, to her daughter, I have had much time, and I hope I have used it. This morning being called about nine to feel her pulse, I said at parting, God bless you, for Jesus Christ's sake. She smiled, as pleased. She had her senses perhaps to the dying moment."

p. 129. [He complains, about this period, that his memory had been for a long time very much confused, and that names, and persons, and events, slide away strangely from him. "But," he adds, "I grow easier."]

In a letter from Edinburgh, dated the 29th of May, I pressed him to persevere in his resolution to make this year the projected visit to the Hebrides, of which he and I had talked for many years, and which I was confident would afford us much entertainment.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, 5th July, 1773.

"DEAR SIR,—When your letter came to me, I was so darkened by an inflammation in my eye that I could not for some time read it. I can now write without trouble, and can read large prints. My eye is gradually growing stronger; and I hope will be able to take some delight in the survey of a Caledonian loch.

"Chambers is going a judge, with six thousand a year, to

Bengal. He and I shall come down together as far as Newcastle, and thence I shall easily get to Edinburgh. Let me know the exact time when your courts intermit. I must conform a little to Chambers's occasions, and he must conform a little to mine. The time which you shall fix must be the common point to which we will come as near as we can. Except this eye, I am very well.

"Beattie is so caressed, and invited, and treated, and liked, and flattered by the great, that I can see nothing of him. I am in great hope that he will be well provided for, and then we will live upon him at the Marischal College, without pity or modesty.

"————[1] left the town without taking leave of me, and is gone in deep dudgeon to ————[1] Is not this very childish? Where is now my legacy?

"I hope your dear lady and her dear baby are both well. I shall see them too when I come; and I have that opinion of your choice, as to suspect that when I have seen Mrs. Boswell, I shall be less willing to go away. I am, dear sir, your affectionate humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON.

"Write to me as soon as you can. Chambers is now at Oxford."

I again wrote to him, informing him that the court of session rose on the twelfth of August, hoping to see him before that time, and expressing, perhaps in too extravagant terms, my admiration of him, and my expectation of pleasure from our intended tour.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"3d August, 1773.

"DEAR SIR,—I shall set out from London on Friday the sixth of this month, and purpose not to loiter much by the way. Which day I shall be at Edinburgh, I cannot exactly tell. I suppose I must drive to an inn, and send a porter to find you.

"I am afraid Beattie will not be at his college soon enough for us, and I shall be sorry to miss him; but there is no staying for the concurrence of all conveniences. We will do as well as we can. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

[1] [Both these blanks must be filled with *Langton*. See *ante*, p. 245.—ED.]

"3d August, 1773.

"DEAR SIR,—Not being at Mr. Thrale's when your letter came, I had written the inclosed paper and sealed it; bringing it hither for a frank, I found yours. If any thing could repress my ardour, it would be such a letter as yours. To disappoint a friend is unpleasing; and he that forms expectations like yours, must be disappointed. Think only when you see me, that you see a man who loves you, and is proud and glad that you love him. I am, sir, your most affectionate,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Tour to Hebrid.

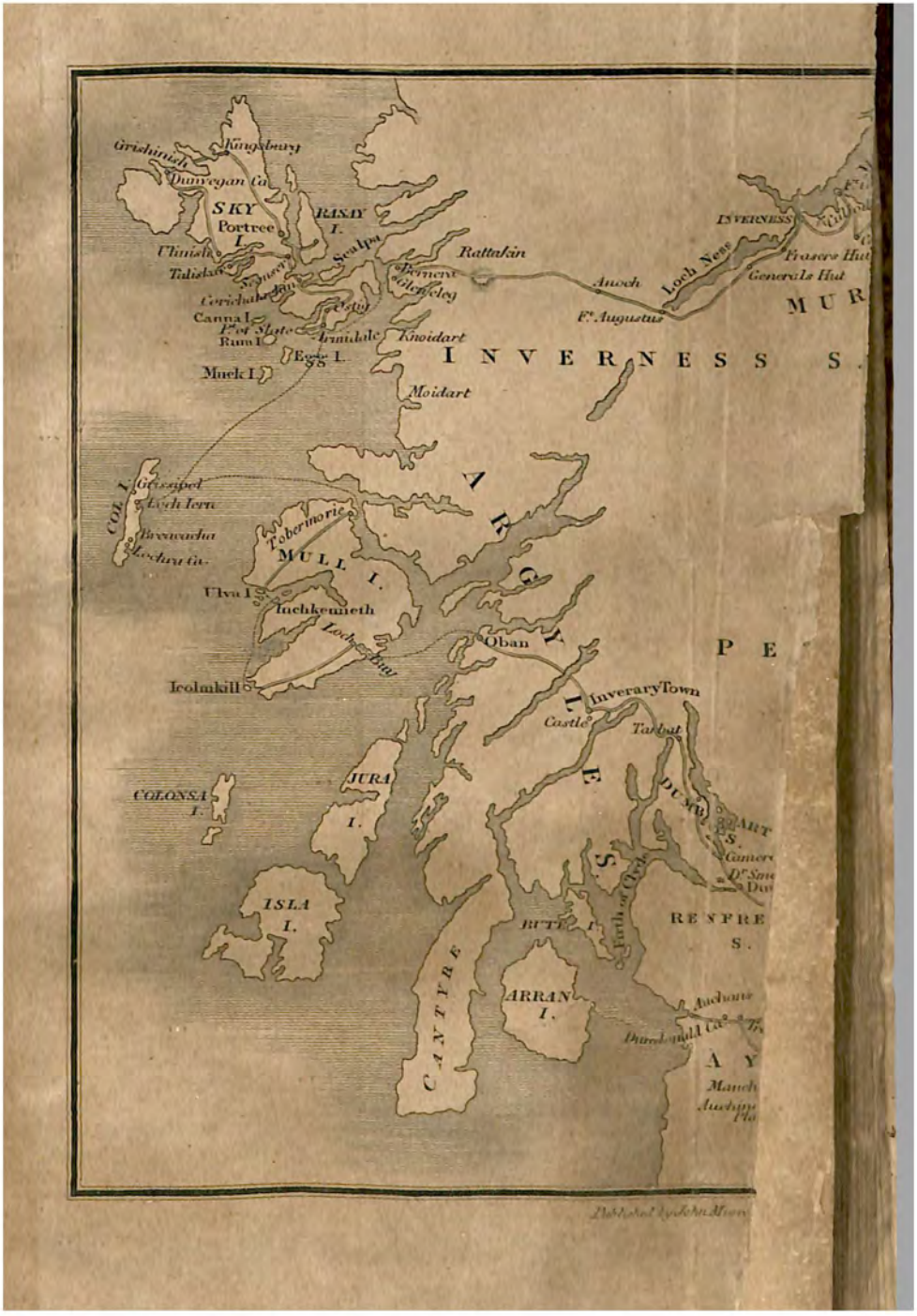
[1] Dr. Johnson had, for many years, given me hopes that we should go together, and visit the Hebrides. Martin's account of those islands had impressed us with a notion, that we might there contemplate a system of life almost totally different from what we had been accustomed to see; and to find simplicity and wildness, and all the circumstances of remote time or place, so near to our native great island, was an object within the reach of reasonable curiosity. Dr. Johnson has said in his "Journey," "that he scarcely remembered how the wish to visit the Hebrides was excited;" but he told me, in summer, 1763, that his father put Martin's account into his

[1] [Here begins the Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides, to which Mr. Boswell had prefixed two mottos,-the first in the title-page, from Pope:

"*O! while along the stream of time thy name*
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale?"

The other on a fly-leaf, from Baker's Chronicle:

"*He was of an admirable pregnancy of wit, and that pregnancy much improved by continual study from his childhood; by which he had gotten such a promptness in expressing his mind, that his extemporal speeches were little inferior to his premeditated writings. Many, no doubt, had read as much, and perhaps more than he; but scarce ever any concocted his reading into judgment as he did.*" Mr. Boswell tells us that Johnson read this journal as it proceeded, which, strange as the reader will think it, when he comes to read some passages of it, Johnson himself confirms; for he says to Mrs. Thrale, "You never told me, and I omitted to inquire, how you were entertained by Boswell's Journal. One would think the man had been hired to be a spy upon me. He was very diligent, and caught opportunities of writing from time to time. You may now conceive yourself tolerably well acquainted with the expedition."—*Letters*, v. 1, p. 233.—ED.]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Port Slate
Rum I.
Eagg I.
Muck I.
Armidale
Knoidart
Moidart
Arnish
Glenfeleg
Auoch
Loch Ness
Ft. Augustus
INVERNESS
Fraser's Hut
General's Hut
INVERNESS S.
COL I.
Gresapol
Loch Iern
Tavouardu
Lochaline
MULL I.
Tobermorie
Ulva I.
Inchkenneth
Loch Buy
Oban
Icolmkill
ARGYLE S.
Inverary Town
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Tarbat
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ISLA I.
CANTYRE
ARRAN I.
BUTE I.
Firth of Clyde
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Auchans
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hands when he was very young, and that he was much pleased with it. We reckoned there would be some inconveniences and hardships, and perhaps a little danger; but these, we were persuaded, were magnified in the imagination of every body. When I was at Ferney, in 1764, I mentioned our design to Voltaire. He looked at me, as if I had talked of going to the North Pole, and said, "You do not insist on my accompanying you?" "No, sir." "Then I am very willing you should go." I was not afraid that our curious expedition would be prevented by such apprehensions; but I doubted that it would not be possible to prevail on Dr. Johnson to relinquish, for some time, the felicity of a London life, which, to a man who can enjoy it with full intellectual relish, is apt to make existence in any narrower sphere seem insipid or irksome. I doubted that he would not be willing to come down from his elevated state of philosophical dignity; from a superiority of wisdom among the wise, and of learning among the learned; and from flashing his wit upon minds bright enough to reflect it. Tour to Hebrid.

He had disappointed my expectations so long, that I began to despair; but, in spring, 1773, he talked of coming to Scotland that year with so much firmness, that I hoped he was at last in earnest. I knew that, if he were once launched from the metropolis, he would go forward very well; and I got our common friends there to assist in setting him afloat. To Mrs. Thrale, in particular, whose enchantment over him seldom failed, I was much obliged[1]. It was, "I'll give thee a wind." "Thou art kind." To attract him, we had invitations from

[1] [She gives, in one of her letters to Dr. Johnson, the reasons which induced her to approve this excursion: "Fatigue is profitable to your health, upon the whole, and *keeps fancy from playing foolish tricks*. Exercise for your body and exertion for your mind, will contribute more than all the medicine in the universe to preserve that life we all consider as invaluable."—*Letters*, v. 1, p. 190.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

the chiefs Macdonald and Macleod; and, for additional aid, I wrote to Lord Elibank, Dr. William Robertson, and Dr. Beattie.

To Dr. Robertson, so far as my letter concerned the present subject, I wrote as follows:

"Our friend, Mr. Samuel Johnson, is in great health and spirits; and, I do think, has a serious resolution to visit Scotland this year. The more attraction, however, the better; and, therefore, though I know he will be happy to meet you there, it will forward the scheme, if, in your answer to this, you express yourself concerning it with that power of which you are so happily possessed, and which may be so directed as to operate strongly upon him."

His answer to that part of my letter was quite as I could have wished. It was written with the address and persuasion of the historian of America.

"When I saw you last, you gave us some hopes that you might prevail with Mr. Johnson to make out that excursion to Scotland, with the expectation of which we have long flattered ourselves. If he could order matters so as to pass some time in Edinburgh, about the close of the summer season, and then visit some of the Highland scenes, I am confident he would be pleased with the grand features of nature in many parts of this country: he will meet with many persons here who respect him, and some whom I am persuaded he will think not unworthy of his esteem. I wish he would make the experiment. He sometimes cracks his jokes upon us; but he will find that we can distinguish between the stabs of malevolence and the rebukes of the righteous, which are like excellent oil[1], and break not the head. Offer my best compliments to him, and assure him

[1] Our friend, Edmund Burke, who, by this time, had received some pretty severe strokes from Dr. Johnson, on account of the unhappy difference in their politicks, upon my repeating this passage to him, exclaimed, "Oil of vitriol!" —Boswell.

that I shall be happy to have the satisfaction of seeing him under my roof." Tour to Hebrid.

To Dr. Beattie I wrote, "The chief intention of this letter is to inform you, that I now seriously believe Mr. Samuel Johnson will visit Scotland this year: but I wish that every power of attraction may be employed to secure our having so valuable an acquisition, and therefore I hope you will, without delay, write to me what I know you think, that I may read it to the mighty sage, with proper emphasis, before I leave London, which I must do soon. He talks of you with the same warmth that he did last year. We are to see as much of Scotland as we can, in the months of August and September. We shall not be long of being at Marischal College[1]. He is particularly desirous of seeing some of the Western Islands."

Dr. Beattie did better: *ipse venit.* He was, however, so polite as to wave his privilege of *nil mihi rescribas,* and wrote from Edinburgh as follows:

"Your very kind and agreeable favour of the 20th of April overtook me here yesterday, after having gone to Aberdeen, which place I left about a week ago. I am to set out this day for London, and hope to have the honour of paying my respects to Mr. Johnson and you, about a week or ten days hence. I shall then do what I can to enforce the topick you mention; but at present I cannot enter upon it, as I am in a very great hurry, for I intend to begin my journey within an hour or two."

He was as good as his word, and threw some pleasing motives into the northern scale. But, indeed, Mr. Johnson loved all that he heard, from one whom he tells us, in his Lives of the Poets, Gray found "a poet, a philosopher, and a good man."

[1] This, I find, is a Scotticism. I should have said, "It will not be long before we shall be at Marischal College."—Boswell.

Tour to Hebrid. My Lord Elibank did not answer my letter to his lordship for some time. The reason will appear when we come to the Isle of Sky. I shall then insert my letter, with letters from his lordship, both to myself and Mr. Johnson. I beg it may be understood, that I insert my own letters, as I relate my own sayings, rather as keys to what is valuable belonging to others, than for their own sake.

Luckily Mr. Justice (now Sir Robert) Chambers, who was about to sail for the East Indies, was going to take leave of his relations at Newcastle, and he conducted Dr. Johnson to that town [whence he wrote me the following]:

"Newcastle, 11th August, 1773.

"DEAR SIR,—I came hither last night, and hope, but do not absolutely promise, to be in Edinburgh on Saturday. Beattie will not come so soon. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"My compliments to your lady."

Mr. Scott, of University College, Oxford, afterwards Sir William Scott [and Lord Stowell], accompanied him from thence to Edinburgh. With such propitious convoys did he proceed to my native city. But lest metaphor should make it be supposed he actually went by sea, I choose to mention that he travelled in postchaises, of which the rapid motion was one of his most favourite amusements.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's character, religious, moral, political, and literary, nay, his figure and manner are, I believe, more generally known than those of almost any man; yet it may not be superfluous here to attempt a sketch of him. Let my readers then remember that he was a sincere and zealous christian, of high church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations

of piety and virtue, both from a regard to the order of society, and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order; correct, nay, stern in his taste; hard to please, and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart; having a mind stored with a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which he communicated with peculiar perspicuity and force, in rich and choice expression. He united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing; for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. He could, when he chose it, be the greatest sophist that ever wielded a weapon in the schools of declamation, but he indulged this only in conversation; for he owned he sometimes talked for victory; he was too conscientious to make errour permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it. He was conscious of his superiority. He loved praise when it was brought to him; but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. His mind was so full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet. It has been often remarked, that in his poetical pieces, which it is to be regretted are so few, because so excellent, his style is easier than in his prose. There is deception in this: it is not easier, but better suited to the dignity of verse; as one may dance with grace, whose motions, in ordinary walking, in the common step, are awkward. He had a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking: yet, though grave and awful in his deportment, when he thought it necessary or proper, he frequently indulged himself in pleasantry and sportive sallies. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Tour to Hebrid.

Tour to Hebrid.

Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He had a loud voice, and a slow, deliberate utterance, which no doubt gave some additional weight to the sterling metal of his conversation. Lord Pembroke said once to me at Wilton, with a happy pleasantry, and some truth, that "Dr. Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary, were it not for his *bow-wow way*." But I admit the truth of this only on some occasions. The Messiah played upon the Canterbury organ is more sublime than when played upon an inferior instrument; but very slight musick will seem grand, when conveyed to the ear through that majestick medium. While, therefore, Dr. Johnson's sayings are read, let his manner be taken along with them. Let it, however, be observed, that the sayings themselves are generally great; that, though he might be an ordinary composer at times, he was for the most part a Handel. His person was large, robust, I may say approaching to the gigantick, and grown unwieldy from corpulency. His countenance was naturally of the cast of an ancient statue, but somewhat disfigured by the scars of that evil, which, it was formerly imagined, the royal touch could cure. He was now in his sixty-fourth year, and was become a little dull of hearing. His sight had always been somewhat weak; yet, so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his perceptions were uncommonly quick and accurate. His head, and sometimes also his body, shook with a kind of motion like the effect of a palsy: he appeared to be frequently disturbed by cramps, or convulsive contractions[1], of

[1] Such they appeared to me; but since the first edition, Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed to me, "that Dr. Johnson's extraordinary gestures were only habits, in which he indulged himself at certain times. When in company, where he was not free, or when engaged earnestly in conversation, he never gave

the nature of that distemper called St. Vitus's dance. He wore a full suit of plain brown clothes, with twisted hair-buttons of the same colour, a large bushy grayish wig, a plain shirt, black worsted stockings, and silver buckles. Upon this tour, when journeying, he wore boots, and a very wide brown cloth great coat, with pockets which might have almost held the two volumes of his folio dictionary, and he carried in his hand a large English oak stick. Let me not be censured for mentioning such minute particulars: every thing relative to so great a man is worth observing. I remember Dr. Adam Smith, in his rhetorical lectures at Glasgow, told us he was glad to know[1] that Milton wore latchets in his shoes instead of buckles. When I mention the oak stick, it is but letting Hercules have his club; and, by and by, my readers will find this stick will bud, and produce a good joke. Tour to Hebrid.

This imperfect sketch of "the combination and the form" of that wonderful man, whom I venerated and loved while in this world, and after whom I gaze with humble hope, now that it has pleased Almighty God to call him to a better world, will serve to introduce to the fancy of my readers the capital object of the following journal, in the course of which I trust they will attain to a considerable degree of acquaintance with him.

His prejudice against Scotland was announced almost as soon as he began to appear in the world of

way to such habits, which proves that they were not involuntary." I still, however, think, that these gestures were involuntary; for surely had not that been the case, he would have restrained them in the publick streets.—BOSWELL. [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 216, Sir Joshua's reasoning at large; notwithstanding which, it seems the better opinion that these gestures were the consequence of *nervous* affections, and not of trick or habit.—ED.]

[1] [This was no great discovery; the fashion of shoe-buckles was long posterior to Milton's day.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. letters. In his "London," a poem, are the following nervous lines:

> "For who would leave, unbribed, Hibernia's land?
> Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
> There none are swept by sudden fate away;
> But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay."

The truth is, like the ancient Greeks and Romans, he allowed himself to look upon all nations but his own as barbarians: not only Hibernia, and Scotland, but Spain, Italy, and France, are attacked in the same poem. If he was particularly prejudiced against the Scots, it was because they were more in his way; because he thought their success in England rather exceeded the due proportion of their real merit; and because he could not but see in them that nationality which I believe no liberal-minded Scotsman will deny. He was indeed, if I may be allowed the phrase, at bottom much of a John Bull; much of a blunt true-born Englishman. There was a stratum of common clay under the rock of marble. He was voraciously fond of good eating; and he had a great deal of that quality called humour, which gives an oiliness and a gloss to every other quality.

I am, I flatter myself, completely a citizen of the world. In my travels through Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Corsica, France, I never felt myself from home; and I sincerely love "every kindred and tongue and people and nation." I subscribe to what my late truly learned and philosophical friend Mr. Crosbie said, that the English are better animals than the Scots; they are nearer the sun; their blood is richer, and more mellow: but when I humour any of them in an outrageous contempt of Scotland, I fairly own I treat them as children. And

thus I have, at some moments, found myself obliged to treat even Dr. Johnson. Tour to Hebrid.

To Scotland, however, he ventured; and he returned from it in great good humour, with his prejudices much lessened, and with very grateful feelings of the hospitality with which he was treated; as is evident from that admirable work, his "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," which, to my utter astonishment, has been misapprehended, even to rancour, by many of my countrymen.

To have the company of Chambers and Scott, he delayed his journey so long, that the court of session, which rises on the 11th of August, was broke up before he got to Edinburgh.

On Saturday the 14th of August, 1773, late in the evening, I received a note from him, that he was arrived at Boyd's inn [1], at the head of the Canon-gate.

"Saturday night.

"Mr. Johnson sends his compliments to Mr. Boswell, being just arrived at Boyd's."

I went to him directly. He embraced me cordially; and I exulted in the thought that I now had him actually in Caledonia. Mr. Scott's amiable manners, and attachment to our Socrates, at once united me to him. He told me that before I came in, the doctor had unluckily had a bad specimen of Scottish cleanliness. He then drank no fermented liquor. He asked to have his lemonade made sweeter; upon which the waiter, with his greasy fingers, lifted a lump of sugar, and put it into it. The doctor, in indignation, threw it out of the window. Scott said he was afraid he would have knocked the waiter down [2]. Mr. Johnson [has since] told me that

[1] [The sign of the White Horse. It continued a place from which *coaches* used to start till the end of the eighteenth century; some twelve or fifteen years ago it was a carrier's inn, and has since been held unworthy even of that occupation, and the sign is taken down. It was a base hovel.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] ["The house," says Lord Stowell, "was kept by a woman, and she was

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such another trick was played him at the house of a lady in Paris[1]. He was to do me the honour to lodge under my roof. I regretted sincerely that I had not also a room for Mr. Scott. Mr. Johnson and I walked arm-in-arm up the High-street, to my house in James's-court[2]: it was a dusky night: I could not prevent his being assailed by the evening effluvia of Edinburgh. I heard a late baronet, of some distinction in the political world in the beginning of the present reign, observe, that "walking the streets of Edinburgh at night was pretty perilous, and a good deal odoriferous." The peril is much abated by the care which the magistrates have taken to enforce the city laws against throwing foul water from the windows; but, from the structure of the houses in the old town, which consist of many stories, in each of which a different family lives, and there being no covered sewers, the odour still continues. A zealous Scotsman would have wished Mr. Johnson to be without one of his five senses upon this occasion. As we marched slowly along, he grumbled in my ear, "I smell you in the dark!" But he acknowledged that the breadth of the street, and the loftiness of the buildings on each side, made a noble appearance.

My wife had tea ready for him, which it is well known he delighted to drink at all hours, particularly when sitting up late, and of which his able defence against Mr. Jonas Hanway should have obtained him a magnificent reward from the East India company. He showed much complacency upon finding that the

called *Luckie*, which it seems is synonymous to *Goody*. in England. I, at first, thought the appellation very inappropriate, and that *Unlucky* would have been better, for Doctor Johnson had a mind to have thrown the waiter, as well as the lemonade, out of the window."—Ed.]

[1] [See *post*, Nov. 1775.—Ed.]

[2] ["Boswell," Dr. Johnson writes, "has very handsome and spacious rooms, level with the ground at one side of the house, and on the other four stories high."—*Lett.* i. 109.—Ed.]

mistress of the house was so attentive to his singular habit; and as no man could be more polite when he chose to be so, his address to her was most courteous and engaging; and his conversation soon charmed her into a forgetfulness of his external appearance. Tour to Hebrid.

I did not begin to keep a regular full journal till some days after we had set out from Edinburgh; but I have luckily preserved a good many fragments of his Memorabilia from his very first evening in Scotland.

We had a little before this had a trial for murder, in which the judges had allowed the lapse of twenty years since its commission as a plea in bar, in conformity with the doctrine of prescription in the civil law, which Scotland and several other countries in Europe have adopted[1]. He at first disapproved of this; but then he thought there was something in it if there had been for twenty years a neglect to prosecute a crime which was known. He would not allow that a murder, by not being discovered for twenty years, should escape punishment. We talked of the ancient trial by duel. He did not think it so absurd as is generally supposed; "For," said he, "it was only allowed when the question was in equilibrio, as when one affirmed and another denied; and they had a notion that Providence would interfere in favour of him who was in the right. But as it was found that in a duel, he who was in the right had not a better chance than he who was in the wrong, therefore society instituted the present mode of trial, and gave the advantage to him who is in the right."

We sat till near two in the morning, having chatted a good while after my wife left us. She had insisted that to show all respect to the sage she would

[1] [See *post*, 22d August, 1773.—Ed.]

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give up her own bedchamber to him, and take a worse. This I cannot but gratefully mention as one of a thousand obligations which I owe her, since the great obligation of her being pleased to accept of me as her husband.

Sunday, 15th August.—Mr. Scott came to breakfast, at which I introduced to Dr. Johnson, and him, my friend Sir William Forbes, now of Pitsligo[1], a man of whom too much good cannot be said, who, with distinguished abilities and application in his profession of a banker, is at once a good companion and a good christian, which I think is saying enough. Yet it is but justice to record, that once, when he was in a dangerous illness, he was watched with the anxious apprehension of a general calamity; day and night his house was beset with affectionate inquiries, and, upon his recovery, Te Deum was the universal chorus from the hearts of his countrymen.

Mr. Johnson was pleased with my daughter Veronica[2], then a child of about four months old. She had the appearance of listening to him. His motions seemed to her to be intended for her amusement; and when he stopped she fluttered, and made a little infantine noise, and a kind of signal for him to begin

[1] [This respectable baronet, who published a Life of Beattie, died in 1816, at the age of sixty-eight.—Ed.]

[2] The saint's name of Veronica was introduced into our family through my great grandmother Veronica, Countess of Kincardine, a Dutch lady of the noble house of Sommelsdyck, of which there is a full account in Bayle's Dictionary. The family had once a princely right in Surinam. The governor of that settlement was appointed by the states general, the town of Amsterdam, and Sommelsdyck. The states general have acquired Sommelsdyck's right; but the family has still great dignity and opulence, and by intermarriages is connected with many other noble families. When I was at the Hague, I was received with all the affection of kindred. The present Sommelsdyck has an important charge in the republic, and is as worthy a man as lives. He has honoured me with his correspondence for these twenty years. My great grandfather, the husband of Countess Veronica, was Alexander, Earl of Kincardine, that eminent royalist whose character is given by Burnet in his "History of his own Times." From him the blood of Bruce flows in my veins. Of such ancestry who would not be proud? And as "Nihil est, nisi hoc sciat alter" is peculiarly true of genealogy, who would not be glad to seize a fair opportunity to let it be known? —Boswell.

again. She would be held close to him, which was a proof, from simple nature, that his figure was not horrid. Her fondness for him endeared her still more to me, and I declared she should have five hundred pounds of additional fortune. Tour to Hebrid.

We talked of the practice of the law. Sir William Forbes said, he thought an honest lawyer should never undertake a cause which he was satisfied was not a just one. "Sir," said Mr. Johnson, "a lawyer has no business with the justice or injustice of the cause which he undertakes, unless his client asks his opinion, and then he is bound to give it honestly. The justice or injustice of the cause is to be decided by the judge. Consider, sir, what is the purpose of courts of justice? It is, that every man may have his cause fairly tried, by men appointed to try causes. A lawyer is not to tell what he knows to be a lie: he is not to produce what he knows to be a false deed; but he is not to usurp the province of the jury and of the judge, and determine what shall be the effect of evidence,—what shall be the result of legal argument. As it rarely happens that a man is fit to plead his own cause, lawyers are a class of the community who, by study and experience, have acquired the art and power of arranging evidence, and of applying to the points at issue what the law has settled. A lawyer is to do for his client all that his client might fairly do for himself, if he could. If, by a superiority of attention, of knowledge, of skill, and a better method of communication, he has the advantage of his adversary, it is an advantage to which he is entitled. There must always be some advantage, on one side or other; and it is better that advantage should be had by talents than by chance. If lawyers were to undertake no causes till they were sure they were just, a man might be precluded altogether from

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a trial of his claim, though, were it judicially examined, it might be found a very just claim." This was sound practical doctrine, and rationally repressed a too refined scrupulosity of conscience.

Emigration was at this time a common topic of discourse. Dr. Johnson regretted it as hurtful to human happiness: "For," said he, "it spreads mankind, which weakens the defence of a nation, and lessens the comfort of living. Men, thinly scattered, make a shift, but a bad shift, without many things. A smith is ten miles off; they'll do without a nail or a staple. A tailor is far from them; they'll botch their own clothes. It is being concentrated which produces high convenience."

Sir William Forbes, Mr. Scott, and I, accompanied Mr. Johnson to the chapel, founded by Lord Chief Baron Smith, for the service of the church of England. The Rev. Mr. Carre, the senior clergyman, preached from these words, "Because the Lord reigneth, let the earth be glad." I was sorry to think Mr. Johnson did not attend to the sermon, Mr. Carre's low voice not being strong enough to reach his hearing. A selection of Mr. Carre's sermons has since his death been published by Sir William Forbes, and the world has acknowledged their uncommon merit. I am well assured Lord Mansfield has pronounced them to be excellent.

Here I obtained a promise from Lord Chief Baron Orde, that he would dine at my house next day. I presented Mr. Johnson to his lordship, who politely said to him, "I have not the honour of knowing you; but I hope for it, and to see you at my house. I am to wait on you to-morrow." This respectable English judge will be long remembered in Scotland, where he built an elegant house, and lived in it magnificently. His own ample fortune, with the addition

of his salary, enabled him to be splendidly hospitable. It may be fortunate for an individual amongst ourselves to be lord chief baron, and a most worthy man[1] now has the office; but, in my opinion, it is better for Scotland in general, that some of our publick employments should be filled by gentlemen of distinction from the south side of the Tweed, as we have the benefit of promotion in England. Such an interchange would make a beneficial mixture of manners, and render our union more complete. Lord Chief Baron Orde was on good terms with us all, in a narrow country, filled with jarring interests and keen parties; and, though I well knew his opinion to be the same with my own, he kept himself aloof at a very critical period indeed, when the Douglas cause shook the sacred security of birthright in Scotland to its foundation; a cause, which had it happened before the union, when there was no appeal to a British House of Lords, would have left the great fortress of honours and of property in ruins[2]. Tour to Hebrid.

When we got home, Dr. Johnson desired to see my books. He took down Ogden's Sermons on Prayer, on which I set a very high value, having been much edified by them, and he retired with them to his room. He did not stay long, but soon joined us in the drawing-room. I presented to him Mr. Robert Arbuthnot[3], a relation of the celebrated Dr.

[1] [James Montgomery, created a baronet in 1801, on his resignation of the office of chief baron.—ED.]

[2] [It must be recollected that Mr. Boswell was not only counsel, but a violent partisan in this cause. There was, in fact, no attempt at "shaking the sacred security of *birthright*." The question was, "*to whom* the birthright belonged; that is, whether Mr. Douglas was or was not the son of those he *called* his father and mother.—ED.]

[3] [Robert Arbuthnot, Esq. was secretary to the board of trustees for the encouragement of the arts and manufactures of Scotland; in this office he was succeeded by his son William, lord provost of Edinburgh when King George the Fourth visited Scotland, who was made a baronet on that occasion, and has lately died much lamented. Both father and son were accomplished gentlemen, and elegant scholars.—WALTER SCOTT.]

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Arbuthnot, and a man of literature and taste. To him we were obliged for a previous recommendation, which secured us a very agreeable reception at St. Andrews, and which Dr. Johnson, in his "Journey," ascribes to "some invisible friend."

Of Dr. Beattie, Mr. Johnson said, "Sir, he has written like a man conscious of the truth, and feeling his own strength. Treating your adversary with respect, is giving him an advantage to which he is not entitled. The greatest part of men cannot judge of reasoning, and are impressed by character; so that, if you allow your adversary a respectable character, they will think, that though you differ from him, you may be in the wrong. Sir, treating your adversary with respect, is striking soft in a battle. And as to Hume, a man who has so much conceit as to tell all mankind that they have been bubbled for ages, and he is the wise man who sees better than they—a man who has so little scrupulosity as to venture to oppose those principles which have been thought necessary to human happiness—is he to be surprised if another man comes and laughs at him? If he is the great man he thinks himself, all this cannot hurt him: it is like throwing peas against a rock." He added "something much too rough," both as to Mr. Hume's head and heart, which I suppress[1]. Violence is, in my opinion, not suitable to the christian cause. Besides, I always lived on good terms with Mr. Hume, though I have frankly told him, I was not clear that it was right in me to keep company with him. "But," said I,

[1] [It may be supposed that it was somewhat like what Mrs. Piozzi relates that he said of an eminent infidel, whose name she does not give, but who was probably either Hume or Gibbon (Malone thought Gibbon). "You will at least," said some one, "allow him the *lumières*." "Just enough," replied the doctor, "to light him to hell."—*Piozzi's Anecdotes*, p. 72.—ED.]

"how much better are you than your books!" He was cheerful, obliging, and instructive; he was charitable to the poor; and many an agreeable hour have I passed with him. I have preserved some entertaining and interesting memoirs of him, particularly when he knew himself to be dying, which I may some time or other communicate to the world. I shall not, however, extol him so very highly as Dr. Adam Smith does, who says, in a letter to Mr. Strahan, the printer (not a confidential letter to his friend, but a letter which is published[1] with all formality): "Upon the whole, I have always considered him, both in his lifetime and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit." Let Dr. Smith consider, Was not Mr. Hume blest with good health, good spirits, good friends, a competent and increasing fortune? And had he not also a perpetual feast of fame? But, as a learned friend has observed to me, "What trials did he undergo, to prove the perfection of his virtue? Did he ever experience any great instance of adversity?" When I read this sentence, delivered by my old professor of moral philosophy, I

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[1] This letter, though shattered by the sharp shot of Dr. Horne of Oxford's wit, in the character of "One of the People called Christians," is still prefixed to Mr. Hume's excellent History of England, like a poor invalid on the piquet guard, or like a list of quack medicines sold by the same bookseller, by whom a work of whatever nature is published; for it has no connexion with his History, let it have what it may with what are called his Philosophical Works. A worthy friend of mine in London was lately consulted by a lady of quality, of most distinguished merit, what was the best History of England for her son to read. My friend recommended Hume's. But upon recollecting that its usher was a superlative panegyrick on one, who endeavoured to sap the credit of our holy religion, he revoked his recommendation. I am really sorry for this ostentatious alliance; because I admire "The Theory of Moral Sentiments," and value the greatest part of "An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations." Why should such a writer be so forgetful of human comfort, as to give any countenance to that dreary infidelity which would "make us poor indeed!"—BOSWELL.

Tour to Hebrid. could not help exclaiming with the Psalmist, "Surely I have now more understanding than my teachers!"

While we were talking, there came a note to me from Dr. William Robertson.

"DEAR SIR,—I have been expecting every day to hear from you of Dr. Johnson's arrival. Pray, what do you know about his motions? I long to take him by the hand. I write this from the college, where I have only this scrap of paper. Ever yours, "W. R.

"Sunday."

It pleased me to find Dr. Robertson thus eager to meet Dr. Johnson. I was glad I could answer that he was come; and I begged Dr. Robertson might be with us as soon as he could.

Sir William Forbes, Mr. Scott, Mr. Arbuthnot, and another gentleman, dined with us. "Come, Dr. Johnson," said I, "it is commonly thought that our veal in Scotland is not good. But here is some which I believe you will like." There was no catching him. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, what is commonly thought, I should take to be true. *Your* veal may be good; but that will only be an exception to the general opinion, not a proof against it."

Dr. Robertson, according to the custom of Edinburgh at that time, dined in the interval between the forenoon and afternoon service, which was then later than now; so we had not the pleasure of his company till dinner was over, when he came and drank wine with us; and then began some animated dialogue, of which here follows a pretty full note.

We talked of Mr. Burke. Dr. Johnson said, he had great variety of knowledge, store of imagery, copiousness of language. ROBERTSON. "He has wit too." JOHNSON. "No, sir; he never succeeds there. 'Tis low; 'tis conceit. I used to say, Burke

never once made a good joke [1]. What I most envy Burke for is, his being constantly the same. He is Tour to Hebrid.

[1] This was one of the points upon which Dr. Johnson was strangely heterodox. For surely Mr. Burke, with his other remarkable qualities, is also distinguished for his wit, and for wit of all kinds too; not merely that power of language which Pope chooses to denominate wit:

"True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;"

but surprising allusions, brilliant sallies of vivacity, and pleasant conceits. His speeches in parliament are strewed with them. Take, for instance, the variety which he has given in his wide range, yet exact detail, when exhibiting his reform bill. And his conversation abounds in wit. Let me put down a specimen. I told him I had seen, at a *blue stocking* assembly, a number of ladies sitting round a worthy and tall friend of ours [Mr. Langton], listening to his literature. "Ay," said he, "like maids round a May-pole." I told him, I had found out a perfect definition of human nature, as distinguished from the animal. An ancient philosopher said, man was "a two-legged animal without feathers;" upon which his rival sage had a cock plucked bare, and set him down in the school before all the disciples, as a "philosophick man." Dr. Franklin said, man was "a tool-making animal," which is very well; for no animal but man makes a thing, by means of which he can make another thing. But this applies to very few of the species. My definition of man is, "a cooking animal." The beasts have memory, judgment, and all the faculties and passions of our mind, in a certain degree; but no beast is a cook. The trick of the monkey using the cat's paw to roast a chestnut is only a piece of shrewd malice in that *turpissima bestia*, which humbles us so sadly by its similarity to us. Man alone can dress a good dish; and every man whatever is more or less a cook, in seasoning what he himself eats. "Your definition is good," said Mr. Burke, "and I now see the full force of the common proverb, 'There is *reason* in roasting of eggs.'" When Mr. Wilkes, in his days of tumultuous opposition, was borne upon the shoulders of the mob, Mr. Burke (as Mr. Wilkes told me himself, with classical admiration) applied to him what Horace says of Pindar,

"———— *numeris*que fertur
LEGE *solutis*."

Sir Joshua Reynolds, who agrees with me entirely as to Mr. Burke's fertility of wit, said, that this was "dignifying a pun." He also observed, that he has often heard Burke say, in the course of an evening, ten good things, each of which would have served a noted wit (whom he named) to live upon for a twelvemonth.

I find, since the former edition, that some persons have objected to the instances which I have given of Mr. Burke's wit, as not doing justice to my very ingenious friend; the specimens produced having, it is alleged, more of conceit than real wit, and being merely sportive sallies of the moment, not justifying the encomium which they think, with me, he undoubtedly merits. I was well aware, how hazardous it was to exhibit particular instances of wit, which is of so airy and spiritual a nature as often to elude the hand that attempts to grasp it. The excellence and efficacy of a *bon mot* depend frequently so much on the occasion on which it is spoken, on the particular manner of the speaker, on the person of whom it is applied, the previous introduction, and a thousand minute particulars which cannot be easily enumerated, that it is always dangerous to detach a witty saying from the group to which it belongs, and to set it before the eye of the spectator, divested of those concomitant circumstances, which gave it animation, mellowness, and relief. I ventured, however, at all hazards, to put down the first instances that occurred to me, as proofs of Mr. Burke's lively and brilliant fancy; but am very sensible that his numerous friends could have suggested many of a superior quality. Indeed, the being in company with him, for a single day, is sufficient to show that what I have asserted is well founded; and it was only necessary to have appealed to all who know him in-

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never what we call hum-drum; never unwilling to begin to talk, nor in haste to leave off." BOSWELL. "Yet he can listen." JOHNSON. "No; I cannot say he is good at that. So desirous is he to talk, that if one is speaking at this end of the table, he 'll speak to somebody at the other end. Burke, sir, is such a man, that if you met him for the first time in the street where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he 'd talk to you in such a manner, that, when you parted, you would say, this is an extraordinary man. Now, you may be long enough with me, without finding any thing extraordinary." He said, he believed Burke was intended for the law; but either had not money enough to follow it, or had not diligence enough. He said, he could not understand how a man could apply to one thing, and not to another. Robertson said, one man had more judgment, another more imagination. JOHNSON. "No, sir; it is only, one man has more mind than another. He may direct it differently; he may, by accident, see the success of one kind of study, and take a desire to excel in it. I am persuaded that had Sir Isaac Newton applied to poetry, he would have made a very fine epick poem. I could as easily apply to law as to tragick poetry[1]." BOSWELL.

timately, for a complete refutation of the heterodox opinion entertained by Dr. Johnson on this subject. *He* allowed Mr. Burke, as the reader will find hereafter, to be a man of consummate and unrivalled abilities in every light except that now under consideration; and the variety of his allusions, and splendour of his imagery, have made such an impression on *all the rest* of the world, that superficial observers are apt to overlook his other merits, and to suppose that *wit* is his chief and most prominent excellence; when in fact it is only one of the many talents that he possesses, which are so various and extraordinary, that it is very difficult to ascertain precisely the rank and value of each. [Mr. Burke's happy application from Horace has been sometimes quoted as if he had said "*humeris* fertur;" but that, besides being a departure from the text, would not suit so well with *lege solutis*. "Numeris fertur lege solutis" is, according to Mr. Burke's witty perversion, "he is carried by *numbers unrestrained by law*," that is, "*a lawless mob*."—ED.]

[1] [How much a man deceives himself! Johnson, who has shown such powers in other lines of literature, failed as a tragic poet.—ED.]

"Yet, sir, you did apply to tragick poetry, not to law." JOHNSON. "Because, sir, I had not money to study law. Sir, the man who has vigour may walk to the east, just as well as to the west, if he happens to turn his head that way." BOSWELL. "But, sir, 'tis like walking up and down a hill; one man may naturally do the one better than the other. A hare will run up a hill best, from her fore-legs being short; a dog down." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir; that is from mechanical powers. If you make mind mechanical, you may argue in that manner. One mind is a vice, and holds fast; there's a good memory. Another is a file; and he is a disputant, a controversialist. Another is a razor; and he is sarcastical." We talked of Whitfield. He said, he was at the same college with him, and knew him before he began to be better than other people (smiling); that he believed he sincerely meant well, but had a mixture of politicks and ostentation: whereas Wesley thought of religion only[1]. Robertson said, Whitfield had strong natural eloquence, which, if cultivated, would have done great things. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, I take it he was at the height of what his abilities could do, and was sensible of it. He had the ordinary advantages of education; but he chose to pursue that oratory which is for the mob." BOSWELL. "He had great effect on the passions." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, I don't think so. He could not represent a succession of pathetick images. He vociferated, and

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[1] That cannot be said now, after the flagrant part which Mr. John Wesley took against our American brethren, when, in his own name, he threw amongst his enthusiastick flock the very individual combustibles of Dr. Johnson's "Taxation no Tyranny;" and after the intolerant spirit which he manifested against our fellow-christians of the Roman Catholick communion, for which that able champion, Father O'Leary, has given him so hearty a drubbing. But I should think myself very unworthy, if I did not at the same time acknowledge Mr. John Wesley's merit, as a veteran "Soldier of Jesus Christ," who has, I do believe, turned many from darkness into light, and from the power of Satan to the living God.

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made an impression. There, again, was a mind like a hammer." Dr. Johnson now said, a certain eminent political friend [1] of ours was wrong in his maxim of sticking to a certain set of men on all occasions. "I can see that a man may do right to stick to a party," said he, "that is to say, he is a whig, or he is a tory, and he thinks one of those parties upon the whole the best, and that to make it prevail, it must be generally supported, though, in particulars, it may be wrong. He takes its faggot of principles, in which there are fewer rotten sticks than in the other, though some rotten sticks, to be sure; and they cannot well be separated. But, to bind one's self to one man, or one set of men (who may be right to-day and wrong to-morrow), without any general preference of system, I must disapprove [2]."

He told us of Cooke, who translated Hesiod, and lived twenty years on a translation of Plautus, for which he was always taking subscriptions; and that

[1] [Mr. Burke. See *ante*, p 211.—ED.]

[2] If due attention were paid to this observation, there would be more virtue even in politicks. What Dr. Johnson justly condemned has, I am sorry to say, greatly increased in the present reign. At the distance of four years from this conversation, 21st February, 1777, my Lord Archbishop of York, in his "sermon before the society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts," thus indignantly describes the then state of parties:

"Parties once had a principle belonging to them, absurd, perhaps, and indefensible, but still carrying a notion of duty, by which honest minds might easily be caught. But they are now combinations of individuals, who, instead of being the sons and servants of the community, make a league for advancing their private interests. It is their business to hold high the notion of political honour. I believe and trust, it is not injurious to say, that such a bond is no better than that by which the lowest and wickedest combinations are held together; and that it denotes the last stage of political depravity."

To find a thought, which just showed itself to us from the mind of Johnson, thus appearing again at such a distance of time, and without any communication between them, enlarged to full growth in the mind of Markham, is a curious object of philosophical contemplation. That two such great and luminous minds should have been so dark in one corner; that they should have held it to be "wicked rebellion" in the British subjects established in America, to resist the abject condition of holding all their property at the mercy of British subjects remaining at home, while their allegiance to our common lord the king was to be preserved inviolate, is a striking proof, to me, either that "he who sitteth in heaven" scorns the loftiness of human pride, or that the evil spirit, whose personal existence I strongly believe, and even in this age am confirmed in that belief by a Fell, nay, by a Hurd, has more power than some choose to allow.—BOSWELL.

he presented Foote to a club in the following singular manner: "This is the nephew of the gentleman who was lately hung in chains for murdering his brother [1]." Tour to Hebrid.

In the evening I introduced to Mr. Johnson [2] two good friends of mine, Mr. William Nairne, advocate, and Mr. Hamilton of Sundrum, my neighbour in the country, both of whom supped with us. I have preserved nothing of what passed, except that Dr. Johnson displayed another of his heterodox opinions—a contempt of tragick acting. He said, "the action of all players in tragedy is bad. It should be a man's study to repress those signs of emotion and passion, as they are called." He was of a directly contrary opinion to that of Fielding, in his "Tom Jones;" who makes Partridge say of Garrick, "Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did." For, when I asked him, "Would not you, sir, start as Mr. Garrick does, if you saw a ghost?" He answered, "I hope not. If I did, I should frighten the ghost."

Monday, 16*th August*.—Dr. William Robertson came to breakfast. We talked of Ogden on Prayer. Dr. Johnson said, "The same arguments which are

[1] [Mr. Foote's mother was the sister of Sir J. Dinely Goddere, bart., and of Capt. Gooddere, who commanded H.M.S. Ruby, on board which, when lying in King's-road, Bristol, in January, 1741, the latter caused his brother to be forcibly carried, and there barbarously murdered. Capt. Gooddere was, with two accomplices, executed for this offence in the April following. The circumstances of the case, and some other facts connected with this family, led to an opinion that Capt. Gooddere was insane; and some unhappy circumstances in Foote's life render it probable that *he* had not wholly escaped this hereditary irregularity of mind.—Ed. Foote's first publication was a pamphlet in defence of his uncle's memory.—Walter Scott.]

[2] It may be observed, that I sometimes call my great friend *Mr.* Johnson, sometimes *Dr.* Johnson; though he had at this time a doctor's degree from Trinity College, Dublin. The university of Oxford afterwards conferred it upon him by a diploma, in very honourable terms. It was some time before I could bring myself to call him doctor; but, as he has been long known by that title, I shall give it to him in the rest of this Journal.—Boswell. [Johnson *never*, it seems, called himself *doctor*. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 504, and *post*, 7th April, 1775.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid.

used against God's hearing prayer will serve against his rewarding good, and punishing evil. He has resolved, he has declared, in the former case as in the latter." He had last night looked into Lord Hailes's "Remarks on the History of Scotland." Dr. Robertson and I said, it was a pity Lord Hailes[1] did not write greater things. His lordship had not then published his "Annals of Scotland." JOHNSON. "I remember I was once on a visit at the house of a lady for whom I had a high respect. There was a good deal of company in the room. When they were gone, I said to this lady, 'What foolish talking have we had!' 'Yes,' said she, 'but while they talked, you said nothing.' I was struck with the reproof. How much better is the man who does any thing that is innocent, than he who does nothing! Besides, I love anecdotes. I fancy mankind may come, in time, to write all aphoristically, except in narrative; grow weary of preparation, and connexion, and illustration, and all those arts by which a big book is made. If a man is to wait till he weaves anecdotes into a system, we may be long in getting them, and get but few, in comparison of what we might get."

Dr. Robertson said, the notions of Eupham Macallan, a fanatick woman, of whom Lord Hailes gives a sketch, were still prevalent among some of the presbyterians; and, therefore, it was right in Lord Hailes, a man of known piety, to undeceive them.

We walked out, that Dr. Johnson might see some of the things which we have to show at Edinburgh. We went to the parliament-house[2], where the parlia-

[1] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 447.—ED.]

[2] [It was on this visit to the parliament-house that Mr. Henry Erskine (brother of Lord Buchan and Lord Erskine), after being presented to Dr. Johnson by Mr. Boswell, and having made his bow, slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand, whispering that it was for the sight of his *bear*.—WALTER SCOTT.]

ment of Scotland sat, and where the ordinary lords of session hold their courts, and to the new session-house adjoining to it, where our court of fifteen (the fourteen ordinaries, with the lord president at their head) sit as a court of review. We went to the advocates' library, of which Dr. Johnson took a cursory view, and then to what is called the Laigh (or under) parliament-house, where the records of Scotland, which has an universal security by register, are deposited, till the great register office be finished. I was pleased to behold Dr. Samuel Johnson rolling about in this old magazine of antiquities. There was, by this time, a pretty numerous circle of us attending upon him. Somebody talked of happy moments for composition, and how a man can write at one time, and not at another. "Nay," said Dr. Johnson, "a man may write at any time, if he will set himself *doggedly*[1] to it." Tour to Hebrid.

I here began to indulge old Scottish sentiments, and to express a warm regret, that, by our union with England, we were no more; our independent kingdom was lost. JOHNSON. "Sir, never talk of your independency, who could let your queen remain twenty years in captivity, and then be put to death, without even a pretence of justice, without your ever attempting to rescue her; and such a queen too! as every man of any gallantry of spirit would have sacrificed his life for." Worthy MR. JAMES KERR, keeper of the records. "Half our nation was bribed by English money." JOHNSON. "Sir, that is no defence: that makes you worse." Good MR. BROWN, keeper of the advocates' library. "We had better say nothing about it." BOSWELL. "You

[1] This word is commonly used to signify sullenly, gloomily; and in that sense alone it appears in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. I suppose he meant by it, "with an obstinate resolution, similar to that of a sullen man."—BOSWELL.

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would have been glad, however, to have had us last war, sir, to fight your battles!" JOHNSON. "We should have had you for the same price, though there had been no union, as we might have had Swiss, or other troops. No, no, I shall agree to a separation. You have only to *go home*." Just as he had said this, I, to divert the subject, showed him the signed assurances of the three successive kings of the Hanover family, to maintain the presbyterian establishment in Scotland. "We 'll give you that," said he, "into the bargain[1]."

We next went to the great church of St. Giles, which has lost its original magnificence in the inside, by being divided into four places of presbyterian worship. "Come," said Dr. Johnson jocularly to Principal Robertson[2], "let me see what was once a church!" We entered that division which was formerly called the New Church, and of late the High Church, so well known by the eloquence of Dr. Hugh Blair. It is now very elegantly fitted up; but it was then shamefully dirty. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time; but when we came to the great door of the royal infirmary, where, upon a board, was this inscription, "Clean your feet!" he turned about slyly, and said, "There is no occasion for putting this at the doors of your churches!"

We then conducted him down the Posthouse-stairs, Parliament-close, and made him look up from the Cowgate to the highest building in Edinburgh (from which he had just descended), being thirteen floors

[1] [The meaning seems to be that, in a fit of *jacobite* jocularity, Johnson was willing, in consideration of the dissolution of the Union, to allow the *Hanover family* to reign in Scotland, inferring, of course, that the *Stuarts* were to reign in England.—ED.]

[2] I have hitherto called him Dr. William Robertson, to distinguish him from Dr. James Robertson, who is soon to make his appearance; but Principal, from his being the head of our college, is his usual designation, and is shorter: so I shall use it hereafter.—BOSWELL.

or stories from the ground upon the back elevation; the front wall being built upon the edge of the hill, and the back wall rising from the bottom of the hill several stories before it comes to a level with the front wall. We proceeded to the college, with the principal at our head. Dr. Adam Fergusson, whose "Essay on the History of Civil Society" gives him a respectable place in the ranks of literature, was with us. As the college buildings are indeed very mean, the principal said to Dr. Johnson, that he must give them the same epithet that a jesuit did when showing a poor college abroad: "*Hæ miseriæ nostræ.*" Dr. Johnson was, however, much pleased with the library, and with the conversation of Dr. James Robertson, professor of oriental languages, the librarian. We talked of Kennicot's edition[1] of the Hebrew Bible, and hoped it would be quite faithful. JOHNSON. "Sir, I know not any crime so great that a man could contrive to commit, as poisoning the sources of eternal truth." Tour to Hebrid.

I pointed out to him where there formerly stood an old wall enclosing part of the college, which I remember bulged out in a threatening manner, and of which there was a common tradition similar to that concerning Bacon's study at Oxford, that it would fall upon some very learned man. It had some time before this been taken down, that the street might be widened, and a more convenient wall built. Dr. Johnson, glad of an opportunity to have a pleasant hit at Scottish learning, said, "they have been afraid it never would fall."

We showed him the royal infirmary, for which, and for every other exertion of generous publick spirit in his power, that noble-minded citizen of Edinburgh, George Drummond, will be ever held in

[1] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 386.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. honourable remembrance. And we were too proud not to carry him to the abbey of Holyrood House, that beautiful piece of architecture, but, alas! that deserted mansion of royalty, which Hamilton of Bangour, in one of his elegant poems[1], calls

"A virtuous palace, where no monarch dwells."

I was much entertained while Principal Robertson fluently harangued to Dr. Johnson, upon the spot, concerning scenes of his celebrated History of Scotland. We surveyed that part of the palace appropriated to the Duke of Hamilton, as keeper, in which our beautiful Queen Mary lived, and in which David Rizzio was murdered, and also the state rooms. Dr. Johnson was a great reciter of all sorts of things, serious or comical. I overheard him repeating here, in a kind of muttering tone, a line of the old ballad, "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night."

"And ran him through the fair body[2]!"

We returned to my house, where there met him, at dinner, the Duchess of Douglas[3], Sir Adolphus Oughton, Lord Chief Baron [Orde], Sir William Forbes, Principal Robertson, Mr. Cullen, advocate. Before dinner, he told us of a curious conversation between the famous George Faulkner and him. George said, that England had drained Ireland of fifty thousand pounds in specie, annually, for fifty

[1] [We may suspect that Mr. Boswell's admiration of Hamilton was enhanced by something even stronger than mere *nationality*. Mr. Hamilton was a gentleman of Ayrshire, Mr. Boswell's own county, and actually bore arms at Culloden for the jacobite cause. The poem from which this line is quoted is called an epitaph, and is filled with alternate satire and eulogy on persons now forgotten. The line itself appears to be nonsense; "a virtuous hovel, where no shepherd dwells," would have just as much meaning.—ED.]

[2] The stanza from which he took this line is,

"But then rose up all Edinburgh,
They rose up by thousands three;
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
And ran him through the fair body!"—BOSWELL.

[3] [Margaret, daughter of James Douglas, esq. of the Mains. "An old lady," writes Dr. Johnson, "who talks broad Scotch with a paralytic voice, and is scarce understood by her own countrymen."—*Letters*, v. i. 209.—ED.]

years. "How so, sir?" said Dr. Johnson: "you must have very great trade?" "No trade." "Very rich mines?" "No mines." "From whence, then, does all this money come?" "Come! why out of the blood and bowels of the poor people of Ireland!" Tour to Hebrid.

He seemed to me to have an unaccountable prejudice against Swift[1]; for I once took the liberty to ask him, if Swift had personally offended him, and he told me, he had not. He said to-day, "Swift is clear, but he is shallow. In coarse humour he is inferior to Arbuthnot; in delicate humour he is inferior to Addison. So he is inferior to his contemporaries, without putting him against the whole world. I doubt if the 'Tale of a Tub' was his; it has so much more thinking, more knowledge, more power, more colour, than any of the works which are indisputably his. If it was his, I shall only say, he was *impar sibi*."

We gave him as good a dinner as we could. Our Scotch muir-fowl, or grouse, were then abundant, and quite in season; and, so far as wisdom and wit can be aided by administering agreeable sensations to the palate, my wife took care that our great guest should not be deficient.

Sir Adolphus Oughton, then our deputy commander in chief, who was not only an excellent officer, but one of the most universal scholars[2] I ever

[1] [There probably was no opportunity for what could be, in strictness, called *personal offence*, as there was no *personal intercourse* between Swift and Johnson; but the editor agrees with Mr. Boswell in suspecting that there was *some such* cause for Johnson's otherwise "unaccountable prejudice" (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 103). What could Johnson mean by calling Swift "*shallow*?" If he be *shallow*, who, in his department of literature, is profound? Without admitting that Swift was "inferior in coarse humour to Arbuthnot" (of whose precise share in the works to which he is supposed to have contributed, we know little or nothing), it may be observed, that he who is *second* to the greatest masters of different styles may be said to be the first on the whole. See as to the Tale of a Tub, *ante*, vol. i. p. 464.—ED.]

[2] [Lord Stowell remembers with pleasure the elegance and extent of Sir Adolphus Oughton's literature, and the suavity of his manners.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

knew, had learned the Erse language, and expressed his belief in the authenticity of Ossian's Poetry. Dr. Johnson took the opposite side of that perplexed[1] question, and I was afraid the dispute would have run high between them. But Sir Adolphus, who had a very sweet temper, changed the discourse, grew playful, laughed at Lord Monboddo's notion of men having tails, and called him a judge *à posteriori*, which amused Dr. Johnson, and thus hostilities were prevented.

At supper we had Dr. Cullen, his son the advocate, Dr. Adam Fergusson, and Mr. Crosbie, advocate[2]. Witchcraft was introduced. Mr. Crosbie said he thought it the greatest blasphemy to suppose evil spirits counteracting the Deity, and raising storms, for instance, to destroy his creatures. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, if moral evil be consistent with the government of the Deity, why may not physical evil be also consistent with it? It is not more strange that there should be evil spirits than evil men: evil unembodied spirits, than evil embodied spirits. And as to storms, we know there are such things; and it is no worse that evil spirits raise them than that they rise." CROSBIE. "But it is not credible that witches should have effected what they are said in stories to have done." JOHNSON. "Sir, I am not defending their credibility. I am only saying that your arguments are not good, and will not overturn the belief of witchcraft.—(Dr. Fergusson said to me aside, 'He is right.')—And then, sir, you have all mankind, rude and civilized, agreeing in the belief of the

[1] [A question *perplexed* only by national prejudices, heightened, in a few cases, by individual obstinacy.—ED.]

[2] [Lord Stowell recollects that Johnson was treated by the Scottish literati with a degree of deference bordering on pusillanimity; but he excepts from that observation Mr. Crosbie, whom he characterises as an *intrepid talker*, and the only man who was disposed to *stand up* (as the phrase is) to Johnson.—ED.]

agency of preternatural powers. You must take evidence; you must consider that wise and great men have condemned witches to die." CROSBIE. "But an act of parliament put an end to witchcraft." JOHNSON. "No, sir, witchcraft had ceased; and, therefore, an act of parliament was passed to prevent persecution for what was not witchcraft. Why it ceased we cannot tell, as we cannot tell the reason of many other things." Dr. Cullen, to keep up the gratification of mysterious disquisition, with the grave address for which he is remarkable in his companionable as in his professional hours, talked, in a very entertaining manner, of people walking and conversing in their sleep. I am very sorry I have no note of this[1]. We talked of the ouran-outang, and of Lord Monboddo's thinking that he might be taught to speak. Dr. Johnson treated this with ridicule. Mr. Crosbie said that Lord Monboddo believed the existence of every thing possible; in short, that all which is in *posse* might be found in *esse*. JOHNSON. "But, sir, it is as possible that the ouran-outang does not speak, as that he speaks. However, I shall not contest the point. I should have thought it not possible to find a Monboddo; yet *he* exists." I again mentioned the stage. JOHNSON. "The appearance of a player, with whom I have drunk tea, counteracts the imagination that he is the character he represents. Nay, you know, nobody imagines that he is the character he represents. They say, 'See Garrick! how he looks to-night! See how he 'll clutch the dagger!' That is the buzz of the theatre." Tour to Hebrid.

Tuesday, 17th August.—Sir William Forbes came

[1] [See in the Life of Blacklock, in *Anderson's Brit. Poets*, an anecdote of Dr. Blacklock's somnambulism, which may very probably have been one of the topics on this occasion.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

to breakfast, and brought with him Dr. Blacklock[1], whom he introduced to Dr. Johnson, who received him with a most humane complacency; "Dear Dr. Blacklock, I am glad to see you!" Blacklock seemed to be much surprised when Dr. Johnson said "it was easier to him to write poetry than to compose his Dictionary. His mind was less on the stretch in doing the one than the other[2]. Besides, composing a dictionary requires books and a desk: you can make a poem walking in the fields, or lying in bed." Dr. Blacklock spoke of scepticism in morals and religion with apparent uneasiness, as if he wished for more certainty[3]. Dr. Johnson, who had thought it all over, and whose vigorous understanding was fortified by much experience, thus encouraged the blind bard to apply to higher speculations what we all willingly submit to in common life: in short, he gave him more familiarly the able and fair reasoning of Butler's Analogy: "Why, sir, the greatest concern we have in this world, the choice of our profession, must be determined without demonstrative reasoning. Human life is not yet so well known, as that we can have it: and take the case of a man who is ill. I call two physicians; they differ in opinion. I am not to lie down, and die between them: I must do something." The conversation then turned on atheism; on that horrible book, Systême de la Nature; and on the supposition of an eternal necessity without design, without a governing mind. JOHNSON. "If it were so, why has it ceased? Why don't we see men thus produced around us now? Why,

[1] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 478.—ED.]

[2] [There is hardly any operation of the intellect which requires nicer and deeper consideration than *definition*. A thousand men may write verses, for one who has the power of defining and discriminating the exact meaning of words and the principles of grammatical arrangement.—ED.]

[3] See his letter on this subject in the Appendix.—BOSWELL.

at least, does it not keep pace, in some measure, with the progress of time? If it stops because there is now no need of it, then it is plain there is, and ever has been, an all-powerful intelligence. But stay! (said he, with one of his satyrick laughs). Ha! ha! ha! I shall suppose Scotchmen made necessarily, and Englishmen by choice." Tour to Hebrid.

At dinner this day we had Sir Alexander Dick, whose amiable character and ingenious and cultivated mind are so generally known; (he was then on the verge of seventy, and is now (1785) eighty-one, with his faculties entire, his heart warm, and his temper gay); Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes; Mr. Maclaurin[1], advocate; Dr. Gregory, who now worthily fills his father's medical chair; and my uncle, Dr. Boswell. This was one of Dr. Johnson's best days. He was quite in his element. All was literature and taste, without any interruption. Lord Hailes, who is one of the best philologists in Great Britain, who has written papers in the World, and a variety of other works in prose and in verse, both Latin and English, pleased him highly. He told him he had discovered the Life of Cheynel, in the Student, to be his. JOHNSON. "No one else knows it." Dr. Johnson had before this dictated to me a law-paper[2] upon a question purely in the law of Scotland, concerning *vicious intromission*, that is to say, intermeddling with the effects of a deceased person, without a regular title; which formerly was understood to subject the intermeddler to payment of all the defunct's debts. The principle has of late been relaxed. Dr. Johnson's argument was for a renewal of its strictness. The paper was printed, with additions by me, and given into the court of session. Lord Hailes

[1] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 481.—ED.]
[2] [See *ante*, p. 189, and Appendix.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. knew Dr. Johnson's part not to be mine, and pointed out exactly where it began and where it ended. Dr. Johnson said "It is much now that his lordship can distinguish so."

In Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes there is the following passage:

> "The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
> Begs, for each birth, the fortune of a face:
> Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
> And Sedley cursed the charms which pleased a king."

Lord Hailes told him he was mistaken in the instances he had given of unfortunate fair ones; for neither Vane nor Sedley had a title to that description. His lordship has since been so obliging as to send me a note of this, for the communication of which I am sure my readers will thank me.

"The lines in the tenth Satire of Juvenal, according to my alteration, should have run thus:

> 'Yet Shore[1] could tell ——;
> And Valière[2] cursed ——.'

"The first was a penitent by compulsion, the second by sentiment; though the truth is, Mademoiselle de la Valiere threw herself (but still from sentiment) in the king's way.

"Our friend chose Vane[3], who was far from being well-looked; and Sedley[4], who was so ugly that Charles II. said his brother had her by way of penance[5]."

[1] Mistress of Edward IV.—Boswell.

[2] Mistress of Louis XIV.—Boswell.

[3] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 170.—Ed.]

[4] ["Catherine Sedley, created Countess of Dorchester for life. Her father, Sir Charles, resenting the seduction of his daughter, joined in the Whig measures of the Revolution, and excused his revolt from James under an ironical profession of gratitude. "His majesty," said he, "having done me the unlooked-for honour of making my daughter a *countess*, I cannot do less in return than endeavour to make his daughter a *queen*."—Ed.]

[5] [Lord Hailes was hypercritical. Vane was handsome, or, what is more to our purpose, appeared so to her royal lover; and Sedley, whatever others may have thought of her, had "the charms which pleased a king." So that Johnson's illustrations are morally just. His lordship's proposed substitution of a

Mr. Maclaurin's[1] learning and talents enabled him to do his part very well in Dr. Johnson's company. He produced two epitaphs upon his father, the celebrated mathematician. One was in English, of which Dr. Johnson did not change one word. In the other, which was in Latin, he made several alterations. In place of the very words of Virgil, "Ubi luctus et pavor et plurima mortis imago," he wrote "Ubi luctus regnant et pavor." He introduced the word prorsus into the line "Mortalibus prorsus non absit solatium," and after "Hujus enim scripta evolve," he added, "Mentemque tantarum rerum capacem corpori caduco superstitem crede;" which is quite applicable to Dr. Johnson himself[2]. Tour to Hebrid.

fabulous (or at least apocryphal) beauty like *Jane Shore*, whose story, even if true, was obsolete; or that of a foreigner, like *Mlle. De La Vallière*, little known and less cared for amongst us, is not only tasteless but inaccurate; for Mlle. De La Vallière's beauty was quite as much questioned by her cotemporaries as Miss Sedley's. Bussy Rabutin was exiled for sneering at Louis's admiration of her *mouth*, which he calls

"——— un bec amoureux,
Qui *d'une oreille à l'autre va.*"

And Madame Du Plessis-Belièvre writes to Fouquet, "Mlle. De La Vallière a fait la capable envers moi. Je l'ay encensée par sa beauté, *qui n'est pourtant pas grande.*" And, finally, after Lord Hailes had clipped down the name of *De La Vallière* into *Vallière*, his ear might have told him that it did not even yet fit the metre.—ED.]

[1] [Mr. Maclaurin, advocate, son of the great mathematician, and afterwards a judge of session by the title of Lord Dreghorn. He wrote some indifferent English poems; but was a good Latin scholar, and a man of wit and accomplishment. His quotations from the classics were particularly apposite. In the famous case of *Knight*, which determined the right of a slave to freedom if he landed in Scotland, Maclaurin pleaded the cause of the negro. The counsel opposite was the celebrated Wight, an excellent lawyer, but of a very homely appearance, with heavy features, a blind eye, which projected from the socket, a swag belly, and a limp. To him Maclaurin applied the lines of Virgil,

"Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus esses.
O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori."

Mr. Maclaurin wrote an essay against the Homerick tale of "Troy divine," I believe, for the sole purpose of introducing a happy motto,

"Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ."—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] Mr. Maclaurin's epitaph, as engraved on a marble tombstone, in the Grayfriars churchyard, Edinburgh:

Infra situs est
COLIN MACLAURIN,
Mathes. olim in Acad. Edin. Prof.
Electus ipso Newtono suadente.
H. L. P. F.
Non ut nomini paterno consulat,
Nam tali auxilio nil eget;

Mr. Murray, advocate, who married a niece of Lord Mansfield's, and is now one of the judges of Scotland, by the title of Lord Henderland, sat with us a part of the evening; but did not venture to say any thing that I remember, though he is certainly possessed of talents which would have enabled him to have shown himself to advantage if too great anxiety had not prevented him.

At supper we had Dr. Alexander Webster[1], who, though not learned, had such a knowledge of mankind, such a fund of information and entertainment, so clear a head, and such accommodating manners, that Dr. Johnson found him a very agreeable companion.

When Dr. Johnson and I were left by ourselves, I read to him my notes of the opinions of our judges upon the questions of literary property. He did not like them; and said, "they make me think of your judges not with that respect which I should wish to do." To the argument of one of them, that there can be no property in blasphemy or nonsense, he answered, "then your rotten sheep are mine!—By that rule, when a man's house falls into decay, he must lose it[2]." I mentioned an argument of

Sed ut in hoc infelici campo,
Ubi luctus regnant et pavor,
Mortalibus prorsus non absit solatium:
Hujus enim scripta evolve,
Mentemque tantarum rerum capacem
Corpori caduco superstitem crede.

[Johnson probably changed the "*very words*" of Virgil, not thinking an exact and ostentatious quotation from a heathen poet quite appropriate to a christian epitaph. The whole is, as it now stands, a very beautiful and affecting inscription.—ED.]

[1] [Dr. Alexander Webster was remarkable for the talent with which he at once supported his place in convivial society, and a high character as a leader of the strict and rigid presbyterian party in the church of Scotland, which certainly seemed to require very different qualifications. He was ever gay amid the gayest: when it once occurred to some one present to ask, what one of his Elders would think, should he see his pastor in such a merry mood.—"Think!" replied the doctor, "why he would not believe his own eyes."—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [Dr. Johnson's illustration is sophistical, and might have been retorted upon him; for if a man's sheep are *so* rotten as to render the meat unwholesome, or, if his house be *so* decayed as to threaten mischief to passengers, the law will confiscate the mutton and abate the house, without any regard to *property*, which

mine, that literary performances are not taxed. As Churchill says, Tour to Hebrid.

> "No statesman yet has thought it worth his pains
> To tax our labours, or excise our brains;"

and therefore they are not property. "Yet," said he, "we hang a man for stealing a horse, and horses are not taxed." Mr. Pitt has since put an end to that argument.

Wednesday, 18*th August*.—On this day we set out from Edinburgh. We should gladly have had Mr. Scott to go with us, but he was obliged to return to England. I have given a sketch of Dr. Johnson: my readers may wish to know a little of his fellow-traveller. Think, then, of a gentleman of ancient blood, the pride of which was his predominant passion. He was then in his thirty-third year, and had been about four years happily married. His inclination was to be a soldier, but his father, a respectable judge, had pressed him into the profession of the law. He had travelled a good deal, and seen many varieties of human life. He had thought more than any body had supposed, and had a pretty good stock of general learning and knowledge. He had all Dr. Johnson's principles, with some degree of relaxation. He had rather too little than too much prudence; and, his imagination being lively, he often said things of which the effect was very different from the intention. He resembled sometimes

> "The best good man, with the worst-natured muse."

He cannot deny himself the vanity of finishing with

the owner thus abuses. Moreover, Johnson should have discriminated between a *criminal* offence and a *civil* right. Blasphemy is a crime; would it not be in the highest degree absurd, that there should be a *right of property* in a crime, or that the law should be called upon to protect that which is illegal? If this be true in *law*, it is much more so in *equity*, as he who applies for the *extraordinary* assistance of a court of equity should have a right, consistent at least with equity and morals; and a late question was so decided, and upon that principle, by the greatest judge of modern times, Lord Eldon.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid. the encomium of Dr. Johnson, whose friendly partiality to the companion of his tour represents him as one, "whose acuteness would help my inquiry, and whose gaiety of conversation, and civility of manners, are sufficient to counteract the inconveniences of travel, in countries less hospitable than we have passed [1]."

Dr. Johnson thought it unnecessary to put himself to the additional expense of bringing with him Francis Barber, his faithful black servant; so we were attended only by my man, Joseph Ritter [2], a Bohemian, a fine stately fellow above six feet high, who had been over a great part of Europe, and spoke many languages. He was the best servant I ever saw. Let not my readers disdain his introduction. For Dr. Johnson gave him this character: "Sir, he is a civil man, and a wise man."

From an erroneous apprehension of violence, Dr. Johnson had provided a pair of pistols, some gunpowder, and a quantity of bullets: but upon being assured we should run no risk of meeting any robbers, he left his arms and ammunition in an open drawer, of which he gave my wife the charge. He also left in that drawer one volume of a pretty full and curious Diary of his Life, of which I have a few fragments; but the book has been destroyed. I wish female curiosity had been strong enough to have had it all transcribed, which might easily have been done, and I should think the theft, being *pro bono publico*, might have been forgiven. But I may be wrong. My wife told me she never once looked into it. She did not seem quite easy when we left her: but away we went!

[1] [He omits the tendency to *hypochondriasis*, (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 37, *n.*), of which, however, several instances will appear in the course of the tour, and which was a very important feature in his character.—Ed.]

[2] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 49. Joseph Ritter afterwards undertook the management of the large inn at Paisley, called the Abercorn Arms, but did not succeed in that concern.—Walter Scott.]

Mr. Nairne[1], advocate, was to go with us as far as St. Andrews. It gives me pleasure that, by mentioning his name, I connect his title to the just and handsome compliment paid him by Dr. Johnson, in his book: "A gentleman who could stay with us only long enough to make us know how much we lost by his leaving us." When we came to Leith, I talked with perhaps too boasting an air, how pretty the Frith of Forth looked; as indeed, after the prospect from Constantinople, of which I have been told, and that from Naples, which I have seen, I believe the view of that Frith and its environs, from the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, is the finest prospect in Europe. "Ay," said Dr. Johnson, "that is the state of the world. Water is the same every where. Tour to Hebrid.

Una est injusti cærula forma maris[2]."

I told him the port here was the mouth of the river or water of *Leith*. "Not *Lethe*," said Mr. Nairne. "Why, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "when a Scotchman sets out from this port for England, he forgets his native country." NAIRNE. "I hope, sir, you will forget England here." JOHNSON. "Then 'twill be still more *Lethe*." He observed of the pier or quay, "you have no occasion for so large a one, your trade does not require it: but you are like a shopkeeper who takes a shop, not only for what he has to put into it, but that it may be be-

[1] [Mr. William Nairne, afterwards Sir William, and a judge of the court of session, by the title, made classical by Shakspeare, of Lord Dunsinnan. He was a man of scrupulous integrity. When sheriff depute of Perthshire, he found, upon reflection, that he had decided a poor man's case erroneously; and as the only remedy, supplied the litigant privately with money to carry the suit to the supreme court, where his judgment was reversed. Sir William was of the old school of manners, somewhat formal, but punctiliously well bred.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] Non illic urbes, non tu mirabere silvas:
Una est injusti cærula forma maris.
Ovid. Amor. l. ii. el. xi.

Nor groves nor towns the ruthless ocean shows,
Unvaried still its azure surface flows. BOSWELL.

Tour to Hebrid.

lieved he has a great deal to put into it." It is very true, that there is now, comparatively, little trade upon the eastern coast of Scotland. The riches of Glasgow show how much there is in the west; and, perhaps, we shall find trade travel westward on a great scale as well as a small.

We talked of a man's drowning himself. JOHNSON. "I should never think it time to make away with myself." I put the case of Eustace Budgell, who was accused of forging a will, and sunk himself in the Thames, before the trial of its authenticity came on. "Suppose, sir," said I, "that a man is absolutely sure, that, if he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace and expulsion from society." JOHNSON. "Then, sir, let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is *not* known. Don't let him go to the devil, where he *is* known!"

He then said, "I see a number of people bare-footed here: I suppose you all went so before the Union. Boswell, your ancestors went so when they had as much land as your family has now. Yet Auchinleck is the Field of Stones; there would be bad going bare-footed there. The lairds, however, did it." I bought some speldings, fish (generally whitings) salted and dried in a particular manner, being dipped in the sea and dried in the sun, and eaten by the Scots by way of a relish. He had never seen them, though they are sold in London. I insisted on Scottifying[1] his palate; but he was very reluctant. With difficulty I prevailed with him to let a bit of one of them lie in his mouth. He did not like it.

[1] My friend, General Campbell, Governour of Madras, tells me, that they make speldings in the East Indies, particularly at Bombay, where they call them Bambaloes.—BOSWELL.

In crossing the Frith, Dr. Johnson determined that we should land upon Inch Keith. On approaching it, we first observed a high rocky shore. We coasted about, and put into a little bay on the north-west. We clambered up a very steep ascent, on which was very good grass, but rather a profusion of thistles. There were sixteen head of black cattle grazing upon the island. Lord Hailes observed to me, that Brantome calls it L'isle des Chevaux, and that it was probably "a *safer* stable" than many others in his time. The fort, with an inscription on it, Maria Re, 1564, is strongly built. Dr. Johnson examined it with much attention. He stalked like a giant among the luxuriant thistles and nettles. There are three wells in the island, but we could not find one in the fort. There must probably have been one, though now filled up, as a garrison could not subsist without it[1]. But I have dwelt too long on this little spot. Dr. Johnson afterwards bade me try to write a description of our discovering Inch Keith, in the usual style of travellers, describing fully every particular; stating the grounds on which we concluded that it must have once been inhabited, and introducing many sage reflections, and we should see how a thing might be covered in words, so as to induce people to come and survey it. All that was told might be true, and yet in reality there might be nothing to see. He said, "I'd have this island. I'd build a bouse, make a good landing-place, have a garden, and vines, and all sorts of trees. A rich man, of a hospitable turn, here, would have many visitors from Edinburgh." When we had got into our boat again, he called to me, "Come, now, pay a classical compliment to the island on quitting it." Tour to Hebrid.

[1] [The remains of the fort have been removed, to assist in constructing a very useful lighthouse upon the island.—WALTER SCOTT.]

Tour to Hebrid. I happened luckily, in allusion to the beautiful Queen Mary, whose name is upon the fort, to think of what Virgil makes Æneas say, on having left the country of his charming Dido:

"Invitus, regina, tuo de littore cessi[1]."

"Very well hit off!" said he.

We dined at Kinghorn, and then got into a post-chaise. Mr. Nairne and his servant, and Joseph, rode by us. We stopped at Cupar, and drank tea. We talked of Parliament; and I said, I supposed very few of the members knew much of what was going on, as indeed very few gentlemen know much of their own private affairs. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, if a man is not of a sluggish mind, he may be his own steward. If he will look into his affairs, he will soon learn. So it is as to publick affairs. There must always be a certain number of men of business in parliament." BOSWELL. "But consider, sir, what is the house of commons? Is not a great part of it chosen by peers? Do you think, sir, they ought to have such an influence?" JOHNSON. "Yes, sir. Influence must ever be in proportion to property; and it is right it should." BOSWELL. "But is there not reason to fear that the common people may be oppressed?" JOHNSON. "No, sir. Our great fear is from want of power in government. Such a storm of vulgar force has broken in." BOSWELL. "It has only roared." JOHNSON. "Sir, it has roared, till the judges in Westminster-Hall have been afraid to pronounce sentence in opposition to the popular cry. You are frightened by what is no

[1] "Unhappy queen!
Unwilling I forsook your *friendly state*."—*Dryden*.—BOSWELL.
[Such is the translation which Mr. Boswell gives, though it loses one of the points of his very happy quotation, by substituting for "*shore*," which is the proper version, the words "*friendly state*," which, on this occasion, would have had no meaning whatsoever.—ED.]

longer dangerous, like presbyterians by popery." He then repeated a passage, I think, in Butler's Remains, which ends, "and would cry fire! fire! in Noah's flood[1]." Tour to Hebrid.

We had a dreary drive, in a dusky night, to St. Andrews, where we arrived late. We found a good supper at Glass's inn, and Dr. Johnson revived agreeably. He said, "The collection called 'The Muses' Welcome to King James' (first of England, and sixth of Scotland), on his return to his native kingdom, showed that there was then abundance of learning in Scotland; and that the conceits in that collection, with which people find fault, were mere mode." He added, "We could not now entertain a sovereign so; that Buchanan had spread the spirit of learning amongst us, but we had lost it during the civil wars." He did not allow the Latin poetry of Pitcairne so much merit as has been usually attributed to it; though he owned that one of his pieces, which he mentioned, but which I am sorry is not specified in my notes, was "very well." It is not improbable that it was the poem which Prior has so elegantly translated[2].

After supper, we made a procession to Saint Leo-

[1] The passage quoted by Dr. Johnson is in the "Character of the Assembly Man," Butler's *Remains*, p. 232, edit. 1754: "He preaches, indeed, both in season and out of season; for he rails at Popery, when the land is almost lost in Presbytery; and would cry fire! fire! in Noah's flood."

There is reason to believe that this piece was not written by Butler, but by Sir John Birkenhead; for Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. ii. p. 640, enumerates it among that gentleman's works, and gives the following account of it: "'The Assembly Man' (or the character of an assembly man), written 1647, Lond. 1662-3, in three sheets in quto. The copy of it was taken from the author by those who said they could not rob, because all was theirs; so excised what they liked not; and so mangled and reformed it, that it was no character of an assembly, but of themselves. At length, after it had slept several years, the author published it, to avoid false copies. It is also reprinted in a book entitled 'Wit and Loyalty revived,' in a collection of some smart satyrs in verse and prose on the late times, Lond. 1682, qu., said to be written by Abr. Cowley, Sir John Birkenhead, and Hudibras, alias Sam. Butler." For this information I am indebted to Mr. Reed, of Staple Inn.—BOSWELL.

[2] [More likely the fine epitaph on John Viscount of Dundee, translated by Dryden, and beginning *Ultime Scotorum*, &c.—WALTER SCOTT.]

Tour to Hebrid.

nard's college, the landlord walking before us with a candle, and the waiter with a lantern. That college had some time before been dissolved; and Dr. Watson, a professor here (the historian of Philip II.), had purchased the ground, and what buildings remained. When we entered his court, it seemed quite academical; and we found in his house very comfortable and genteel accommodation [1].

Thursday, 19th August.—We rose much refreshed. I had with me a map of Scotland, a Bible, which was given me by Lord Mountstuart when we were together in Italy, and Ogden's "Sermons on Prayer." Mr. Nairne introduced us to Dr. Watson, whom we found a well informed man, of very amiable manners. Dr. Johnson, after they were acquainted, said, "I take great delight in him." His daughter, a very pleasing young lady, made breakfast. Dr. Watson observed, that Glasgow university had fewer home students since trade increased, as learning was rather incompatible with it. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, as trade is now carried on by subordinate hands, men in trade have as much leisure as others; and now learning itself is a trade. A man goes to a bookseller, and gets what he can. We have done with patronage. In the infancy of learning, we find some great man praised for it. This diffused it among others. When it becomes general, an author leaves the great, and applies to the multitude." BOSWELL. "It is a shame that authors are not now better patronised." JOHNSON. "No, sir. If learning cannot support a man, if he must sit with his hands across till somebody feeds him, it is as to him a bad thing, and it is better as it is [2]. With patronage, what flattery! what falsehood! While a man is in equi-

[1] My journal, from this day inclusive, was read by Dr. Johnson.—BOSWELL.

[2] [All this is very just, but not very consistent with his complaint of Lord Chesterfield's inefficient patronage. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 248, &c.—ED.]

librio, he throws truth among the multitude, and lets them take it as they please: in patronage, he must say what pleases his patron, and it is an equal chance whether that be truth or falsehood." WATSON. "But is it not the case now, that, instead of flattering one person, we flatter the age?" JOHNSON. "No, sir. The world always lets a man tell what he thinks his own way. I wonder, however, that so many people have written, who might have let it alone. That people should endeavour to excel in conversation, I do not wonder; because in conversation praise is instantly reverberated." Tour to Hebrid.

We talked of change of manners, Dr. Johnson observed, that our drinking less than our ancestors was owing to the change from ale to wine. "I remember," said he, "when all the *decent* people in Lichfield got drunk[1] every night, and were not the worse thought of. Ale was cheap, so you pressed strongly. When a man must bring a bottle of wine, he is not in such haste. Smoking has gone out. To be sure, it is a shocking thing, blowing smoke out of our mouths into other people's mouths, eyes, and noses, and having the same thing done to us. Yet I cannot account, why a thing which requires so little exertion, and yet preserves the mind from total vacuity, should have gone out. Every man has something by which he calms himself; beating with his feet, or so[2]. I remember when people in England changed a shirt only once a week: a Pandour, when he gets a shirt, greases it to make it last. Formerly, good tradesmen had no fire but in the kitchen; never

[1] [As an item in the history of manners, it may be observed, that *drinking* to excess has diminished greatly in the memory even of those who can remember forty or fifty years. The taste for *smoking*, however, has revived, probably from the military habits of Europe during the French wars; but instead of the sober sedentary *pipe*, the ambulatory *cigar* is now chiefly used. See *ante*, v. i. p. 305, an observation of Johnson's that insanity had increased as smoking declined.—ED.]

[2] Dr. Johnson used to practise this himself very much.—BOSWELL.

Tour to Hebrid.

in the parlour, except on Sunday. My father, who was a magistrate of Lichfield, lived thus. They never began to have a fire in the parlour, but on leaving off business, or some great revolution of their life." Dr. Watson said, the hall was as a kitchen, in old squires' houses. JOHNSON. "No, sir. The hall was for great occasions, and never was used for domestick refection." We talked of the Union, and what money it had brought into Scotland. Dr. Watson observed, that a little money formerly went as far as a great deal now. JOHNSON. "In speculation, it seems that a smaller quantity of money, equal in value to a larger quantity, if equally divided, should produce the same effect. But it is not so in reality. Many more conveniencies and elegancies are enjoyed where money is plentiful, than where it is scarce. Perhaps a great familiarity with it, which arises from plenty, makes us more easily part with it."

After what Dr. Johnson had said of St. Andrews, which he had long wished to see, as our oldest university, and the seat of our primate in the days of episcopacy, I can say little. Since the publication of Dr. Johnson's book, I find that he has been censured for not seeing here the ancient chapel of St. Rule[1], a curious piece of sacred architecture. But this was neither his fault nor mine. We were both of us abundantly desirous of surveying such sort of antiquities; but neither of us knew of this. I am afraid the censure must fall on those who did not tell us of it. In every place, where there is any thing worthy of observation, there should be a short printed directory for strangers, such as we find in all the towns of Italy, and in some of the towns in Eng-

[1] [It is very singular how they could miss seeing St. Rule's chapel, an ecclesiastical building, the most ancient, perhaps, in Great Britain. It is a square tower, which stands close by the ruins of the old cathedral. *Martin's Antiquitates Divi Andreæ* are now published.—WALTER SCOTT.]

land. I was told that there is a manuscript account of St. Andrews, by Martin, secretary to Archbishop Sharp; and that one Douglas has published a small account of it. I inquired at a bookseller's, but could not get it. Dr. Johnson's veneration for the hierarchy is well known. There is no wonder then, that he was affected with a strong indignation, while he beheld the ruins of religious magnificence. I happened to ask where John Knox was buried. Dr. Johnson burst out, "I hope in the highway. I have been looking at his reformations." Tour to Hebrid.

It was a very fine day. Dr. Johnson seemed quite wrapt up in the contemplation of the scenes which were now presented to him. He kept his hat off while he was upon any part of the ground where the cathedral had stood. He said well, that, "Knox had set on a mob, without knowing where it would end; and that differing from a man in doctrine was no reason why you should pull his house about his ears." As we walked in the cloisters, there was a solemn echo, while he talked loudly of a proper retirement from the world. Mr. Nairne said, he had an inclination to retire. I called Dr. Johnson's attention to this, that I might hear his opinion if it was right. JOHNSON. "Yes, when he has done his duty to society. In general, as every man is obliged not only to 'love God, but his neighbour as himself,' he must bear his part in active life; yet there are exceptions. Those who are exceedingly scrupulous (which I do not approve, for I am no friend to scruples), and find their scrupulosity invincible, so that they are quite in the dark, and know not what they shall do,—or those who cannot resist temptations, and find they make themselves worse by being in the world, without making it better, may retire. I never read of a hermit, but in imagination I kiss his feet; never of a monastery, but I could fall on

Tour to Hebrid.

my knees, and kiss the pavement. But I think putting young people there, who know nothing of life, nothing of retirement, is dangerous and wicked. It is a saying as old as Hesiod,

'Εργα νεῶν, βουλαιτε μέσων, ἔυχαιτε γερόντων [1].'

That is a very noble line: not that young men should not pray, or old men not give counsel, but that every season of life has its proper duties. I have thought of retiring, and have talked of it to a friend; but I find my vocation is rather to active life." I said, some young monks might be allowed, to show that it is not age alone that can retire to pious solitude; but he thought this would only show that they could not resist temptation.

He wanted to mount the steeples, but it could not be done. There are no good inscriptions here. Bad Roman characters he naturally mistook for half Gothick, half Roman. One of the steeples, which he was told was in danger, he wished not to be taken down; "for," said he, "it may fall on some of the posterity of John Knox; and no great matter[2]!" Dinner was mentioned. JOHNSON. "Ay, ay, amidst all these sorrowful scenes, I have no objection to dinner."

We went and looked at the castle where Cardinal Beaton was murdered[3], and then visited Principal

[1] "Let youth in deeds, in counsel man engage:
Prayer is the proper duty of old age."—BOSWELL.
[See, on this interesting subject, *ante*, p. 10.—ED.]

[2] [These towers have been repaired by the government, with a proper attention to the antiquities of the country.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[3] [David Beaton, cardinal and archbishop of St. Andrews, was murdered on the 29th May, 1546, in his castle of St. Andrews, by John and Norman Leslie (of the Rothes family), and some others, in vengeance, as they alleged (though no doubt they had also personal motives), of the share the cardinal had in the death of Mr. George Wishart, a protestant minister of great reputation, who had lately been burned for heresy in the cardinal's own presence. "The cardinal was murdered," says Dr. Johnson in his "Journey," "by the ruffians of reformation, in the manner of which Knox has given what he himself calls a merry narrative."—*Works*, vol. viii. p. 212.—ED.]

Murison at his college, where is a good library room; but the principal was abundantly vain of it, for he seriously said to Dr. Johnson, "You have not such a one in England [1]." Tour to Hebrid.

The professors entertained us with a very good dinner. Present: Murison, Shaw, Cooke, Hill, Haddo, Watson, Flint, Brown. I observed, that I wondered to see him eat so well, after viewing so many sorrowful scenes of ruined religious magnificence. "Why," said he, "I am not sorry, after seeing these gentlemen, for they are not sorry." Murison said, all sorrow was bad, as it was murmuring against the dispensations of Providence. JOHNSON. "Sir, sorrow is inherent in humanity. As you cannot judge two and two to be either five or three, but certainly four, so, when comparing a worse present state with a better which is past, you cannot but feel sorrow. It is not cured by reason, but by the incursion of present objects, which wear out the past. You need not murmur, though you are sorry." MURISON. "But St. Paul says, 'I have learnt, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content.'" JOHNSON. "Sir, that relates to riches and poverty; for we see St. Paul, when he had a thorn in the flesh, prayed earnestly to have it removed; and then he could not be content." Murison, thus refuted, tried to be smart, and drank to Dr. Johnson, "Long may you lecture!" Dr. Johnson afterwards, speaking of his not drinking wine, said, "The doctor spoke of *lecturing* (looking to him). I give all these lectures on water."

[1] ["The library," says Johnson, good-humouredly, "is not very spacious, but elegant and luminous. The doctor by whom it was shown hoped to irritate or subdue my English vanity by telling me, that we had no such repository of books in England." The library at St. Andrews is, the editor is informed, seventy-five feet long. That of All Souls, in Oxford, is one hundred and ninety-eight feet; of Christ Church, one hundred and forty-one; of Queen's, one hundred and twenty-three; and each of the three divisions of the Bodleian is more than twice as long as the library of St. Andrews.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

He defended requiring subscription in those admitted to universities, thus: "As all who come into the country must obey the king, so all who come into an university must be of the church."

And here I must do Dr. Johnson the justice to contradict a very absurd and ill-natured story, as to what passed at St. Andrews. It has been circulated, that, after grace was said in English, in the usual manner, he with the greatest marks of contempt, as if he had held it to be no grace in an university, would not sit down till he had said grace aloud in Latin. This would have been an insult indeed to the gentlemen who were entertaining us. But the truth was precisely thus. In the course of conversation at dinner, Dr. Johnson, in very good humour, said, "I should have expected to have heard a Latin grace, among so many learned men: we had always a Latin grace at Oxford. I believe I can repeat it." Which he did, as giving the learned men in one place a specimen of what was done by the learned men in another place.

We went and saw the church, in which is Archbishop Sharp's[1] monument[2]. I was struck with the same kind of feelings with which the churches of Italy impressed me. I was much pleased to see Dr. Johnson actually in St. Andrews, of which we had talked so long. Professor Haddo was with us this afternoon, along with Dr. Watson. We looked at St. Salvador's College. The rooms for students seemed very commodious, and Dr. Johnson said, the chapel was the neatest place of worship he had seen. The key of the library could not be found: for it

[1] [James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, was dragged from his coach, and murdered in the arms of his daughter, on Magus Moor, 3d of May, 1679: Sir Walter Scott, in his celebrated tale, entitled Old Mortality, has told this story with all the force of history and all the interest of romance.—ED.]

[2] [The monument is of Italian marble. The brother of the archbishop left a sum for preserving it, which, in one unhappy year, was expended in painting it in resemblance of reality. The daubing is now removed.—WALTER SCOTT.]

seems Professor Hill, who was out of town, had taken it with him. Dr. Johnson told a joke he had heard of a monastery abroad, where the key of the library could never be found. Tour to Hebrid.

It was somewhat dispiriting, to see this ancient archiepiscopal city now sadly deserted. We saw in one of its streets a remarkable proof of liberal toleration; a nonjuring clergyman, strutting about in his canonicals, with a jolly countenance and a round belly, like a well-fed monk.

We observed two occupations united in the same person, who had hung out two sign-posts. Upon one was "James Hood, White Iron Smith" (*i. e.* tinplate worker). Upon another, "The Art of Fencing Taught, by James Hood." Upon this last were painted some trees, and two men fencing, one of whom had hit the other in the eye, to show his great dexterity; so that the art was well taught. JOHNSON. "Were I studying here, I should go and take a lesson. I remember Hope, in his book on this art, says, 'the Scotch are very good fencers.'"

We returned to the inn, where we had been entertained at dinner, and drank tea in company with some of the professors, of whose civilities I beg leave to add my humble and very grateful acknowledgement to the honourable testimony of Dr. Johnson, in his "Journey."

We talked of composition, which was a favourite topick of Dr. Watson, who first distinguished himself by lectures on rhetorick. JOHNSON. "I advised Chambers, and would advise every young man beginning to compose, to do it as fast as he can, to get a habit of having his mind to start promptly; it is so much more difficult to improve in speed than in accuracy." WATSON. "I own I am for much attention to accuracy in composing, lest one should get

Tour to Hebrid.

bad habits of doing it in a slovenly manner." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, you are confounding *doing* inaccurately with the *necessity* of doing inaccurately. A man knows when his composition is inaccurate, and when he thinks fit he'll correct it. But, if a man is accustomed to compose slowly, and with difficulty, upon all occasions, there is danger that he may not compose at all, as we do not like to do that which is not done easily; and, at any rate, more time is consumed in a small matter than ought to be." WATSON. "Dr. Hugh Blair has taken a week to compose a sermon." JOHNSON. "Then, sir, that is for want of the habit of composing quickly, which I am insisting one should acquire." WATSON. "Blair was not composing all the week, but only such hours as he found himself disposed for composition." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, unless you tell me the time he took, you tell me nothing. If I say I took a week to walk a mile, and have had the gout five days, and been ill otherwise another day, I have taken but one day. I myself have composed about forty sermons. I have begun a sermon after dinner, and sent it off by the post that night. I wrote forty-eight of the printed octavo pages of the Life of Savage at a sitting; but then I sat up all night. I have also written six sheets in a day of translation from the French[1]." BOSWELL. "We have all observed how one man dresses himself slowly, and another fast." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; it is wonderful how much time some people will consume in dressing; taking up a thing and looking at it, and laying it down, and taking it up again. Every one should

[1] [This must have been the translation of Lobo; for Johnson translated no other work, consisting of this number of pages (viz. ninety-six), from the French. This account of so much diligence does not seem to agree with that before given of his indolence in completing that translation. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 56. But, as Sir W. Scott observes, "a pool is usually succeeded in a river by a current, and he may have written fast to make up lee way."—ED.]

get the habit of doing it quickly. I would say to a young divine, Here is your text; let me see how soon you can make a sermon. Then I'd say, Let me see how much better you can make it. Thus I should see both his powers and his judgment." Tour to Hebrid.

We all went to Dr. Watson's to supper. Miss Sharp, great grandchild of Archbishop Sharp[1], was there, as was Mr. Craig, the ingenious architect of the new town of Edinburgh, and nephew of Thomson, to whom Dr. Johnson has since done so much justice in his "Lives of the Poets."

We talked of memory, and its various modes. JOHNSON. "Memory will play strange tricks. One sometimes loses a single word. I once lost *fugaces* in the Ode 'Posthume, Posthume.'" I mentioned to him, that a worthy gentleman of my acquaintance actually forgot his own name. JOHNSON. "Sir, that was a morbid oblivion."

Friday, 20th August.—Dr. Shaw, the professor of divinity, breakfasted with us. I took out my "Ogden on Prayer," and read some of it to the company. Dr. Johnson praised him. "Abernethy[2] (said he) allows only of a physical effect of prayer upon the mind, which may be produced many ways as well as by prayer; for instance, by meditation. Ogden goes farther. In truth, we have the consent of all nations for the efficacy of prayer, whether offered up by individuals or by assemblies; and Revelation has told us it will be effectual." I said, "Leechman[3]

[1] [It is very singular that Dr. Johnson, with all his episcopal partiality, should have visited Archbishop Sharp's monument, and been in company with his descendant, without making any observation on his character and melancholy death, or on the general subject of Scottish episcopacy.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [An Irish dissenting divine, whose "Discourses on the Divine Attributes," and some volumes of sermons, are highly esteemed even by the clergy of the church of England. He died in 1740, in the sixtieth year of his age.—ED.]

[3] [Dr. William Leechman, a Scotch divine, who published, amongst other valuable works, a discourse "On the Nature, Reasonableness, and Advantages of Prayer." He died in 1785, aged eighty.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. seemed to incline to Abernethy's doctrine.'" Dr. Watson observed that Leechman meant to show that, even admitting no effect to be produced by prayer, respecting the Deity, it was useful to our own minds. He had given only a part of his system: Dr. Johnson thought he should have given the whole.

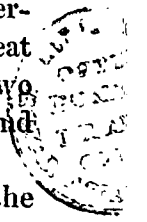
Dr. Johnson enforced the strict observance of Sunday[1]. "It should be different (he observed) from another day. People may walk, but not throw stones at birds. There may be relaxation, but there should be no levity."

We went and saw Colonel Nairne's garden and grotto. Here was a fine old plane tree. Unluckily the colonel said there was but this and another large tree in the county[2]. This assertion was an excellent cue for Dr. Johnson, who laughed enormously, calling to me to hear it. He had expatiated to me on the nakedness of that part of Scotland which he had seen. His "Journey" has been violently abused for what he has said upon this subject. But let it be considered that when Dr. Johnson talks of trees, he means trees of good size, such as he was accustomed to see in England; and of these there are certainly very few upon the eastern coast of Scotland. Besides, he said, that he meant to give only a map of of the road; and let any traveller observe how many trees, which deserve the name, he can see from the road from Berwick to Aberdeen. Had Dr. Johnson said "there are no trees" upon this line, he would have said what is colloquially true; because, by no trees, in common speech, we mean few. When he

[1] [See *ante*, p. 74.—ED.]

[2] [Johnson has been unjustly abused for dwelling on the barrenness of Fife. There are good trees in many parts of that county, but the east coast along which lay Johnson's route is certainly destitute of wood, excepting young plantations. The *other* tree mentioned by Colonel Nairne is probably the Prior Letham plane, measuring in circumference at the surface nearly twenty feet, and at the setting on of the branches nineteen feet. This giant of the forest stands in a cold exposed situation, apart from every other tree.—WALTER SCOTT.]

is particular in counting, he may be attacked. I know not how Colonel Nairne came to say there were but two large trees in the county of Fife. I did not perceive that he smiled. There are certainly not a great many; but I could have shown him more than two at Balmuto, from whence my ancestors came, and which now belongs to a branch of my family. Tour to Hebrid.



The grotto was ingeniously constructed. In the front of it were petrified stocks of fir, plane, and some other tree. Dr. Johnson said "Scotland has no right to boast of this grotto; it is owing to personal merit. I never denied personal merit to many of you." Professor Shaw said to me, as we walked, "This is a wonderful man: he is master of every subject he handles." Dr. Watson allowed him a very strong understanding, but wondered at his total inattention to established manners, as he came from London.

I have not preserved, in my Journal, any of the conversation which passed between Dr. Johnson and Professor Shaw; but I recollect Dr. Johnson said to me afterwards, "I took much to Shaw."

We left St. Andrews about noon, and some miles from it observing, at Leuchars, a church with an old tower, we stopped to look at it. The manse, as the parsonage-house is called in Scotland, was close by. I waited on the minister, mentioned our names, and begged he would tell us what he knew about it. He was a very civil old man; but could only inform us, that it was supposed to have stood eight hundred years. He told us there was a colony of Danes in his parish; that they had landed at a remote period of time, and still remained a distinct people. Dr. Johnson shrewdly inquired whether they had brought women with them. We were not satisfied as to this colony[1].

[1] [The Danish colony at Leuchars is a vain imagination concerning a certain fleet of Danes wrecked on Sheughy Dikes.—WALTER SCOTT.]

Tour to Hebrid.

We saw, this day, Dundee and Aberbrothick, the last of which Dr. Johnson has celebrated in his "Journey." Upon the road we talked of the Roman Catholick faith. He mentioned (I think) Tillotson's argument against transubstantiation: "That we are as sure we see bread and wine only, as that we read in the Bible the text on which that false doctrine is founded. We have only the evidence of our senses for both." "If (he added) God had never spoken figuratively, we might hold that he speaks literally, when he says, 'This is my body.'" BOSWELL. "But what do you say, sir, to the ancient and continued tradition of the church upon this point?" JOHNSON. "Tradition, sir, has no place where the Scriptures are plain; and tradition cannot persuade a man into a belief of transubstantiation. Able men, indeed, have *said* they believed it."

This is an awful subject. I did not then press Dr. Johnson upon it; nor shall I now enter upon a disquisition concerning the import of those words uttered by our Saviour[1], which had such an effect upon many of his disciples, that they "went back, and walked no more with him." The catechism and solemn office for communion, in the church of England, maintain a mysterious belief in more than a mere commemoration of the death of Christ, by partaking of the elements of bread and wine.

Dr. Johnson put me in mind, that at St. Andrews I had defended my profession very well, when the question had again been started, Whether a lawyer might honestly engage with the first side that offers him a fee. "Sir (said I), it was with your arguments against Sir William Forbes; but it was much that I could wield the arms of Goliath."

[1] "Then Jesus said unto them, verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you."—See St. John's Gospel, chap. vi. 53, and following verses.—BOSWELL.

He said, our judges had not gone deep in the question concerning literary property. I mentioned Lord Monboddo's opinion, that if a man could get a work by heart, he might print it, as by such an act the mind is exercised. JOHNSON. "No, sir; a man's repeating it no more makes it his property, than a man may sell a cow which he drives home." I said, printing an abridgment of a work was allowed, which was only cutting the horns and tail off the cow. JOHNSON. "No, sir; 'tis making the cow have a calf." Tour to Hebrid.

About eleven at night we arrived at Montrose. We found but a sorry inn, where I myself saw another waiter put a lump of sugar with his fingers into Dr. Johnson's lemonade, for which he called him "rascal!" It put me in great glee that our landlord was an Englishman. I rallied the Doctor upon this, and he grew quiet. Both Sir John Hawkins's and Dr. Burney's "History of Musick" had then been advertised. I asked if this was not unlucky: would they not hurt one another? JOHNSON. "No, sir. They will do good to one another. Some will buy the one, some the other, and compare them; and so a talk is made about a thing, and the books are sold."

He was angry at me for proposing to carry lemons with us to Sky, that he might be sure to have his lemonade. "Sir," said he, "I do not wish to be thought that feeble man who cannot do without any thing. Sir, it is very bad manners to carry provisions to any man's house, as if he could not entertain you. To an inferior, it is oppressive; to a superior, it is insolent."

Having taken the liberty, this evening, to remark to Dr. Johnson, that he very often sat quite silent for a long time, even when in company with only a single

Tour to Hebrid. friend, which I myself had sometimes sadly experienced, he smiled and said, "It is true, sir. Tom Tyers (for so he familiarly called our ingenious friend, who, since his death, has paid a biographical tribute to his memory), Tom Tyers described me the best. He once said to me, 'Sir, you are like a ghost: you never speak till you are spoken to[1].'"

Saturday, 21st August.—Neither the Rev. Mr. Nisbet, the established minister, nor the Rev. Mr. Spooner, the episcopal minister, were in town. Before breakfast, we went and saw the townhall, where is a good dancing room, and other rooms for tea-drinking. The appearance of the town from it is very well; but many of the houses are built with their ends to the street, which looks awkward. When we came down from it, I met Mr. Gleg, a merchant here. He went with us to see the English chapel. It is situated on a pretty dry spot, and there is a fine walk to it. It is really an elegant building, both within and without. The organ is adorned with green and gold Dr. Johnson gave a shilling extraordinary to the clerk, saying, "He belongs to an honest church." I put him in mind, that episcopals were but *dissenters* here; they were only *tolerated*. "Sir," said he, "we are here, as Christians in Turkey." He afterwards went into an apothecary's shop, and ordered some medicine for himself, and wrote the prescription in technical characters. The boy took him for a physician.

I doubted much which road to take, whether to go by the coast, or by Lawrence Kirk and Monboddo. I knew Lord Monboddo and Dr. Johnson did not love each other; yet I was unwilling not to visit his

[1] This description of Dr. Johnson appears to have been borrowed from "Tom Jones," book xi. chap. 2: "The other, who, like a ghost, only wanted to be spoke to, readily answered," &c.—BOSWELL. [Both are borrowed from a general superstition, that ghosts must be first spoken to.—ED.]

lordship; and was also curious to see them together[1]. I mentioned my doubts to Dr. Johnson, who said he would go two miles out of his way to see Lord Monboddo. I therefore sent Joseph forward, with the following note: Tour to Hebrid.

"Montrose, 21st August.

"MY DEAR LORD,—Thus far I am come with Mr. Samuel Johnson. We must be at Aberdeen to-night. I know you do not admire him so much as I do; but I cannot be in this country without making you a bow at your old place, as I do not know if I may again have an opportunity of seeing Monboddo. Besides, Mr. Johnson says, he would go two miles out of his way to see Lord Monboddo. I have sent forward my servant, that we may know if your lordship be at home. I am ever, my dear lord, most sincerely yours, "JAMES BOSWELL."

As we travelled onwards from Montrose, we had the Grampian hills in our view, and some good land around us, but void of trees and hedges. Dr. Johnson has said ludicrously, in his "Journey," that the *hedges* were of *stone*; for, instead of the verdant *thorn* to refresh the eye, we found the bare *wall* or *dike* intersecting the prospect. He observed, that it was wonderful to see a country so divested, so denuded of trees.

We stopped at Lawrence Kirk, where our great grammarian, Ruddiman, was once schoolmaster. We respectfully remembered that excellent man and eminent scholar, by whose labours a knowledge of the Latin language will be preserved in Scotland, if it

[1] There were several points of similarity between them; learning, clearness of head, precision of speech, and a love of research on many subjects which people in general do not investigate. Foote paid Lord Monboddo the compliment of saying, that he was "an Elzevir edition of Johnson." It has been shrewdly observed, that Foote must have meant a diminutive, or pocket edition.—BOSWELL. [Johnson himself thus describes Lord Monboddo to Mrs. Thrale: "He is a Scotch judge, who has lately written a strange book about the origin of language, in which he traces monkeys up to men, and says that in some countries the human species have tails like other beasts. He inquired for these long-tailed men from [Sir Joseph] Banks, and was not pleased that they had not been found in all his peregrinations. He talked nothing of this to *me*."—*Letters*, v. 1. p. 114.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

shall be preserved at all. Lord Gardenston[1], one of our judges, collected money to raise a monument to him at this place, which I hope will be well executed. I know my father gave five guineas towards it. Lord Gardenston is the proprietor of Lawrence Kirk, and has encouraged the building of a manufacturing village, of which he is exceedingly fond, and has written a pamphlet upon it, as if he had founded Thebes, in which, however, there are many useful precepts strongly expressed. The village seemed to be irregularly built, some of the houses being of clay, some of brick, and some of brick and stone. Dr. Johnson observed, they thatched well here.

I was a little acquainted with Mr. Forbes, the minister of the parish. I sent to inform him that a gentleman desired to see him. He returned for answer, "that he would not come to a stranger." I then gave my name, and he came. I remonstrated to him for not coming to a stranger; and, by presenting him to Dr. Johnson, proved to him what a stranger might sometimes be. His Bible inculcates "be not forgetful to entertain strangers," and mentions the same motive[2]. He defended himself by saying, "He had once come to a stranger, who sent for him; and he found him 'a *little worth person!*'"

Dr. Johnson insisted on stopping at the inn, as I told him that Lord Gardenston had furnished it with a collection of books, that travellers might have entertainment for the mind as well as the body. He praised the design, but wished there had been more books, and those better chosen.

[1] [Francis Garden, a Scotch Lord of Session, who erected a very pretty temple over St. Bernard's Well, on the bank of the Water of Leith. He was a man of talents, but of some irregularity of mind, and died (it is said, under melancholy circumstances) in 1794.—Ed.]

[2] ["*Be* not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained *angels* unawares."—*Heb.* xiii. 2. A modest allusion on the part of Mr. Boswell!—Ed.]

About a mile from Monboddo, where you turn off the road, Joseph was waiting to tell us my lord expected us to dinner. We drove over a wild moor. It rained, and the scene was somewhat dreary. Dr. Johnson repeated, with solemn emphasis, Macbeth's speech on meeting the witches. As we travelled on, he told me, "Sir, you got into our club by doing what a man can do[1]. Several of the members wished to keep you out. Burke told me, he doubted if you were fit for it: but, now you are in, none of them are sorry. Burke says, that you have so much good humour naturally, it is scarce a virtue." BOSWELL. "They were afraid of you, sir, as it was you who proposed me." JOHNSON. "Sir, they knew, that if they refused you, they'd probably never have got in another. I'd have kept them all out. Beauclerk was very earnest for you." BOSWELL. "Beauclerk has a keenness of mind which is very uncommon." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; and every thing comes from him so easily. It appears to me that I labour, when I say a good thing." BOSWELL "You are loud, sir, but it is not an effort of mind." Tour to Hebrid.

Monboddo is a wretched place, wild and naked, with a poor old house, though, if I recollect right, there are two turrets, which mark an old baron's residence. Lord Monboddo received us at his gate most courteously; pointed to the Douglas arms upon his house, and told us that his great-grandmother was of that family. "In such houses," said he, "our ancestors lived, who were better men than we." "No, no, my lord," said Dr. Johnson; "we are as strong as they, and a great deal wiser." This was an assault upon one of Lord Monboddo's capital dogmas, and I was afraid there would have been a violent altercation in

[1] This, I find, is considered as obscure. I suppose Dr. Johnson meant, that I assiduously and earnestly recommended myself to some of the members, as in a canvass for an election into parliament.—BOSWELL.

Tour to Hebrid. the very close, before we got into the house. But his lordship is distinguished not only for "ancient metaphysicks," but for ancient *politesse*, "*la vieille cour*," and he made no reply.

His lordship was drest in a rustick suit, and wore a little round hat; he told us, we now saw him as Farmer Burnet, and we should have his family dinner, a farmer's dinner. He said, "I should not have forgiven Mr. Boswell, had he not brought you here, Dr. Johnson." He produced a very long stalk of corn, as a specimen of his crop, and said, "You see here the *lætas segetes*:" he added, that Virgil seemed to be as enthusiastick a farmer as he, and was certainly a practical one. JOHNSON. "It does not always follow, my lord, that a man, who has written a good poem on an art, has practised it. Philip Miller[1] told me, that in Philips's "Cyder," a poem, all the precepts were just, and indeed better than in books written for the purpose of instructing; yet Philips had never made cyder."

I started the subject of emigration. JOHNSON. "To a man of mere animal life, you can urge no argument against going to America, but that it will be some time before he will get the earth to produce. But a man of any intellectual enjoyment will not easily go and immerse himself and his posterity for ages in barbarism."

He and my lord spoke highly of Homer. JOHNSON. "He had all the learning of his age. The shield of Achilles shows a nation in war, a nation in peace; harvest sport, nay stealing[2]." MONBODDO.

[1] [Author of the "Gardener's Dictionary."—ED.]

[2] My note of this is much too short. *Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.* Yet as I have resolved, that *the very Journal which Dr. Johnson read* shall be presented to the publick, I will not expand the text in any considerable degree, though I may occasionally supply a word to complete the sense, as I fill up the blanks of abbreviation in the writing, neither of which can be said to change the genuine Journal. One of the best criticks of our age conjectures that the

"Ay, and what we (looking to me) would call a parliament-house scene; a cause pleaded." JOHNSON. "That is part of the life of a nation in peace. And there are in Homer such characters of heroes, and combinations of qualities of heroes, that the united powers of mankind ever since have not produced any but what are to be found there." MONBODDO. "Yet no character is described." JOHNSON. "No; they all develope themselves. Agamemnon is always a gentleman-like character; he has always Βασιλικόν τι[1]. That the ancients held so, is plain from this; that Euripides, in his Hecuba, makes him the person to interpose[2]." MONBODDO. "The history of manners is the most valuable. I never set a high value on any other history." JOHNSON. "Nor I; and therefore I esteem biography, as giving us what comes near to ourselves, what we can turn to use." BOSWELL. "But in the course of general history we find manners. In wars, we see the dispositions of people, their degrees of humanity, and other particulars." JOHNSON. "Yes; but then you must take all the facts to get this, and it is but a little you get." MONBODDO. "And it is that little which makes history valuable." Bravo! thought I; they agree like two brothers. MONBODDO. "I am sorry, Dr. Johnson, you were not longer at Edinburgh, to receive the homage of our men of learning." Tour to Hebrid.

imperfect passage above has probably been as follows: "In his book we have an accurate display of a nation in war, and a nation in peace; the peasant is delineated as truly as the general; nay, even harvest sport, and the modes of ancient theft, are described."—BOSWELL.

[1] [*Something royal.*—ED.]

[2] Dr. Johnson modestly said, he had not read Homer so much as he wished he had done. But this conversation shows how well he was acquainted with the Mœonian bard; and he has shown it still more in his criticism upon Pope's Homer, in his life of that poet. My excellent friend, Mr. Langton, told me, he was once present at a dispute between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke, on the comparative merits of Homer and Virgil, which was carried on with extraordinary abilities on both sides. Dr. Johnson maintained the superiority of Homer.—BOSWELL.

Tour to Hebrid.

JOHNSON. "My lord, I received great respect and great kindness." BOSWELL. "He goes back to Edinburgh after our tour." We talked of the decrease of learning in Scotland, and of the "Muses' Welcome." JOHNSON. "Learning is much decreased in England, in my remembrance." MONBODDO. "You, sir, have lived to see its decrease in England, I its extinction in Scotland." However, I brought him to confess that the high school of Edinburgh did well. JOHNSON. "Learning has decreased in England, because learning will not do so much for a man as formerly. There are other ways of getting preferment. Few bishops are now made for their learning. To be a bishop, a man must be learned in a learned age, factious in a factious age, but always of eminence. Warburton is an exception, though his learning alone did not raise him. He was first an antagonist to Pope, and helped Theobald to publish his Shakspeare; but, seeing Pope the rising man, when Crousaz attacked his 'Essay on Man,' for some faults which it has, and some which it has not, Warburton defended it in the Review of that time. This brought him acquainted with Pope, and he gained his friendship. Pope introduced him to Allen, Allen married him to his niece; so, by Allen's interest and his own, he was made a bishop[1]. But then his learning was the *sine quâ non*. He knew how to make the most of it, but I do not find by any dishonest means." MONBODDO. "He is a great man." JOHNSON. "Yes, he has great knowledge, great power of mind. Hardly any man brings greater variety of learning to bear upon his point." MON-

[1] [It was probably some conversation of the same tone as this, imperfectly recollected, or too slightly considered, which led Mr. Strahan to the statement, questioned *ante*, p. 37; that the king had told Johnson, that *Pope had made Warburton a bishop*. Johnson's account, here given, is rational in itself, and consistent with the known facts; Mr. Strahan's anecdote is neither.—ED.]

BODDO. "He is one of the greatest lights of your church." JOHNSON. "Why, we are not so sure of his being very friendly to us. He blazes, if you will, but that is not always the steadiest light. Lowth is another bishop who has risen by his learning." Tour to Hebrid

Dr. Johnson examined young Arthur, Lord Monboddo's son, in Latin. He answered very well; upon which he said, with complacency, "Get you gone! When King James comes back[1], you shall be in the 'Muses' Welcome!'" My lord and Dr. Johnson disputed a little, whether the savage or the London shopkeeper had the best existence. His lordship, as usual, preferring the savage. My lord was extremely hospitable, and I saw both Dr. Johnson and him liking each other better every hour.

Dr. Johnson having retired for a short time, his lordship spoke of his conversation as I could have wished. Dr. Johnson had said, "I have done greater feats with my knife than this;" though he had eaten a very hearty dinner. My lord, who affects or believes he follows an abstemious system, seemed struck with Dr. Johnson's manner of living. I had a particular satisfaction in being under the roof of Monboddo, my lord being my father's old friend, and having been always very good to me. We were cordial together. He asked Dr. Johnson and me to stay all night. When I said we must be at Aberdeen, he replied, "Well, I am like the Romans: I shall say to you, 'Happy to come; happy to depart!'" He thanked Dr. Johnson for his visit. JOHNSON. "I little thought, when I had the honour to meet your lordship in London, that I should see you at Monboddo." After dinner, as the ladies were

[1] I find some doubt has been entertained concerning Dr. Johnson's meaning here. It is to be supposed that he meant, "when a king shall again be entertained in Scotland."—BOSWELL. [Dr. Johnson meant, probably, a little touch of *Jacobite* pleasantry.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

going away, Dr. Johnson would stand up.[1] He insisted that politeness was of great consequence in society. "It is (said he) fictitious benevolence. It supplies the place of it amongst those who see each other only in publick, or but little. Depend upon it the want of it never fails to produce something disagreeable to one or other. I have always applied to good breeding, what Addison in his Cato says of honour:

> 'Honour 's a sacred tie; the law of kings;
> The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
> That aids and strengthens Virtue where it meets her,
> And imitates her actions where she is not.'"

When he took up his large oak stick, he said, "My lord, that 's *Homerick;*" thus pleasantly alluding to his lordship's favourite writer.

Gory, my lord's black servant, was sent as our guide, to conduct us to the high road. The circumstance of each of them having a black servant was another point of similarity between Johnson and Monboddo. I observed how curious it was to see an African in the north of Scotland, with little or no difference of manners from those of the natives. Dr. Johnson laughed to see Gory and Joseph riding together most cordially. "Those two fellows (said he), one from Africa, the other from Bohemia, seem quite at home." He was much pleased with Lord Monboddo to-day. He said, he would have pardoned him for a few paradoxes, when he found he had so much that was good: but that, from his appearance in London, he thought him all paradox; which would not do. He observed that his lordship had talked no paradoxes to-day. "And as to the savage and the London shopkeeper (said he), I don't know but I

[1] [Such is the happy improvement of manners, that readers of this day will wonder that a mark of respect to ladies now so universal should ever have been withheld. It surely was not so in England at this period.—ED.]

might have taken the side of the savage equally, had any body else taken the side of the shopkeeper[1]." Tour to Hebrid.

He had said to my lord, in opposition to the value of the savage's courage, that it was owing to his limited power of thinking, and repeated Pope's verses, in which "Macedonia's madman" is introduced, and the conclusion is,

"Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose."

I objected to the last phrase, as being low. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is intended to be low: it is satire. The expression is debased, to debase the character."

When Gory was about to part from us, Dr. Johnson called to him, "Mr. Gory, give me leave to ask you a question! are you baptised?" Gory told him he was—and confirmed by the Bishop of Durham. He then gave him a shilling.

We had a tedious driving this afternoon, and were somewhat drowsy. Last night I was afraid Dr. Johnson was beginning to faint in his resolution; for he said, "If we must ride much, we shall not go; and there's an end on't." To-day, when he talked of Sky with spirit, I said, "Why, sir, you seemed to me to despond yesterday. You are a delicate Londoner; you are a maccaroni; you can't ride." JOHNSON. "Sir, I shall ride better than you. I was only afraid I should not find a horse able to carry me." I hoped then there would be no fear of getting through our wild Tour.

We came to Aberdeen at half an hour past eleven. The New Inn, we were told, was full. This was comfortless. The waiter, however, asked if one of

[1] [Johnson says to Mrs. Thrale, "We agreed pretty well, only we disputed in adjusting the claim of merit between a shopkeeper of London and a savage of the American wildernesses. Our opinions were, I think, maintained on both sides without full conviction. Monboddo declared boldly for the savage, and I, *perhaps for that reason*, sided with the citizen."—*Letters*, v. i. p. 115. See also another avowal of his readiness to take the wrong side of a question for the sake of argument, *sub* 16th June, 1784.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. our names was Boswell, and brought me a letter left at the inn: it was from Mr. Thrale, enclosing one to Dr. Johnson. Finding who I was, we were told they would contrive to lodge us by putting us for a night into a room with two beds. The waiter said to me in the broad strong Aberdeenshire dialect, "I thought I knew you, by your likeness to your father." My father puts up at the New Inn, when on his circuit. Little was said to-night. I was to sleep in a little press-bed in Dr. Johnson's room. I had it wheeled out into the dining-room, and there I lay very well.

Sunday, 22d August.—I sent a message to Professor Thomas Gordon, who came and breakfasted with us. He had secured seats for us at the English chapel[1]. We found a respectable congregation, and an admirable organ, well played by Mr. Tait.

We walked down to the shore. Dr. Johnson laughed to hear that Cromwell's soldiers taught the Aberdeen people to make shoes and stockings, and to plant cabbages. He asked, if weaving the plaids was ever a domestick art in the Highlands, like spinning or knitting. They could not inform him here. But he conjectured probably, that where people lived so remote from each other, it was likely to be a domestick art; as we see it was among the ancients, from Penelope. I was sensible to-day, to an extraordinary degree, of Dr. Johnson's excellent English pronunciation. I cannot account for its striking me more now than any other day; but it was as if new to me, and I listened to every sentence which he

[1] [It is not easy to say why Mr. Boswell here omits to state that at church Dr. Johnson was recognized by a London acquaintance, Lady Diana Middleton, who mentioning that she had seen him to Lord Errol's brother, Mr. Boyd, procured the travellers an invitation to Slains Castle.—*Letters*, v. i. p. 118. Lady Diana was the daughter of Harry Guy, third Earl of Stamford, and wife of George Middleton, of Lenton, Esq. She died in 1780.—Ed.]

spoke, as to a musical composition. Professor Gordon gave him an account of the plan of education in his college. Dr. Johnson said, it was similar to that at Oxford. Waller, the poet's great grandson, was studying here. Dr. Johnson wondered that a man should send his son so far off, when there were so many good schools in England. He said, "At a great school there is all the splendour and illumination of many minds; the radiance of all is concentrated in each, or at least reflected upon each. But we must own that neither a dull boy, nor an idle boy, will do so well at a great school as at a private one. For at a great school there are always boys enough to do well easily, who are sufficient to keep up the credit of the school; and after whipping being tried to no purpose, the dull or idle boys are left at the end of a class, having the appearance of going through the course, but learning nothing at all. Such boys may do good at a private school, where constant attention is paid to them, and they are watched. So that the question of publick or private education is not properly a general one; but whether one or the other is best for *my son*." Tour to Hebrid.

We were told the present Mr. Waller was a plain country gentleman; and his son would be such another. I observed, a family could not expect a poet but in a hundred generations. "Nay," said Dr. Johnson, "not one family in a hundred can expect a poet in a hundred generations." He then repeated Dryden's celebrated lines,

"Three poets in three distant ages born," &c.

and a part of a Latin translation of it done at Oxford[1]: he did not then say by whom.

[1] London, 2d May, 1778. Dr. Johnson acknowledged that he was himself the authour of the translation above alluded to, and dictated it to me as follows:

Tour to Hebrid.

He received a card from Sir Alexander Gordon, who had been his acquaintance twenty years ago in London, and who, "if forgiven for not answering a line from him," would come in the afternoon. Dr. Johnson rejoiced to hear of him, and begged he would come and dine with us. I was much pleased to see the kindness with which Dr. Johnson received his old friend Sir Alexander; a gentleman of good family (Lismore), but who had not the estate. The King's college here made him Professor of Medicine, which affords him a decent subsistence. He told us that the value of the stockings exported from Aberdeen was, in peace, a hundred thousand pounds; and amounted, in time of war, to one hundred and seventy thousand pounds. Dr. Johnson asked what made the difference? Here we had a proof of the comparative sagacity of the two professors. Sir Alexander answered, "Because there is more occasion for them in war." Professor Thomas Gordon answered, "Because the Germans, who are our great rivals in the manufacture of stockings, are otherwise employed in time of war." JOHNSON. "Sir, you have given a very good solution."

At dinner, Dr. Johnson ate several platefulls of Scotch broth, with barley and peas in it, and seemed very fond of the dish. I said, "You never ate it before." JOHNSON. "No, sir; but I don't care how soon I eat it again." My cousin, Miss Dallas, formerly of Inverness, was married to Mr. Riddoch, one of the ministers of the English chapel here. He was ill, and confined to his room; but she sent us a kind invitation to tea, which we all accepted. She

Quos laudet vates Graius Romanus et Anglus
Tres tria temporibus secla dedere suis.
Sublime ingenium Graius; Romanus habebat
Carmen grande sonans; Anglus utrumque tulit.
Nil majus Natura capit: clarare priores
Quæ potuere duos tertius unus habet. BOSWELL.

was the same lively, sensible, cheerful woman, as ever. Dr. Johnson here threw out some jokes against Scotland. He said, "You go first to Aberdeen; then to *Enbru* (the Scottish pronunciation of Edinburgh); then to Newcastle, to be polished by the colliers; then to York; then to London." And he laid hold of a little girl, Stuart Dallas, niece to Mrs. Riddoch, and, representing himself as a giant, said, he would take her with him! telling her, in a hollow voice, that he lived in a cave, and had a bed in the rock, and she should have a little bed cut opposite to it! Tour to Hebrid.

He thus treated the point, as to prescription[1] of murder in Scotland. "A jury in England would make allowance for deficiencies of evidence, on account of lapse of time: but a general rule that a crime should not be punished, or tried for the purpose of punishment, after twenty years, is bad. It is cant to talk of the king's advocate delaying a prosecution from malice. How unlikely is it the king's advocate should have malice against persons who commit murder, or should even know them at all. If the son of the murdered man should kill the murderer who got off merely by prescription, I would help him to make his escape; though, were I upon his jury, I would not acquit him. I would not advise him to commit such an act. On the contrary, I would bid him submit to the determination of society, because a man is bound to submit to the inconveniences of it, as he enjoys the good: but the young man, though politically wrong, would not be morally wrong. He would have to say, 'Here I am amongst barbarians, who not only refuse to do justice, but encourage the greatest of all crimes. I am therefore in a state of nature; for, so far as there is no law,

[1] [See *ante*, p. 261.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid.

it is a state of nature; and consequently, upon the eternal and immutable law of justice, which requires that he who sheds man's blood should have his blood shed, I will stab the murderer of my father.' "

We went to our inn, and sat quietly. Dr. Johnson borrowed, at Mr. Riddoch's, a volume of Massillon's Discourses on the Psalms; but I found he read little in it. Ogden too he sometimes took up, and glanced at; but threw it down again. I then entered upon religious conversation. Never did I see him in a better frame: calm, gentle, wise, holy. I said, "Would not the same objection hold against the Trinity as against transubstantiation?" "Yes," said he, "if you take three and one in the same sense. If you do so, to be sure you cannot believe it; but the three persons in the Godhead are three in one sense, and one in another. We cannot tell how; and that is the mystery!"

I spoke of the satisfaction of Christ. He said his notion was, that it did not atone for the sins of the world; but, by satisfying divine justice, by showing that no less than the Son of God suffered for sin, it showed to men and innumerable created beings the heinousness of it, and therefore rendered it unnecessary for divine vengeance to be exercised against sinners, as it otherwise must have been; that in this way it might operate even in favour of those who had never heard of it; as to those who did hear of it, the effect it should produce would be repentance and piety, by impressing upon the mind a just notion of sin; that original sin was the propensity to evil, which no doubt was occasioned by the fall. He presented this solemn subject in a new light to me [1], and

[1] My worthy, intelligent, and candid friend, Dr. Kippis, informs me, that several divines have thus explained the mediation of our Saviour. What Dr. Johnson now delivered was but a temporary opinion; for he *afterwards* was

rendered much more rational and clear the doctrine of what our Saviour has done for us; as it removed the notion of imputed righteousness in co-operating; whereas by this view, Christ has done all already that he had to do, or is ever to do, for mankind, by making his great satisfaction; the consequences of which will affect each individual according to the particular conduct of each. I would illustrate this by saying, that Christ's satisfaction resembles a sun placed to show light to men, so that it depends upon themselves whether they will walk the right way or not, which they could not have done without that sun, "*the sun of righteousness.*" There is, however, more in it than merely giving light—"*a light to lighten the Gentiles;*" for we are told, there is "*healing under his wings.*" Dr. Johnson said to me, "Richard Baxter commends a treatise by Grotius, '*De Satisfactione Christi.*' I have never read it; but I intend to read it; and you may read it." I remarked, upon the principle now laid down, we might explain the difficult and seemingly hard text, "They that believe shall be saved; and they that believe not shall be damned." They that believe shall have such an impression made upon their minds, as will make them act so that they may be accepted by God. Tour to Hebrid.

We talked of one of our friends[1] taking ill, for a length of time, a hasty expression of Dr. Johnson's to him, on his attempting to prosecute a subject that had a reference to religion, beyond the bounds within

fully convinced of the propitiatory sacrifice, as I shall show at large in my future work, "The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D."—BOSWELL. [Dr. Kippis was a dissenter. Dr. Johnson's *Prayers and Meditations* abundantly prove that he was, as far back as we have any record of his religious feelings, fully convinced of the *propitiatory sacrifice.* In the prayer on his birthday, in 1738 (transcribed by him in 1768), he expressly states his hope of salvation "through the *satisfaction* of Jesus Christ."—ED.]

[1] [No doubt Mr. Langton. But see *ante*, p. 239; where it is surmised that the affair at Mr. Dilly's was probably not the sole cause of Mr. Langton's resentment.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. which the doctor thought such topicks should be confined in a mixed company. JOHNSON. "What is to become of society, if a friendship of twenty years is to be broken off for such a cause?" As Bacon says,

> "Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
> But limns the water, or but writes in dust."

I said, he should write expressly in support of Christianity; for that, although a reverence for it shines through his works in several places, that is not enough. "You know," said I, "what Grotius has done, and what Addison has done, you should do also." He replied, "I hope I shall."

Monday, 23d August.—Principal Campbell, Sir Alexander Gordon, Professor Gordon, and Professor Ross, visited us in the morning, as did Dr. Gerard, who had come six miles from the country on purpose. We went and saw the Marischal College[1], and at one o'clock we waited on the magistrates in the town-hall, as they had invited us, in order to present Dr. Johnson with the freedom of the town, which Provost Jopp did with a very good grace. Dr. Johnson was much pleased with this mark of attention, and received it very politely. There was a pretty numerous company assembled. It was striking to hear all of them drinking "Dr. Johnson! Dr. Johnson!" in the town-hall of Aberdeen, and then to see him with his burgess-ticket, or diploma[2], in his hat, which

[1] Dr. Beattie was so kindly entertained in England, that he had not yet returned home.—BOSWELL.

[2] Dr. Johnson's burgess-ticket was in these words:

"Aberdoniæ, vigesimo tertio die mensis Augusti, anno Domini millesimo septingentesimo septuagesimo tertio, in presentia honorabilium virorum, Jacobi Jopp, armigeri, præpositi, Adami Duff, Gulielmi Young, Georgii Marr, et Gulielmi Forbes, Balivorum, Gulielmi Rainie Decani guildæ, et Joannis Nicoll Thesaurarii dicti burgi.

"Quo die vir generosus et doctrina clarus, Samuel Johnson, LL. D. receptus et admissus fuit in municipes et fratres guildæ præfati burgi de Aberdeen. In deditissimi amoris et affectus ac eximiæ observantiæ tesseram, quibus dicti magistratus eum amplectuntur. Extractum per me, ALEX. CARNEGIE."—BOSWELL.

he wore as he walked along the street, according to the usual custom. It gave me great satisfaction to observe the regard, and indeed fondness too, which every body here had for my father. Tour to Hebrid.

While Sir Alexander Gordon conducted Dr. Johnson to old Aberdeen, Professor Gordon and I called on Mr. Riddoch, whom I found to be a grave worthy clergyman. He observed that, whatever might be said of Dr. Johnson while he was alive, he would, after he was dead, be looked upon by the world with regard and astonishment, on account of his Dictionary.

Professor Gordon and I walked over to the old college, which Dr. Johnson had seen by this time. I stepped into the chapel, and looked at the tomb of the founder, Archbishop Elphinston, of whom I shall have occasion to write in my History[1] of James IV. of Scotland, the patron of my family.

We dined at Sir Alexander Gordon's. The provost, Professor Ross, Professor Dunbar, Professor Thomas Gordon, were there. After dinner came in Dr. Gerard, Professor Leslie, Professor Macleod. We had little or no conversation in the morning; now we were but barren. The professors seemed afraid to speak.

Dr. Gerard told us that an eminent printer[2] was very intimate with Warburton. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, he has printed some of his works, and perhaps bought the property of some of them. The intimacy is such as one of the professors here may have with one of the carpenters who is repairing the college." "But," said Gerard, "I saw a letter from him to this printer, in which he says, that the one half of the clergy of the church of Scotland are fanaticks, and

[1] [This, like many similar intimations scattered through these volumes, does not appear to have been carried into effect.—ED.]

[2] [Probably Mr. Strahan.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

the other half infidels." JOHNSON. "Warburton has accustomed himself to write letters just as he speaks, without thinking any more of what he throws out. When I read Warburton first, and observed his force, and his contempt of mankind, I thought he had driven the world before him; but I soon found that was not the case; for Warburton, by extending his abuse, rendered it ineffectual."

He told me, when we were by ourselves, that he thought it very wrong in the printer to show Warburton's letter, as it was raising a body of enemies against him. He thought it foolish in Warburton to write so to the printer; and added, "Sir, the worst way of being intimate is by scribbling." He called Warburton's "Doctrine of Grace" a poor performance, and so he said was Wesley's Answer. "Warburton," he observed, "had laid himself very open. In particular, he was weak enough to say, that, in some disorders of the imagination, people had spoken with tongues, had spoken languages which they never heard before; a thing as absurd as to say, that in some disorders of the imagination, people had been known to fly."

I talked of the difference of genius, to try if I could engage Gerard in a disquisition with Dr. Johnson; but I did not succeed. I mentioned, as a curious fact, that Locke had written verses. JOHNSON. "I know of none, sir, but a kind of exercise prefixed to Dr. Sydenham's works, in which he has some conceits about the dropsy, in which water and burning are united; and how Dr. Sydenham removed fire by drawing off water, contrary to the usual practice, which is to extinguish fire by bringing water upon it. I am not sure that there is a word of all this; but it is such kind of talk[1]."

[1] All this, as Dr. Johnson suspected at the time, was the immediate invention

We spoke of Fingal. Dr. Johnson said calmly, "If the poems were really translated, they were cer- Tour to Hebrid.

of his own lively imagination; for there is not one word of it in Mr. Locke's complimentary performance. My readers will, I have no doubt, like to be satisfied, by comparing them; and, at any rate, it may entertain them to read verses composed by our great metaphysician, when a bachelor in physick.

AUCTORI, IN TRACTATUM EJUS DE FEBRIBUS.

Febriles æstus, victumque ardoribus orbem
Flevit, non tantis par medicina malis.
Quum post mille artes, medicæ tentamina curæ,
Ardet adhuc febris; nec velit arte regi.
Præda sumus flammis; solum hoc speramus ab igne,
Ut restet paucus, quem capit urna, cinis.
Dum quærit medicus febris caussamque, modumque,
Flammarum et tenebras, et sine luce faces;
Quas tractat patitur flammas, et febre calescens,
Corruit ipse suis victima rapta focis.
Qui tardos potuit morbos, artusque trementes,
Sistere, febrili se videt igne rapi.
Sic faber exesos fulsit tibicine muros;
Dum trahit antiquas lenta ruina domos.
Sed si flamma vorax miseras incenderit ædes,
Unica flagrantes tunc sepelire salus.
Fit fuga, tectonicas nemo tunc invocat artes;
Cum perit artificis non minus usta domus.
Se tandem Sydenham febrisque scholæque furori
Opponens, morbi quærit, et artis opem.
Non temere incusat tectæ putredinis ignes;
Nec fictus, febres qui fovet, humor erit.
Non bilem ille movet, nulla hic pituita; Salutis
Quæ spes, si fallax ardeat intus aqua?
Nec doctas magno rixas ostentat hiatu,
Quîs ipsis major febribus ardor inest.
Innocuas placide corpus jubet urere flammas,
Et justo rapidos temperat igne focos.
Quid febrim exstinguat, varius quid postulat usus,
Solari ægrotos, qua potes arte, docet.
Hactenus ipsa suum timuit natura calorem,
Dum sæpe incerto, quo calet, igne perit:
Dum reparat tacitos male provida sanguinis ignes,
Prælusit busto, fit calor iste rogus.
Jam secura suas foveant præcordia flammas,
Quem natura negat, dat medicina modum.
Nec solum faciles compescit sanguinis æstus,
Dum dubia est inter spemque metumque salus;
Sed fatale malum domuit, quodque astra malignum
Credimus, iratam vel genuisse Stygem.
Extorsit Lachesi cultros, petisque venenum
Abstulit, et tantos non sinit esse metus.
Quis tandem arte nova domitam mitescere pestem
Credat, et antiquas ponere posse minas?
Post tot mille neces, cumulataque funera busto,
Victa jacet, parvo vulnere, dira lues.
Ætheriæ quanquam spargunt contagia flammæ,
Quicquid inest istis ignibus, ignis erit.
Delapsæ cœlo flammæ licet acrius urant,
Has gelida exstingui non nisi morte putas?

Tour to Hebrid.

tainly first written down. Let Mr. Macpherson deposit the manuscript in one of the colleges at Aberdeen, where there are people who can judge; and, if the professors certify the authenticity, then there will be an end of the controversy. If he does not take this obvious and easy method, he gives the best reason to doubt; considering, too, how much is against it *à priori*."

We sauntered after dinner in Sir Alexander's garden, and saw his little grotto, which is hung with pieces of poetry written in a fair hand. It was agreeable to observe the contentment and kindness of this quiet, benevolent man. Professor Macleod was brother to Macleod of Talisker, and brother-in-law to the Laird of Col. He gave me a letter to young *Col.* I was weary of this day, and began to think wishfully of being again in motion. I was uneasy to think myself too fastidious, whilst I fancied Dr. Johnson quite satisfied. But he owned to me that he was fatigued and teased by Sir Alexander's doing too much to entertain him. I said, it was all kindness. JOHNSON. "True, sir; but sensation is sensation." BOSWELL. "It is so: we feel pain equally from the surgeon's probe, as from the sword of the foe."

We visited two booksellers' shops, and could not find Arthur Johnston's Poems [1]. We went and sat

> Tu meliora paras victrix medicina; tuusque
> Pestis quæ superat cuncta, triumphus eris.
> Vive liber, victis febrilibus ignibus; unus
> Te simul et mundum qui manet, ignis erit.
> *J. Locke, A.M. Ex. Acde Christi, Oxon.*—BOSWELL.

[Mr. Boswell says, that Dr. Johnson's observation was "the immediate invention of his own lively imagination;" and that there was "*not one word of it* in Mr. Locke's performance;" but did Mr. Boswell read the verses?—or what did he understand by "Nec fictus, febres qui fovet, humor erit?" and "Si fallax *ardeat* intus *aqua*?" Surely these are the *conceits*, though not the precise expressions, which Johnson censured, and the whole is made up of the same "kind of talk."—ED.]

[1] [Johnston is one of the most eminent men that Aberdeen has produced. He was a native of the county, (born about 1587), and rector of the university. His

near an hour at Mr. Riddoch's. He could not tell distinctly how much education at the college here costs, which disgusted Dr. Johnson. I had pledged myself that we should go to the inn, and not stay supper. They pressed us, but he was resolute. I saw Mr. Riddoch did not please him. He said to me, afterwards, "Sir, he has no vigour in his talk." But my friend should have considered, that he himself was not in good humour; so that it was not easy to talk to his satisfaction. We sat contentedly at our inn. He then became merry, and observed how little we had either heard or said at Aberdeen; that the Aberdonians had not started a single *mawkin* (the Scottish word for hare) for us to pursue. Tour to Hebrid.

Tuesday, 24th August.—We set out about eight in the morning, and breakfasted at Ellon. The landlady said to me, "Is not this the great doctor that is going about through the country?" I said, "Yes." "Ay," said she, "we heard of him; I made an errand into the room on purpose to see him. There 's something great in his appearance: it is a pleasure to have such a man in one's house; a man who does so much good. If I had thought of it, I would have shown him a child of mine, who has had a lump on his throat for some time." "But," said I, "he is not a doctor of physick." "Is he an oculist?" said the landlord. "No," said I; "he is only a very learned man." LANDLORD. "They say he is the greatest man in England, except Lord Mansfield." Dr. Johnson was highly entertained with this, and I do think he was pleased too. He said, "I like the exception. To have called me the

works were originally printed at Aberdeen; and their not being to be found in that seat of learning to which he did so much honour is exceedingly strange. But such things sometimes happen. In Haarlem, the cradle of the art of printing, the editor could not find a guide-book to the town.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

greatest man in England, would have been an unmeaning compliment; but the exception marked that the praise was in earnest, and, in Scotland, the exception must be Lord Mansfield, or—Sir John Pringle."

He told me a good story of Dr. Goldsmith. Graham, who wrote "Telemachus, a Masque," was sitting one night with him and Dr. Johnson, and was half drunk. He rattled away to Dr. Johnson. "You are a clever fellow, to be sure; but you cannot write an essay like Addison, or verses like the Rape of the Lock." At last he said[1], "Doctor, I should be happy to see you at Eton[2]." "I shall be glad to wait on you," answered Goldsmith. "No," said Graham, "'tis not you I mean, Dr. *Minor*; 'tis Dr. *Major*, there." Goldsmith was excessively hurt by this. He afterwards spoke of it himself. "Graham," said he, "is a fellow to make one commit suicide."

We had received a polite invitation to Slains castle. We arrived there just at three o'clock, as the bell for dinner was ringing. Though, from its being just on the north-east ocean, no trees will grow here, Lord Errol has done all that can be done. He has cultivated his fields so as to bear rich crops of every kind, and he has made an excellent kitchen-garden, with a hot-house. I had never seen any of the family; but there had been a card of invitation written by the honourable Charles Boyd, the earl's brother. We were conducted into the house, and at the dining-room door were met by that gentleman,

[1] I am sure I have related this story exactly as Dr. Johnson told it to me; but a friend who has often heard him tell it informs me, that he usually introduced a circumstance which ought not to be omitted. "At last, sir, Graham, having now got to about the pitch of looking at one man, and talking to another, said, Doctor, &c." "What effect," Dr. Johnson used to add, "this had on Goldsmith, who was as irascible as a hornet, may be easily conceived."—Boswell.

[Graham was one of the masters at Eton.—Ed.]

whom both of us at first took to be Lord Errol; but he soon corrected our mistake. My lord was gone to dine in the neighbourhood, at an entertainment given by Mr. Irvine of Drum. Lady Errol[1] received us politely, and was very attentive to us during the time of dinner. There was nobody at table but her ladyship, Mr. Boyd, and some of the children, their governour and governess. Mr. Boyd put Dr. Johnson in mind of having dined with him at Cumming[2], the quaker's, along with a Mr. Hall and Miss Williams: this was a bond of connexion between them. For me, Mr. Boyd's acquaintance with my father was enough. After dinner, Lady Errol favoured us with a sight of her young family, whom she made stand up in a row: there were six daughters and two sons. It was a very pleasing sight. Tour to Hebrid.

Dr. Johnson proposed our setting out. Mr. Boyd said, he hoped we would stay all night; his brother would be at home in the evening, and would be very sorry if he missed us. Mr. Boyd was called out of the room. I was very desirous to stay in so comfortable a house, and I wished to see Lord Errol. Dr. Johnson, however, was right in resolving to go, if we were not asked again, as it is best to err on the safe side in such cases, and to be sure that one is quite welcome. To my great joy, when Mr. Boyd returned, he told Dr. Johnson that it was Lady Errol who had called him out, and said that she would never let Dr. Johnson into the house again, if he went away that night; and that she had ordered the coach, to carry us to view a great curiosity on the coast, after which we should see the house. We cheerfully agreed.

[1] [Isabella, daughter of Sir William Carr, of Etal, in Northumberland, bart. She died in 1808; having had, by Lord Errol, three sons and nine daughters. —Ed.]

[2] [See, as to Cumming, *post*, 20th August, 1773.—Ed.]

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Mr. Boyd was engaged, in 1745-6, on the same side with many unfortunate mistaken noblemen and gentlemen. He escaped, and lay concealed for a year in the island of Arran, the ancient territory of the Boyds. He then went to France, and was about twenty years on the continent. He married a French lady, and now lived very comfortably at Aberdeen, and was much at Slains castle. He entertained us with great civility. He had a pompousness or formal plenitude in his conversation, which I did not dislike. Dr. Johnson said, "there was too much elaboration in his talk." It gave me pleasure to see him, a steady branch of the family, setting forth all its advantages with much zeal. He told us that Lady Errol was one of the most pious and sensible women in the island; had a good head, and as good a heart. He said, she did not use force or fear in educating her children. JOHNSON. "Sir, she is wrong; I would rather have the rod to be the general terror to all, to make them learn, than tell a child, if you do thus or thus, you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other."

During Mr. Boyd's stay in Arran, he had found a chest of medical books, left by a surgeon there, and had read them till he acquired some skill in physick, in consequence of which he is often consulted by the poor. There were several here waiting for him as patients.

We walked round the house till stopped by a cut made by the influx of the sea. The house is built

quite upon the shore; the windows look upon the main ocean, and the King of Denmark is Lord Errol's nearest neighbour on the north-east. Tour to Hebrid.

We got immediately into the coach, and drove to Dunbui, a rock near the shore, quite covered with sea-fowls; then to a circular basin of large extent, surrounded with tremendous rocks. On the quarter next the sea, there is a high arch in the rock, which the force of the tempest has driven out. This place is called Buchan's Buller, or the Buller of Buchan, and the country people call it the Pot. Mr. Boyd said it was so called from the French *bouloir*. It may be more simply traced from *boiler* in our own language. We walked round this monstrous cauldron. In some places, the rock is very narrow; and on each side there is a sea deep enough for a man of war to ride in; so that it is somewhat horrid to move along. However, there is earth and grass upon the rock, and a kind of road marked out by the print of feet; so that one makes it out pretty safely: yet it alarmed me to see Dr. Johnson striding irregularly along. He insisted on taking a boat, and sailing into the Pot. We did so. He was stout, and wonderfully alert. The Buchan-men all showing their teeth, and speaking with that strange sharp accent which distinguishes them, was to me a matter of curiosity. He was not sensible of the difference of pronunciation in the south and north of Scotland, which I wondered at.

As the entry into the Buller is so narrow that oars cannot be used as you go in, the method taken is, to row very hard when you come near it, and give the boat such a rapidity of motion that it glides in. Dr. Johnson observed what an effect this scene would have had, were we entering into an unknown place. There are caves of considerable depth; I think, one

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on each side. The boatmen had never entered either of them far enough to know the size. Mr. Boyd told us that it is customary for the company at Peterhead-well to make parties, and come and dine in one of the caves here [1].

He told us that, as Slains is at a considerable distance from Aberdeen, Lord Errol, who has a very large family, resolved to have a surgeon of his own. With this view he educated one of his tenant's sons, who is now settled in a very neat house and farm just by, which we saw from the road. By the salary which the earl allows him, and the practice which he has had, he is in very easy circumstances. He had kept an exact account of all that had been laid out on his education, and he came to his lordship one day, and told him that he had arrived at a much higher situation than ever he expected; that he was now able to repay what his lordship had advanced, and begged he would accept of it. The earl was pleased with the generous gratitude and genteel offer of the man; but refused it. Mr. Boyd also told us, Cumming the quaker first began to distinguish himself, by writing against Dr. Leechman on Prayer, to prove it unnecessary, as God knows best what should be, and will order it without our asking: the old hackneyed objection.

When we returned to the house, we found coffee and tea in the drawing-room. Lady Errol was not there, being, as I supposed, engaged with her young family. There is a bow-window fronting the sea. Dr. Johnson repeated the ode, "Jam satis terris," while Mr. Boyd was with his patients. He spoke

[1] [They were also used by smugglers. The path round the *Buller* is about three feet broad; so that there is little danger, though very often much fear.—Walter Scott.]

well in favour of entails, to preserve lines of men whom mankind are accustomed to reverence. His opinion was that so much land should be entailed as that families should never fall into contempt, and as much left free as to give them all the advantages of property in case of any emergency. "If," said he, "the nobility are suffered to sink into indigence, they of course become corrupt; they are ready to do whatever the king chooses; therefore it is fit they should be kept from becoming poor, unless it is fixed that when they fall below a certain standard of wealth they shall lose their peerages. We know the house of peers have made noble stands, when the house of commons durst not. The two last years of parliament they dare not contradict the populace." Tour to Hebrid.

This room is ornamented with a number of fine prints, and with a whole length picture of Lord Errol, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. This led Dr. Johnson and me to talk of our amiable and elegant friend, whose panegyrick he concluded by saying, "Sir Joshua Reynolds, sir, is the most invulnerable man I know; the man with whom if you should quarrel, you would find the most difficulty how to abuse."

Dr. Johnson observed, the situation here was the noblest he had ever seen; better than Mount Edgecumbe, reckoned the first in England; because, at Mount Edgecumbe, the sea is bounded by land on the other side, and, though there is there the grandeur of a fleet, there is also the impression of there being a dock-yard, the circumstances of which are not agreeable. At Slains is an excellent old house. The noble owner has built of brick, along the square in the inside, a gallery, both on the first and second story, the house being no higher; so that he has always a dry walk; and the rooms, to which formerly there was no approach but through each other, have

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now all separate entries from the gallery, which is hung with Hogarth's works, and other prints. We went and sat a while in the library. There is a valuable numerous collection. It was chiefly made by Mr. Falconer, husband to the late Countess of Errol in her own right. This earl has added a good many modern books.

About nine the earl[1] came home. Captain Gordon, of Park, was with him. His lordship put Dr. Johnson in mind of their having dined together in London, along with Mr. Beauclerk. I was exceedingly pleased with Lord Errol. His dignified person and agreeable countenance, with the most unaffected affability, gave me high satisfaction. From perhaps a weakness, or, as I rather hope, more fancy and warmth of feeling than is quite reasonable, my mind is ever impressed with admiration for persons of high birth, and I could, with the most perfect honesty, expatiate on Lord Errol's good qualities; but he stands in no need of my praise. His agreeable manners and softness of address prevented that constraint which the idea of his being Lord High Constable of Scotland might otherwise have occasioned[2]. He

[1] [Sir W. Forbes, in his *Life of Beattie*, says, that Dr. Johnson discovered a likeness between Lord Errol and Sarpedon; the points of resemblance (except that Lord Errol was of heroic stature, six feet four inches high) we are left to guess: but his lordship was, whether like Sarpedon or not, a very handsome, high-spirited, and amiable nobleman.—Ed.]

[2] [Mr Boswell need not have been in such awe on *this* account; for Lord Errol's title to that dignity was, at this period, not quite established. For he not only was not descended from the Earls of Errol, in the *male* line, but the right of his mother and grandmother rested on the *nomination* of Gilbert, the tenth Earl of Errol, who, having no children of his own, nominated (under a charter of Charles II.) his relation, Sir John Hay, of Kellour, to his honours, who accordingly succeeded as eleventh earl; but his son, the twelfth earl, having no issue, was succeeded by his two sisters successively. The youngest, Lady Margaret, the grandmother of the earl who received Dr. Johnson, was married to the Earl of Linlithgow, who was attainted for the rebellion of 1715. They left an only daughter, married to Lord Kilmarnock, beheaded and attainted for the rebellion of 1745, whose son was the earl mentioned in the text. Lord Lauderdale, at the election of the Scottish peers in 1796, protested against Lord Errol's claim to the peerage, questioning not only the right of conferring a peerage by *nomination*, but denying that any such nomination

talked very easily and sensibly with his learned guest. I observed that Dr. Johnson, though he showed that respect to his lordship which, from principle, he always does to high rank, yet, when they came to argument, maintained that manliness which becomes the force and vigour of his understanding. To show external deference to our superiors is proper: to seem to yield to them in opinion is meanness[1]. The earl said grace both before and after supper, with much decency. He told us a story of a man who was executed at Perth, some years ago, for murdering a woman who was with child by him, and a former child he had by her. His hand was cut off: he was then pulled up; but the rope broke, and he was forced to lie an hour on the ground, till another rope was brought from Perth, the execution being in a wood at some distance—at the place where the murders were committed. "There (said my lord) Tour to Hebrid.

had been in fact made; but the house of lords decided that the earldom, though originally a male fief, had become descendable to females, and also that Earl Gilbert had acquired and exercised the right of nomination. It was still more doubtful how the office of Hereditary High Constable could be transferred, either by nomination or through females; but all the late Earls of Errol have enjoyed it without question, and the present earl executed it by deputy at the coronation of George IV., and in person during his majesty's visit to Scotland.—ED.]

[1] Lord Chesterfield, in his letters to his son, complains of one who argued in an indiscriminate manner with men of all ranks. Probably the noble lord had felt with some uneasiness what it was to encounter stronger abilities than his own. If a peer will engage at foils with his inferior in station, he must expect that his inferior in station will avail himself of every advantage; otherwise it is not a fair trial of strength and skill. The same will hold in a contest of reason, or of wit. A certain king entered the lists of genius with Voltaire. The consequence was that, though the king had great and brilliant talents, Voltaire had such a superiority that his majesty could not bear it; and the poet was dismissed, or escaped, from that court. In the reign of James I. of England, Crichton, Lord Sanquhar, a peer of Scotland, from a vain ambition to excel a fencing-master in his own art, played at rapier and dagger with him. The fencing-master, whose fame and bread were at stake, put out one of his lordship's eyes. Exasperated at this, Lord Sanquhar hired ruffians, and had the fencing-master assassinated; for which his lordship was capitally tried, condemned, and hanged. Not being a peer of England, he was tried by the name of Robert Crichton, Esq.; but he was admitted to be a baron of three hundred years standing. See the *State Trials;* and the *History of England* by Hume, who applauds the impartial justice executed upon a man, of high rank.—BOSWELL. [Lord Chesterfield's observation is in the character of the *respectable Hottentot* (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 254), which was probably meant for Dr. Johnson.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. I see the hand of Providence." I was really happy here. I saw in this nobleman the best dispositions and best principles; and I saw him, in my mind's eye, to be the representative of the ancient Boyds of Kilmarnock. I was afraid he might have urged drinking, as, I believe, he used formerly to do; but he drank port and water out of a large glass himself, and let us do as we pleased. He went with us to our rooms at night; said he took the visit very kindly; and told me my father and he were very old acquaintance; that I now knew the way to Slains, and he hoped to see me there again.

I had a most elegant room; but there was a fire in it which blazed; and the sea, to which my windows looked, roared; and the pillows were made of the feathers of some sea-fowl, which had to me a disagreeable smell: so that, by all these causes, I was kept awake a good while. I saw, in imagination, Lord Errol's father, Lord Kilmarnock (who was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1746), and I was somewhat dreary. But the thought did not last long, and I fell asleep.

Wednesday, 25th August.—We got up between seven and eight, and found Mr. Boyd in the dining-room, with tea and coffee before him, to give us breakfast. We were in an admirable humour. Lady Errol had given each of us a copy of an ode by Beattie, on the birth of her son, Lord Hay. Mr. Boyd asked Dr. Johnson how he liked it. Dr. Johnson, who did not admire it, got off very well, by taking it out, and reading the second and third stanzas of it with much melody. This, without his saying a word, pleased Mr. Boyd. He observed, however, to Dr. Johnson, that the expression as to the family of Errol,

"A thousand years have seen it shine,"

compared with what went before, was an anti-climax, and that it would have been better, Tour to Hebrid.

"Ages have seen," &c.

Dr. Johnson said, "So great a number as a thousand is better. *Dolus latet in universalibus.* Ages might be only two ages." He talked of the advantage of keeping up the connexions of relationship, which produce much kindness. "Every man (said he) who comes into the world has need of friends. If he has to get them for himself, half his life is spent before his merit is known. Relations are a man's ready friends who support him. When a man is in real distress, he flies into the arms of his relations. An old lawyer, who had much experience in making wills, told me, that after people had deliberated long, and thought of many for their executors, they settled at last by fixing on their relations. This shows the universality of the principle.

I regretted the decay of respect for men of family, and that a nabob now would carry an election from them. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, the nabob will carry it by means of his wealth, in a country where money is highly valued, as it must be where nothing can be had without money; but, if it comes to personal preference, the man of family will always carry it. There is generally a *scoundrelism* about a low man." Mr. Boyd said, that was a good *ism.*

I said, I believed mankind were happier in the ancient feudal state of subordination, than they are in the modern state of independency. JOHNSON. "To be sure, the *chief* was: but we must think of the number of individuals. That *they* were less happy seems plain; for that state from which all escape as soon as they can, and to which none return after they have left it, must be less happy; and this

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is the case with the state of dependence on a chief or great man."

I mentioned the happiness of the French in their subordination, by the reciprocal benevolence[1] and attachment between the great and those in lower rank. Mr. Boyd gave us an instance of their gentlemanly spirit. An old Chevalier de Malthe, of ancient *noblesse*, but in low circumstances, was in a coffee-house at Paris, where was Julien, the great manufacturer at the Gobelins, of the fine tapestry, so much distinguished both for the figures and the *colours*. The chevalier's carriage was very old. Says Julien, with a plebeian insolence, "I think, sir, you had better have your carriage new painted." The chevalier looked at him with indignant contempt, and answered, "Well, sir, you may take it home and *dye* it!" All the coffee-house rejoiced at Julien's confusion.

We set out about nine. Dr. Johnson was curious to see one of those structures, which northern antiquarians call a Druid's temple. I had a recollection of one at Strichen, which I had seen fifteen years ago; so we went four miles out of our road, after passing Old Deer, and went thither. Mr. Fraser, the proprietor, was at home, and showed it to us. But I had augmented it in my mind; for all that remains is two stones set up on end, with a long one laid upon them, as was usual, and one stone at a little distance from them. That stone was the capital one of the circle which surrounded what now remains. Mr. Fraser was very hospitable[2]. There was a fair at Strichen;

[1] [What a commentary on this opinion has the French revolution written! —Ed.]

[2] He is the worthy son of a worthy father, the late Lord Strichen, one of our judges, to whose kind notice I was much obliged. Lord Strichen was a man not only honest, but highly generous; for, after his succession to the family estate, he paid a large sum of debts, contracted by his predecessor, which he was not under any obligation to pay. Let me here, for the credit of Ayrshire,

and he had several of his neighbours from it at dinner. One of them, Dr. Fraser, who had been in the army, remembered to have seen Dr. Johnson, at a lecture on experimental philosophy, at Lichfield. The doctor recollected being at the lecture, and he was surprised to find here somebody who knew him. Tour to Hebrid.

Mr. Fraser sent a servant to conduct us by a short passage into the high road. I observed to Dr. Johnson, that I had a most disagreeable notion of the life of country gentlemen; that I left Mr. Fraser just now, as one leaves a prisoner in a jail. Dr. Johnson said, that I was right in thinking them unhappy, for that they had not enough to keep their minds in motion.

I started a thought this afternoon which amused us a great part of the way. "If," said I, "our club should come and set up in St. Andrews, as a college, to teach all that each of us can, in the several departments of learning and taste, we should rebuild the city: we should draw a wonderful concourse of students." Dr. Johnson entered fully into the spirit of this project. We immediately fell to distributing the offices. I was to teach civil and Scotch law; Burke, politicks and eloquence; Garrick, the art of publick speaking; Langton was to be our Grecian, Colman our Latin professor; Nugent to teach physick; Lord Charlemont, modern history; Beauclerk, natural philosophy; Vesey, Irish antiquities, or Celtick

my own county, record a noble instance of liberal honesty in William Hutchison, drover, in Lanehead, Kyle, who formerly obtained a full discharge from his creditors upon a composition of his debts; but, upon being restored to good circumstances, invited his creditors last winter to a dinner, without telling the reason, and paid them their full sums, principal and interest. They presented him with a piece of plate, with an inscription to commemorate this extraordinary instance of true worth; which should make some people in Scotland blush, while, though mean themselves, they strut about under the protection of great alliance, conscious of the wretchedness of numbers who have lost by them, to whom they never think of making reparation, but indulge themselves and their families in most unsuitable expense.—BOSWELL.

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learning[1]; Jones, Oriental learning; Goldsmith, poetry and ancient history; Chamier, commercial politicks; Reynolds, painting, and the arts which have beauty for their object; Chambers, the law of England. Dr. Johnson at first said, "I'll trust theology to nobody but myself." But, upon due consideration, that Percy is a clergyman, it was agreed that Percy should teach practical divinity and British antiquities; Dr. Johnson himself, logick, metaphysicks, and scholastick divinity. In this manner did we amuse ourselves, each suggesting, and each varying or adding, till the whole was adjusted. Dr. Johnson said, we only wanted a mathematician since Dyer died, who was a very good one; but as to every thing else, we should have a very capital university[2].

We got at night to Banff. I sent Joseph on to Duff-house: but Earl Fife was not at home, which I regretted much, as we should have had a very elegant reception from his lordship. We found here but an indifferent inn[3]. Dr. Johnson wrote a long letter to Mrs. Thrale. I wondered to see him write so much so easily. He verified his own doctrine that "a man may always write when he will set himself doggedly to it."

[1] Since the first edition, it has been suggested by one of the club, who knew Mr. Vesey better than Dr. Johnson and I, that we did not assign him a proper place, for he was quite unskilled in Irish antiquities and Celtick learning, but might with propriety have been made professor of architecture, which he understood well, and has left a very good specimen of his knowledge and taste in that art, by an elegant house built on a plan of his own formation, at Lucan, a few miles from Dublin.—BOSWELL.

[2] [Here Mr. Boswell has inserted a note relative to the CLUB, the substance of which will be found in the appendix to the first volume.—ED.]

[3] Here, unluckily, the windows had no pulleys, and Dr. Johnson, who was constantly eager for fresh air, had much struggling to get one of them kept open. Thus he had a notion impressed upon him, that this wretched defect was general in Scotland, in consequence of which he has erroneously enlarged upon it in his "Journey." I regretted that he did not allow me to read over his book before it was printed. I should have changed very little, but I should have suggested an alteration in a few places where he has laid himself open to be attacked. I hope I should have prevailed with him to omit or soften his assertion, that "a Scotsman must be a sturdy moralist, who does not prefer Scotland to truth,"—for I really think it is not founded, and it is harshly said.—BOSWELL.

Thursday, 26th August.—We got a fresh chaise here, a very good one, and very good horses. We breakfasted at Cullen. They set down dried haddocks broiled, along with our tea. I ate one; but Dr. Johnson was disgusted by the sight of them, so they were removed[1]. Cullen has a comfortable appearance, though but a very small town, and the houses mostly poor buildings. Tour to Hebrid.

I called on Mr. Robertson, who has the charge of Lord Findlater's affairs, and was formerly Lord Monboddo's clerk, was three times in France with him, and translated Condamine's Account of the Savage Girl, to which his lordship wrote a preface, containing several remarks of his own. Robertson said he did not believe so much as his lordship did; that it was plain to him the girl confounded what she imagined with what she remembered; that, besides, she perceived Condamine and Lord Monboddo forming theories, and she adapted her story to them.

Dr. Johnson said, "It is a pity to see Lord Monboddo publish such notions as he has done; a man of sense, and of so much elegant learning. There would be little in a fool doing it; we should only laugh: but when a wise man does it, we are sorry. Other people have strange notions; but they conceal them. If they have tails, they hide them; but Monboddo is as jealous of his tail as a squirrel." I shall here put down some more remarks of Dr. Johnson's on Lord Monboddo, which were not made exactly at this time, but come in well

[1] [A protest may be entered on the part of most Scotsmen against the doctor's taste in this particular. A Finnon haddock dried over the smoke of the sea-weed, and sprinkled with salt water during the process, acquires a relish of a very peculiar and delicate flavour, inimitable on any other coast than that of Aberdeenshire. Some of our Edinburgh philosophers tried to produce their equal in vain. I was one of a party at a dinner, where the philosophical haddocks were placed in competition with the genuine Finnon-fish. These were served round without distinction whence they came; but only one gentleman, out of twelve present, espoused the cause of philosophy.—WALTER SCOTT.]

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from connexion. He said he did not approve of a judge's calling himself Farmer Burnett [1], and going about with a little round hat [2]. He laughed heartily at his lordship's saying he was an enthusiastical farmer; "for (said he), what can he do in farming by his enthusiasm?" Here, however, I think Dr. Johnson mistaken. He who wishes to be successful, or happy, ought to be enthusiastical, that is to say, very keen in all the occupations or diversions of life. An ordinary gentleman-farmer will be satisfied with looking at his fields once or twice a day: an enthusiastical farmer will be constantly employed on them; will have his mind earnestly engaged; will talk perpetually of them. But Dr. Johnson has much of the *nil admirari* in smaller concerns. That survey of life which gave birth to his "Vanity of Human Wishes" early sobered his mind. Besides, so great a mind as his cannot be moved by inferior objects: an elephant does not run and skip like lesser animals.

Mr. Robertson sent a servant with us, to show us through Lord Findlater's wood, by which our way was shortened, and we saw some part of his domain, which is indeed admirably laid out. Dr. Johnson did not choose to walk through it. He always said that he was not come to Scotland to see fine places, of which there were enough in England; but wild objects,—mountains,—water-falls,—peculiar man-

[1] It is the custom in Scotland for the judges of the court of session to have the title of lords, from their estates; thus Mr. Burnett is Lord Monboddo, as Mr. Home was Lord Kames. There is something a little awkward in this; for they are denominated in deeds by their names, with the addition of "one of the senators of the college of justice;" and subscribe their christian and surname, as James Burnett, Henry Home, even in judicial acts.—BOSWELL. [We see that the same custom prevailed amongst other gentlemen as well as the judges. All the lairds who are called by the names of their estates, as Rasay, Col, &c. sign their christian and surnames, as J. Macleod, A. Maclean, &c. The dignity of the judicial bench has consecrated, in the case of the judges, what was once the common practice of the country.—ED.]

[2] [Why not, in a remote country retirement?—ED.]

ners; in short, things which he had not seen before. I have a notion that he at no time has had much taste for rural beauties. I have myself very little. Tour to Hebrid.

Dr. Johnson said there was nothing more contemptible than a country gentleman living beyond his income, and every year growing poorer and poorer. He spoke strongly of the influence which a man has by being rich. "A man (said he) who keeps his money, has in reality more use from it than he can have by spending it." I observed that this looked very like a paradox; but he explained it thus: "If it were certain that a man would keep his money locked up for ever, to be sure he would have no influence; but as so many want money, and he has the power of giving it, and they know not but by gaining his favour they may obtain it, the rich man will always have the greatest influence. He again who lavishes his money is laughed at as foolish, and in a great degree with justice, considering how much is spent from vanity. Even those who partake of a man's hospitality have but a transient kindness for him. If he has not the command of money, people know he cannot help them if he would; whereas the rich man always can, if he will, and for the chance of that, will have much weight." BOSWELL. "But philosophers and satirists have all treated a miser as contemptible." JOHNSON. "He is so philosophically; but not in the practice of life." BOSWELL. "Let me see now: I do not know the instances of misers in England, so as to examine into their influence." JOHNSON. "We have had few misers in England." BOSWELL. "There was Lowther[1]." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, Lowther, by keeping his money, had the

[1] [He means, no doubt, Sir James Lowther, of Whitehaven, bart., who died in 1755, immensely rich, but without issue, and his estates devolved on his relation, Sir James, afterwards first Earl of Lonsdale.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

command of the county, which the family has now lost, by spending it[1]. I take it he lent a great deal; and that is the way to have influence, and yet preserve one's wealth. A man may lend his money upon very good security, and yet have his debtor much under his power." BOSWELL. "No doubt, sir. He can always distress him for the money; as no man borrows who is able to pay on demand quite conveniently."

We dined at Elgin, and saw the noble ruins of the cathedral. Though it rained much, Dr. Johnson examined them with the most patient attention. He could not here feel any abhorrence at the Scottish reformers, for he had been told by Lord Hailes, that it was destroyed before the reformation, by the Lord of Badenoch[2], who had a quarrel with the bishop. The bishop's house, and those of the other clergy, which are still pretty entire, do not seem to have been proportioned to the magnificence of the cathedral, which has been of great extent, and had very fine carved work. The ground within the walls of the cathedral is employed as a burying-place. The family of Gordon have their vault here; but it has nothing grand.

We passed Gordon Castle[3] this forenoon, which

[1] I do not know what was at this time the state of the parliamentary interest of the ancient family of Lowther; a family before the conquest: but all the nation knows it to be very extensive at present. A due mixture of severity and kindness, economy and munificence, characterises its present representative.—BOSWELL. [The second viscount and first Earl Lonsdale of his branch, who was recommended to Boswell's peculiar favour by having married Lady Mary Stuart, the daughter of John Earl of Bute.—ED.]

[2] *Note*, by Lord Hailes.—"The cathedral of Elgin was burnt by the Lord of Badenoch, because the Bishop of Moray had pronounced an award not to his liking. The indemnification that the see obtained was, that the Lord of Badenoch stood for three days barefooted at the great gate of the cathedral. The story is in the chartulary of Elgin."—BOSWELL. [Light as this penance was, an Irish chieftain fared still better. The eighth Earl of Kildare was charged before Henry VII. with having burned the cathedral of Cushel: he expressed his contrition for this sacrilege, adding, that he never would have done it had he not thought that the *archbishop had been in it.* The king made him lord-lieutenant.—ED.]

[3] I am not sure whether the duke was at home; but, not having the honour

has a princely appearance. Fochabers, the neighbouring village, is a poor place, many of the houses being ruinous; but it is remarkable, they have in general orchards well stored with apple-trees. Elgin has what in England are called piazzas, that run in many places on each side of the street. It must have been a much better place formerly. Probably it had piazzas all along the town, as I have seen at Bologna. I approved much of such structures in a town, on account of their conveniency in wet weather. Dr. Johnson disapproved of them, "because," said he, "it makes the under story of a house very dark, which greatly overbalances the conveniency, when it is considered how small a part of the year it rains; how few are usually in the street at such times; that many who are might as well be at home; and the little that people suffer, supposing them to be as much wet as they commonly are in walking a street."

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We fared but ill at our inn here; and Dr. Johnson said, this was the first time he had seen a dinner in Scotland that he could not eat

In the afternoon, we drove over the very heath where Macbeth met the witches, according to tradition. Dr. Johnson again solemnly repeated

> "How far is 't called to Fores? What are these,
> So wither'd, and so wild in their attire?
> That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
> And yet are on 't?"

He repeated a good deal more of Macbeth. His recitation was grand and affecting, and, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed to me, had no more tone than

of being much known to his grace, I could not have presumed to enter his castle, though to introduce even so celebrated a stranger. We were at any rate in a hurry to get forward to the wildness which we came to see. Perhaps, if this noble family had still preserved that sequestered magnificence which they maintained when catholicks, corresponding with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, we might have been induced to have procured proper letters of introduction, and devoted some time to the contemplation of venerable superstitious state.—BOSWELL.

Tour to Hebrid. it should have: it was the better for it. He then parodied the "all hail" of the witches to Macbeth, addressing himself to me. I had purchased some land called Dalblair; and, as in Scotland it is customary to distinguish landed men by the name of their estates, I had thus two titles, Dalblair and young Auchinleck. So my friend, in imitation of

"All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!"

condescended to amuse himself with uttering

"All hail, *Dalblair!* hail to thee, Laird of *Auchinleck*[1]!"

We got to Fores at night, and found an admirable inn, in which Dr. Johnson was pleased to meet with a landlord, who styled himself "Wine-Cooper, from London."

Friday, 27th August.—It was dark when we came to Fores last night; so we did not see what is called King Duncan's monument[2]. I shall now mark some gleanings of Dr. Johnson's conversation. I spoke of Leonidas, and said there were some good passages in it. JOHNSON. "Why, you must *seek* for them." He said, Paul Whitehead's Manners was a poor performance. Speaking of Derrick, he told me "he had a kindness for him, and had often said, that if his letters had been written by one of a more established name, they would have been thought very pretty letters."

This morning I introduced the subject of the origin of evil. JOHNSON. "Moral evil is occasioned by free will, which implies choice between good and evil. With all the evil that there is, there is no man but would rather be a free agent, than a mere machine without the evil; and what is best for each individual,

[1] [Pronounced as a dissyllable, *Affleck*.—ED.]

[2] [Duncan's monument; a huge column on the roadside near Fores, more than twenty feet high, erected in commemoration of the final retreat of the Danes from Scotland, and properly called Swene's Stone.—WALTER SCOTT.]

must be best for the whole. If a man would rather be the machine, I cannot argue with him. He is a different being from me." BOSWELL. "A man, as a machine, may have agreeable sensations; for instance, he may have pleasure in musick." JOHNSON. "No, sir, he cannot have pleasure in musick; at least no power of producing musick; for he who can produce musick may let it alone: he who can play upon a fiddle may break it: such a man is not a machine." This reasoning satisfied me. It is certain, there cannot be a free agent, unless there is the power of being evil as well as good. We must take the inherent possibilities of things into consideration, in our reasonings or conjectures concerning the works of God. Tour to Hebrid.

We came to Nairn to breakfast. Though a county town and a royal burgh, it is a miserable place. Over the room where we sat, a girl was spinning wool with a great wheel, and singing an Erse song: "I'll warrant you," said Dr. Johnson, "one of the songs of Ossian." He then repeated these lines:

> "Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound.
> All at her work the village maiden sings;
> Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,
> Revolves the sad vicissitude of things [1]."

I thought I had heard these lines before. JOHNSON. "I fancy not, sir; for they are in a detached poem, the name of which I do not remember, written by one Giffard, a parson."

I expected Mr. Kenneth M'Aulay, the minister of Calder, who published the history of St. Kilda, a book which Dr. Johnson liked, would have met us here, as I had written to him from Aberdeen. But I received a letter from him, telling me that he could

[1] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 393.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

not leave home, as he was to administer the sacrament the following Sunday, and earnestly requesting to see us at his manse. "We'll go," said Dr. Johnson; which we accordingly did Mrs. M'Aulay received us, and told us her husband was in the church distributing tokens[1]. We arrived between twelve and one o'clock, and it was near three before he came to us.

Dr. Johnson thanked him for his book, and said "it was a very pretty piece of topography." M'Aulay did not seem much to mind the compliment. From his conversation, Dr. Johnson was persuaded that he had not written the book which goes under his name. I myself always suspected so; and I have been told it was written by the learned Dr. John M'Pherson of Sky, from the materials collected by M'Aulay. Dr. Johnson said privately to me, "There is a combination in it of which M'Aulay is not capable." However, he was exceedingly hospitable; and, as he obligingly promised us a route for our Tour through the Western Isles, we agreed to stay with him all night.

After dinner, we walked to the old castle of Calder (pronounced Cawder[2]), the Thane of Cawdor's seat. I was sorry that my friend, this "prosperous gentleman," was not there. The old tower must be of great antiquity. There is a draw-bridge, what has been a moat, and an ancient court. There is a hawthorn tree, which rises like a wooden pillar through the rooms of the castle; for, by a strange conceit, the walls have been built round it. The thickness of the

[1] In Scotland there is a great deal of preparation before administering the sacrament. The minister of the parish examines the people as to their fitness, and to those of whom he approves gives little pieces of tin, stamped with the name of the parish, as *tokens*, which they must produce before receiving it. This is a species of priestly power, and sometimes may be abused. I remember a lawsuit brought by a person against his parish minister, for refusing him admission to that sacred ordinance.—BOSWELL.

[2] [Is it not a strong though minute instance of the general knowledge of Shakspeare, that he knew the proper pronunciation of this name?—ED.]

walls, the small slanting windows, and a great iron door at the entrance on the second story as you ascend the stairs, all indicate the rude times in which this castle was erected. There were here some large venerable trees [1]. Tour to Hebrid.

I was afraid of a quarrel between Dr. Johnson and Mr. M'Aulay, who talked slightingly of the lower English clergy. The doctor gave him a frowning look, and said, "This is a day of novelties: I have seen old trees in Scotland, and I have heard the English clergy treated with disrespect."

I dreaded that a whole evening at Caldermanse would be heavy; however, Mr. Grant, an intelligent and well bred minister in the neighbourhood, was there, and assisted us by his conversation. Dr. Johnson, talking of hereditary occupations in the Highlands, said, "There is no harm in such a custom as this; but it is wrong to enforce it, and oblige a man to be a tailor or a smith, because his father has been one." This custom, however, is not peculiar to our Highlands; it is well known that in India a similar practice prevails.

Mr. M'Aulay began a rhapsody against creeds and confessions. Dr. Johnson showed, that "what he called *imposition*, was only a voluntary declaration of agreement in certain articles of faith, which a church has a right to require, just as any other society can insist on certain rules being observed by its members. Nobody is compelled to be of the church, as nobody is compelled to enter into a society." This was a very clear and just view of the subject; but M'Aulay could not be driven out of his track. Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, you are a *bigot to laxness*."

Mr. M'Aulay and I laid the map of Scotland

[1] [Cawder Castle, here described, has been since much damaged by fire.—WALTER SCOTT.]

Tour to Hebrid.

before us; and he pointed out a route for us from Inverness, by Fort Augustus, to Glenelg, Sky, Mull, Icolmkill, Lorn, and Inverary, which I wrote down. As my father was to begin the northern circuit about the 18th of September, it was necessary for us either to make our tour with great expedition, so as to get to Auchinleck before he set out, or to protract it, so as not to be there till his return, which would be about the 10th of October. By M'Aulay's calculation, we were not to land in Lorn till the 20th of September. I thought that the interruptions by bad days, or by occasional excursions, might make it ten days later; and I thought too, that we might perhaps go to Benbecula, and visit Clanranald, which would take a week of itself.

Dr. Johnson went up with Mr. Grant to the library, which consisted of a tolerable collection; but the Doctor thought it rather a lady's library, with some Latin books in it by chance, than the library of a clergyman. It had only two of the Latin fathers, and one of the Greek fathers in Latin. I doubted whether Dr. Johnson would be present at a presbyterian prayer. I told Mr. M'Aulay so, and said that the Doctor might sit in the library while we were at family worship. Mr. M'Aulay said, he would omit it, rather than give Dr. Johnson offence: but I would by no means agree that an excess of politeness, even to so great a man, should prevent what I esteem as one of the best pious regulations. I know nothing more beneficial, more comfortable, more agreeable, than that the little societies of each family should regularly assemble, and unite in praise and prayer to our heavenly Father, from whom we daily receive so much good, and may hope for more in a higher state of existence. I mentioned to Dr. Johnson the over-delicate scrupulosity of our host. He said, he had

no objection to hear the prayer. This was a pleasing surprise to me; for he refused to go and hear Principal Robertson preach. "I will hear him," said he, "if he will get up into a tree and preach; but I will not give a sanction, by my presence, to a presbyterian assembly." Tour to Hebrid.

Mr. Grant having prayed, Dr. Johnson said, his prayer was a very good one, but objected to his not having introduced the Lord's Prayer [1]. He told us, that an Italian of some note in London said once to him, "We have in our service a prayer called the *Pater Noster*, which is a very fine composition. I wonder who is the author of it." A singular instance of ignorance in a man of some literature and general inquiry!

Saturday, 28th August.—Dr. Johnson had brought a Sallust with him in his pocket from Edinburgh. He gave it last night to Mr. M'Aulay's son, a smart young lad about eleven years old. Dr. Johnson had given an account of the education at Oxford, in all its gradations. The advantage of being a servitor to a youth of little fortune struck Mrs. M'Aulay much. I observed it aloud. Dr. Johnson very handsomely and kindly said, that, if they would send their boy to him, when he was ready for the university, he would get him made a servitor, and perhaps would do more for him. He could not promise to do more; but would undertake for the servitorship [1].

I should have mentioned that Mr. White, a Welshman, who has been many years factor (*i. e.* steward) on the estate of Calder, drank tea with us last night, and, upon getting a note from Mr. M'Aulay, asked

[1] [See, on this subject, Johnson's own *Journey*.—ED.]

[2] Dr. Johnson did not [as we shall see] neglect what he had undertaken. By his interest with the Rev. Dr. Adams, master of Pembroke College, Oxford, where he was educated for some time, he obtained a servitorship for young M'Aulay. But it seems he had other views; and I believe went abroad.—BOSWELL.

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us to his house. We had not time to accept of his invitation. He gave us a letter of introduction to Mr. Ferne, master of stores at Fort George. He showed it to me. It recommended "two celebrated gentlemen; no less than Dr. Johnson, *author of his Dictionary*, and Mr. Boswell, known at Edinburgh by the name of Paoli." He said, he hoped I had no objection to what he had written; if I had, he would alter it. I thought it was a pity to check his effusions, and acquiesced; taking care, however, to seal the letter, that it might not appear that I had read it.

A conversation took place about saying grace at breakfast (as we do in Scotland), as well as at dinner and supper; in which Dr. Johnson said, "It is enough if we have stated seasons of prayer; no matter when. A man may as well pray when he mounts his horse, or a woman when she milks her cow (which Mr. Grant told us is done in the Highlands), as at meals; and custom is to be followed[1]."

We proceeded to Fort George. When we came into the square, I sent a soldier with the letter to Mr. Ferne. He came to us immediately, and along with him Major Brewse of the Engineers, pronounced Bruce. He said he believed it was originally the same Norman name with Bruce: that he had dined at a house in London, where were three Bruces, one of the Irish line, one of the Scottish line, and himself of the English line. He said he was shown it in the Herald's office, spelt fourteen different ways[2]. I told him the different spellings of my name. Dr. Johnson observed, that there had been great disputes

[1] He could not bear to have it thought that, in any instance whatever, the Scots are more pious than the English. I think grace as proper at breakfast as at any other meal. It is the pleasantest meal we have. Dr. Johnson has allowed the peculiar merit of breakfast in Scotland.—BOSWELL.

[2] [Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, found in the annals of that region a king named *Brus*, which he chooses to consider the genuine orthography of the name. This circumstance occasioned some mirth at the court of Gondar.—WALTER SCOTT.]

about the spelling of Shakspeare's name; at last it was thought it would be settled by looking at the original copy of his will; but, upon examining it, he was found to have written it himself no less than three different ways. Tour to Hebrid.

Mr. Ferne and Major Brewse first carried us to wait on Sir Eyre Coote, whose regiment, the 37th, was lying here, and who then commanded the fort. He asked us to dine with him, which we agreed to do.

Before dinner we examined the fort. The major explained the fortification to us, and Mr. Ferne gave us an account of the stores. Dr. Johnson talked of the proportions of charcoal and saltpetre in making gunpowder, of granulating it, and of giving it a gloss. He made a very good figure upon these topicks. He said to me afterwards, that "he had talked ostentatiously." We reposed ourselves a little in Mr. Ferne's house. He had every thing in neat order as in England; and a tolerable collection of books. I looked into Pennant's Tour in Scotland. He says little of this fort; but that "the barracks, &c. form several streets." This is aggrandising. Mr. Ferne observed, if he had said they form a square, with a row of buildings before it, he would have given a juster description. Dr. Johnson remarked, "how seldom descriptions correspond with realities; and the reason is, the people do not write them till some time after, and then their imagination has added circumstances."

We talked of Sir Adolphus Oughton. The Major said, he knew a great deal for a military man. JOHNSON. "Sir, you will find few men, of any profession, who know more. Sir Adolphus is a very extraordinary man; a man of boundless curiosity and unwearied diligence."

I know not how the Major contrived to introduce

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the contest between Warburton and Lowth. JOHNSON. "Warburton kept his temper all along, while Lowth was in a passion. Lowth published some of Warburton's letters. Warburton drew him on to write some very abusive letters, and then asked his leave to publish them; which he knew Lowth could not refuse, after what he had done. So that Warburton contrived that he should publish, apparently with Lowth's consent, what could not but show Lowth in a disadvantageous light[1]."

At three the drum beat for dinner. I, for a little while, fancied myself a military man, and it pleased me. We went to Sir Eyre Coote's, at the governor's house, and found him a most gentlemanlike man. His lady is a very agreeable woman, with an uncommonly mild and sweet tone of voice. There was a pretty large company: Mr. Ferne, Major Brewse, and several officers. Sir Eyre had come from the East Indies by land, through the deserts of Arabia. He told us, the Arabs could live five days without victuals, and subsist for three weeks on nothing else but the blood of their camels, who could lose so much of it as would suffice for that time, without being exhausted. He highly praised the virtue of the Arabs; their fidelity, if they undertook to conduct any person; and said, they would sacrifice their lives rather than let him be robbed. Dr. Johnson, who is always for maintaining the superiority of civilized over uncivilized men, said, "Why, sir, I can see no superior virtue in this A serjeant and twelve men, who are my guard, will die rather than that I shall be robbed." Colonel Pennington, of the 37th regi-

[1] Here Dr. Johnson gave us part of a conversation held between a Great Personage and him, in the library at the Queen's Palace, in the course of which this contest was considered. I have been at great pains to get that conversation as perfectly preserved as possible. It may perhaps at some future time be given to the publick.—BOSWELL. [It is given *ante*, p. 37.—ED.]

ment, took up the argument with a good deal of spirit and ingenuity. PENNINGTON. "But the soldiers are compelled to this, by fear of punishment." JOHNSON. "Well, sir, the Arabs are compelled by the fear of infamy." PENNINGTON. "The soldiers have the same fear of infamy, and the fear of punishment besides; so have less virtue; because they act less voluntarily." Lady Coote observed very well, that it ought to be known if there was not, among the Arabs, some punishment for not being faithful on such occasions. Tour to Hebrid.

We talked of the stage. I observed, that we had not now such a company of actors as in the last age; Wilks, Booth, &c. &c. JOHNSON. "You think so, because there is one who excels all the rest so much: you compare them with Garrick, and see the deficiency. Garrick's great distinction is his universality. He can represent all modes of life, but that of an easy fine-bred gentleman[1]." PENNINGTON. "He should give over playing young parts." JOHNSON. "He does not take them now; but he does not leave off those which he has been used to play, because he does them better than any one else can do them. If you had generations of actors, if they swarmed like bees, the young ones might drive off the old. Mrs. Cibber, I think, got more reputation than she deserved, as she had a great sameness; though her expression was, undoubtedly, very fine. Mrs. Clive was the best player I ever saw. Mrs. Pritchard was a very good one; but she had something affected in her manner: I imagine she had some player of the former age in her eye, which occasioned it."

[1] [Garrick used to tell that Johnson was so ignorant of what the manners of a fine gentleman were, that he said of some stroller at Lichfield, that there was a *courtly vivacity* about him; "whereas in fact," added Garrick, "he was the most vulgar ruffian that ever trod the BOARDS," (*post*, 12th March, 1776). No doubt the most difficult, though perhaps not the highest, branch of the actor's art is to catch the light colours and forms of fashionable life; but if Garrick, who lived so much in the highest society, had not this quality, what actor could ever hope to possess it?—ED.]

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Colonel Pennington said, Garrick sometimes failed in emphasis; as for instance, in Hamlet,

"I will speak *daggers* to her; but use *none*,"

instead of

"I will *speak* daggers to her; but *use* none."

We had a dinner of two complete courses, variety of wines, and the regimental band of musick playing in the square, before the windows, after it. I enjoyed this day much. We were quite easy and cheerful. Dr. Johnson said, "I shall always remember this fort with gratitude." I could not help being struck with some admiration, at finding upon this barren sandy point such buildings, such a dinner, such company: it was like enchantment. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, said to me more rationally, that "it did not strike *him* as any thing extraordinary; because he knew, here was a large sum of money expended in building a fort; here was a regiment. If there had been less than what we found, it would have surprised him." *He* looked coolly and deliberately through all the gradations: *my* warm imagination jumped from the barren sands to the splendid dinner and brilliant company, to borrow the expression of an absurd poet,

"Without ands or ifs,
I leapt from off the sands upon the cliffs."

The whole scene gave me a strong impression of the power and excellence of human art.

We left the fort between six and seven o'clock: Sir Eyre Coote, Colonel Pennington, and several more, accompanied us down stairs, and saw us into our chaise. There could not be greater attention paid to any visitors. Sir Eyre spoke of the hardships which Dr. Johnson had before him. BOSWELL. "Considering what he has said of us, we must make him feel something rough in Scotland." Sir Eyre

said to him, "You must change your name, sir." BOSWELL. "Ay, to Dr. M'Gregor." Tour to Hebrid.

We got safely to Inverness, and put up at Mackenzie's inn. Mr. Keith, the collector of excise here, my old acquaintance at Ayr, who had seen us at the fort, visited us in the evening, and engaged us to dine with him next day, promising to breakfast with us, and take us to the English chapel; so that we were at once commodiously arranged.

Not finding a letter here that I expected, I felt a momentary impatience to be at home. Transient clouds darkened my imagination, and in those clouds I saw events from which I shrunk; but a sentence or two of the Rambler's conversation gave me firmness, and I considered that I was upon an expedition for which I had wished for years, and the recollection of which would be a treasure to me for life.

Sunday, 29th August.—Mr. Keith breakfasted with us. Dr. Johnson expatiated rather too strongly upon the benefits derived to Scotland from the Union, and the bad state of our people before it. I am entertained with his copious exaggeration upon that subject; but I am uneasy when people are by, who do not know him as well as I do, and may be apt to think him narrow-minded[1]. I therefore diverted the subject.

The English chapel, to which we went this morning, was but mean. The altar was a bare fir table, with a coarse stool for kneeling on, covered with a piece of thick sailcloth doubled, by way of cushion. The congregation was small. Mr. Tait, the clergyman, read prayers very well, though with much of

[1] It is remarkable that Dr. Johnson read this gentle remonstrance, and took no notice of it to me.—BOSWELL. [Dr Johnson's having read this Journal gives it a great and very peculiar interest; and we must not withhold from Mr. Boswell the merit of great candour and courage in writing so freely about his great friend. Yet it is to be suspected, that had Johnson not seen it, the Journal might have had still greater poignancy.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. the Scotch accent. He preached on "Love your enemies." It was remarkable that, when talking of the connexions amongst men, he said, that some connected themselves with men of distinguished talents, and since they could not equal them, tried to deck themselves with their merit, by being their companions. The sentence was to this purpose. It had an odd coincidence with what might be said of my connecting myself with Dr. Johnson.

After church, we walked down to the quay. We then went to Macbeth's castle. I had a romantick satisfaction in seeing Dr. Johnson actually in it. It perfectly corresponds with Shakspeare's description, which Sir Joshua Reynolds has so happily illustrated, in one of his notes on our immortal poet:

> "This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle sense," &c.

Just as we came out of it, a raven perched on one of the chimney-tops, and croaked. Then I repeated

> "——— The raven himself is hoarse,
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under my battlements."

We dined at Mr. Keith's. Mrs. Keith was rather too attentive to Dr. Johnson, asking him many questions about his drinking only water. He repressed that observation, by saying to me, "You may remember that Lady Errol took no notice of this[1]."

Dr. Johnson has the happy art (for which I have heard my father praise the old Earl of Aberdeen[2]) of instructing himself, by making every man he meets tell him something of what he knows best. He led

[1] [Of the two, however, was not Dr. Johnson's observation the least well-bred? —Ed.]

[2] [William Gordon, second Earl of Aberdeen, who died in 1746.—Ed.]

Keith to talk to him of the excise in Scotland, and, in the course of conversation, mentioned that his friend Mr. Thrale, the great brewer, paid twenty thousand pounds a year to the revenue; and that he had four casks, each of which holds sixteen hundred barrels, above a thousand hogsheads. Tour to Hebrid.

After this there was little conversation that deserves to be remembered. I shall, therefore, here again glean what I have omitted on former days. Dr. Gerrard, at Aberdeen, told us, that when he was in Wales, he was shown a valley inhabited by Danes, who still retain their own language, and are quite a distinct people. Dr. Johnson thought it could not be true, or all the kingdom must have heard of it. He said to me, as we travelled, "these people, sir, that Gerrard talks of, may have somewhat of a *peregrinity* in their dialect, which relation has augmented to a different language." I asked him if *peregrinity* was an English word. He laughed, and said, "No." I told him this was the second time that I had heard him coin a word. When Foote broke his leg, I observed that it would make him fitter for taking off George Faulkner as Peter Paragraph, poor George having a wooden leg. Dr. Johnson at that time said, "George will rejoice at the *depeditation* of Foote;" and when I challenged that word, laughed, and owned he had made it, and added that he had not made above three or four in his Dictionary[1].

Having conducted Dr. Johnson to our inn, I begged permission to leave him for a little, that I might run

[1] When upon the subject of this *peregrinity*, he told me some particulars concerning the compilation of his Dictionary, and concerning his throwing off Lord Chesterfield's patronage, of which very erroneous accounts have been circulated. These particulars, with others which he afterwards gave me, as also his celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield, which he dictated to me, I reserve for his "Life."—BOSWELL. [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 249.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. about and pay some short visits to several good people of Inverness. He said to me, "You have all the old-fashioned principles, good and bad." I acknowledge I have. That of attention to relations in the remotest degree, or to worthy persons in every state, whom I have once known, I inherit from my father. It gave me much satisfaction to hear every body at Inverness speak of him with uncommon regard. Mr. Keith and Mr. Grant, whom we had seen at Mr. M'Aulay's, supped with us at the inn. We had roasted kid, which Dr. Johnson had never tasted before. He relished it much.

Monday, 30th August.—This day we were to begin our *equitation*, as I said; for *I* would needs make a word too. It is remarkable, that my noble, and to me most constant friend, the Earl of Pembroke (who, if there is too much ease on my part, will please to pardon what his benevolent, gay, social intercourse, and lively correspondence have insensibly produced), has since hit upon the very same word. The title of the first edition of his lordship's very useful book was, in simple terms, "A Method of Breaking Horses and Teaching Soldiers to ride." The title of the second edition is "Military Equitation."

We might have taken a chaise to Fort Augustus, but, had we not hired horses at Inverness, we should not have found them afterwards: so we resolved to begin here to ride. We had three horses, for Dr. Johnson, myself, and Joseph, and one which carried our portmanteaus, and two Highlanders who walked along with us, John Hay and Lauchland Vass, whom Dr. Johnson has remembered with credit in his Journey, though he has omitted their names. Dr. Johnson rode very well.

About three miles beyond Inverness, we saw, just

by the road, a very complete specimen of what is called a Druid's temple. There was a double circle, one of very large, the other of smaller stones. Dr. Johnson justly observed, that, "to go and see one druidical temple is only to see that it is nothing, for there is neither art nor power in it[1]; and seeing one is quite enough." Tour to Hebrid.

It was a delightful day. Lochness, and the road upon the side of it, shaded with birch trees, and the hills above it, pleased us much. The scene was as sequestered and agreeably wild as could be desired, and for a time engrossed all our attention.

To see Dr. Johnson in any new situation is always an interesting object to me; and, as I saw him now for the first time on horseback, jaunting about at his ease in quest of pleasure and novelty, the very different occupations of his former laborious life, his admirable productions, his "London," his "Rambler," &c. &c. immediately presented themselves to my mind, and the contrast made a strong impression on my imagination.

When we had advanced a good way by the side of Lochness, I perceived a little hut, with an old-looking woman at the door of it. I thought here might be a scene that would amuse Dr. Johnson; so I mentioned it to him. "Let 's go in," said he. We dismounted, and we and our guides entered the hut. It was a wretched little hovel of earth only, I think, and for a window had only a small hole, which was stopped with a piece of turf, that was taken out occasionally to let in light. In the middle of the room or space which we entered was a fire of peat, the smoke going out at a hole in the roof. She had a pot upon it, with goat's flesh, boiling. There was

[1] [This seems hastily said; there must surely have been some *art* and vast *power* to erect Stonehenge.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. at one end under the same roof, but divided by a kind of partition made of wattles, a pen or fold in which we saw a good many kids.

Dr. Johnson was curious to know where she slept. I asked one of the guides, who questioned her in Erse. She answered with a tone of emotion, saying (as he told us), she was afraid we wanted to go to bed to her. This coquetry, or whatever it may be called, of so wretched a being, was truly ludicrous. Dr. Johnson and I afterwards were merry upon it. I said, it was he who alarmed the poor woman's virtue. "No, sir (said he), she'll say, 'There came a wicked young fellow, a wild dog, who I believe would have ravished me, had there not been with him a grave old gentleman, who repressed him: but when he gets out of the sight of his tutor, I'll warrant you he'll spare no woman he meets, young or old.'" "No, sir (I replied), she'll say, 'There was a terrible ruffian who would have forced me, had it not been for a civil decent young man, who, I take it, was an angel sent from heaven to protect me.'"

Dr. Johnson would not hurt her delicacy, by insisting on "seeing her bed-chamber," like Archer in the Beaux Stratagem. But my curiosity was more ardent; I lighted a piece of paper, and went into the place where the bed was. There was a little partition of wicker, rather more neatly done than that for the fold, and close by the wall was a kind of bedstead of wood, with heath upon it by way of bed; at the foot of which I saw some sort of blankets or covering rolled up in a heap. The woman's name was Fraser; so was her husband's. He was a man of eighty. Mr. Fraser, of Balnain, allows him to live in this hut, and keep sixty goats, for taking care of his woods, where he then was. They had five children, the eldest only thirteen. Two were gone

to Inverness to buy meal; the rest were looking after the goats. This contented family had four stacks of barley, twenty-four sheaves in each. They had a few fowls. We were informed that they lived all the spring without meal, upon milk and curds and whey alone. What they get for their goats, kids, and fowls, maintains them during the rest of the year. Tour to Hebrid.

She asked us to sit down and take a dram. I saw one chair. She said she was as happy as any woman in Scotland. She could hardly speak any English except a few detached words. Dr. Johnson was pleased at seeing, for the first time, such a state of human life. She asked for snuff. It is her luxury, and she uses a great deal. We had none; but gave her sixpence apiece. She then brought out her whisky bottle. I tasted it; as did Joseph and our guides: so I gave her sixpence more. She sent us away with many prayers in Erse.

We dined at a publick-house called the *General's Hut*[1], from General Wade, who was lodged there when he commanded in the north. Near it is the meanest parish kirk I ever saw. It is a shame it should be on a high road[2]. After dinner we passed through a good deal of mountainous country. I had known Mr. Trapaud, the deputy-governour of Fort Augustus, twelve years ago, at a circuit at Inverness, where my father was judge. I sent forward one of our guides, and Joseph, with a card to him, that he might know Dr. Johnson and I were coming up, leaving it to him to invite us or not. It was dark when we arrived. The inn was wretched. Government ought to build one, or give the resident go-

[1] [It is very odd that when these roads were made there was no care taken for *Inns*. The *King's House* and the *General's Hut* are miserable places; but the project and plans were purely military.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [Mr. Boswell's shame seems to have been not that the kirk should have been so mean, but that it should have been unfortunately placed in so *visible* a situation.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

vernour an additional salary; as in the present state of things, he must necessarily be put to a great expense in entertaining travellers. Joseph announced to us, when we alighted, that the governour waited for us at the gate of the fort. We walked to it. He met us, and with much civility conducted us to his house. It was comfortable to find ourselves in a well-built little square, and a neatly furnished house, in good company, and with a good supper before us; in short, with all the conveniencies of civilized life in the midst of rude mountains. Mrs. Trapaud, and the governour's daughter, and her husband, Captain Newmarsh, were all most obliging and polite. The governour had excellent animal spirits, the conversation of a soldier, and somewhat of a Frenchman, to which his extraction entitles him. He is brother to General Cyrus Trapaud. We passed a very agreeable evening.

Tuesday, 31st August.—The governour has a very good garden. We looked at it, and at the rest of the fort, which is but small, and may be commanded from a variety of hills around. We also looked at the galley or sloop belonging to the fort, which sails upon the Loch, and brings what is wanted for the garrison. Captains Urie and Darippé, of the 15th regiment of foot, breakfasted with us. They had served in America, and entertained Dr. Johnson much with an account of the Indians. He said he could make a very pretty book out of them, were he to stay there. Governour Trapaud was much struck with Dr. Johnson. "I like to hear him (said he) it is so majestick. I should be glad to hear him speak in your court." He pressed us to stay dinner; but I considered that we had a rude road before us, which we could more easily encounter in the morning, and that it was hard to say when we might get up, were

we to sit down to good entertainment, in good company: I therefore begged the governour would excuse us. Here, too, I had another very pleasing proof how much my father is regarded. The governour expressed the highest respect for him, and bade me tell him that, if he would come that way on the northern circuit, he would do him all the honours of the garrison. Tour to Hebrid.

Between twelve and one we set out, and travelled eleven miles, through a wild country, till we came to a house in Glenmorison, called Anoch, kept by a M'Queen[1]. Our landlord was a sensible fellow: he had learnt his grammar, and Dr. Johnson justly observed that "a man is the better for that as long as he lives." There were some books here: a Treatise against Drunkenness, translated from the French; a volume of the Spectator; a volume of Prideaux's Connexion, and Cyrus's Travels. M'Queen said he had more volumes; and his pride seemed to be much piqued that we were surprised at his having books.

Near to this place we had passed a party of soldiers, under a serjeant's command, at work upon the road. We gave them two shillings to drink. They came to our inn, and made merry in the barn. We went and paid them a visit, Dr. Johnson saying, "Come, let's go and give 'em another shilling apiece." We did so; and he was saluted "My lord" by all of them. He is really generous, loves influence, and has the way of gaining it. He said, "I am quite feudal, sir." Here I agree with him. I said, I regretted I was not the head of a clan:

[1] *A* M'Queen is a Highland mode of expression. An Englishman would say *one* M'Queen. But where there are clans or tribes of men, distinguished by patronymick surnames, the individuals of each are considered as if they were of different species, at least as much as nations are distinguished; so that a M'Queen, a M'Donald, a M'Lean, is said, as we say a Frenchman, an Italian, a Spaniard.—BOSWELL.

Tour to Hebrid.

however, though not possessed of such an hereditary advantage, I would always endeavour to make my tenants follow me. I could not be a patriarchal chief, but I would be a feudal chief.

The poor soldiers got too much liquor. Some of them fought, and left blood upon the spot, and cursed whisky next morning. The house here was built of thick turfs, and thatched with thinner turfs and heath. It had three rooms in length, and a little room which projected. Where we sat, the side-walls were wainscoted, as Dr. Johnson said, with wicker, very neatly plaited. Our landlord had made the whole with his own hands.

After dinner, M'Queen sat by us a while, and talked with us. He said, all the Laird of Glenmorison's people would bleed for him, if they were well used; but that seventy men had gone out of the Glen to America. That he himself intended to go next year; for that the rent of his farm, which, twenty years ago, was only five pounds, was now raised to twenty pounds. That he could pay ten pounds, and live, but no more. Dr. Johnson said, he wished M'Queen laird of Glenmorison, and the laird to go to America. M'Queen very generously answered, he should be sorry for it, for the laird could not shift for himself in America as he could do.

I talked of the officers whom we had left to-day; how much service they had seen, and how little they got for it, even of fame. JOHNSON. "Sir, a soldier gets as little as any man can get." BOSWELL. "Goldsmith has acquired more fame than all the officers last war, who were not generals." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, you will find ten thousand fit to do what they did, before you find one who does what Goldsmith has done. You must consider, that a thing is valued according to its rarity. A pebble that paves

the street is in itself more useful than the diamond upon a lady's finger." I wish our friend Goldsmith had heard this. Tour to Hebrid.

I yesterday expressed my wonder that John Hay, one of our guides, who had been pressed aboard a man of war, did not choose to continue in it longer than nine months, after which time he got off. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, no man will be a sailor, who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail; for, being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned."

We had tea in the afternoon, and our landlord's daughter, a modest civil girl, very neatly dressed, made it for us. She told us, she had been a year at Inverness, and learnt reading and writing, sewing, knotting, working lace, and pastry. Dr. Johnson made her a present of a book which he had bought at Inverness[1].

The room had some deals laid across the joists, as a kind of ceiling. There were two beds in the room, and a woman's gown was hung on a rope to make a curtain of separation between them. Joseph had sheets, which my wife had sent with us, laid on them. We had much hesitation, whether to undress, or lie down with our clothes on. I said at last, "I'll

[1] This book has given rise to much inquiry, which has ended in ludicrous surprise. Several ladies, wishing to learn the kind of reading which the great and good Dr. Johnson esteemed most fit for a young woman, desired to know what book he had selected for this Highland nymph. "They never adverted," said he, "that I had no choice in the matter. I have said that I presented her with a book, which I happened to have about me." And what was this book? My readers, prepare your features for merriment. It was Cocker's Arithmetick! Wherever this was mentioned, there was a loud laugh, at which Dr. Johnson, when present, used sometimes to be a little angry. One day, when we were dining at General Oglethorpe's, where we had many a valuable day, I ventured to interrogate him, "But, sir, is it not somewhat singular that you should happen to have Cocker's Arithmetick about you on your journey? What made you buy such a book at Inverness?" He gave me a very sufficient answer. "Why, sir, if you are to have but one book with you upon a journey, let it be a book of science. When you have read through a book of entertainment, you know it, and it can do no more for you; but a book of science is inexhaustible."—BOSWELL.

Tour to Hebrid. plunge in! There will be less harbour for vermin about me when I am stripped." Dr. Johnson said, he was like one hesitating whether to go into the cold bath. At last he resolved too. I observed he might serve a campaign. JOHNSON. "I could do all that can be done by patience: whether I should have strength enough, I know not." He was in excellent humour. To see the *Rambler* as I saw him to-night, was really an amusement. I yesterday told him, I was thinking of writing a poetical letter to him, on his return from Scotland, in the style of Swift's humorous epistle in the character of Mary Gulliver to her husband, Captain Lemuel Gulliver, on his return to England from the country of the Houyhnhums:

> "At early morn I to the market haste,
> Studious in ev'ry thing to please thy taste.
> A curious *fowl* and *sparagrass* I chose;
> (For I remember you were fond of those:)
> Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
> Sullen you turn from both, and call for OATS."

He laughed, and asked in whose name I would write it. I said, in Mrs. Thrale's. He was angry. "Sir, if you have any sense of decency or delicacy, you won't do that." BOSWELL. "Then let it be in Cole's, the landlord of the Mitre tavern, where we have so often sat together." JOHNSON. "Ay, that may do."

After we had offered up our private devotions, and had chatted a little from our beds, Dr. Johnson said, "GOD bless us both, for Jesus Christ's sake! Good night." I pronounced "Amen." He fell asleep immediately. I was not so fortunate for a long time. I fancied myself bit by innumerable vermin under the clothes; and that a spider was travelling from the *wainscot* towards my mouth. At last I fell into insensibility.

Wednesday, 1st September.—I awaked very early. I began to imagine that the landlord, being about to emigrate, might murder us to get our money, and lay it upon the soldiers in the barn. Such groundless fears will arise in the mind, before it has resumed its vigour after sleep. Dr. Johnson had had the same kind of ideas; for he told me afterwards, that he considered so many soldiers, having seen us, would be witnesses, should any harm be done, and that circumstance, I suppose, he considered as a security. When I got up, I found him sound asleep in his miserable sty, as I may call it, with a coloured handkerchief tied round his head. With difficulty could I awaken him. It reminded me of Henry the Fourth's fine soliloquy [1] on sleep, for there was here as uneasy a pallet as the poet's imagination could possibly conceive. Tour to Hebrid.

A red coat of the 15th regiment, whether officer, or only serjeant, I could not be sure, came to the house, in his way to the mountains to shoot deer, which it seems the Laird of Glenmorison does not hinder any one to do. Few, indeed, can do them harm. We had him to breakfast with us. We got away about eight. M'Queen walked some miles to give us a convoy. He had, in 1745, joined the Highland army at Fort Augustus, and continued in it till after the battle of Culloden. As he narrated the particulars of that ill-advised, but brave attempt, I could not refrain from tears. There is a certain association of ideas in my mind upon that subject, by which I am strongly affected. The very Highland names, or the sound of a bagpipe, will stir my blood, and fill me with a mixture of melancholy and respect for courage; with pity for an unfortunate and su-

[1] [Shakspeare's Henry the Fourth, act iii., scene 1.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid. perstitious regard for antiquity, and thoughtless inclination for war; in short, with a crowd of sensations with which sober rationality has nothing to do.

We passed through Glensheal[1], with prodigious mountains on each side. We saw where the battle was fought, in the year 1719. Dr. Johnson owned he was now in a scene of as wild nature as he could see; but he corrected me sometimes in my inaccurate observations. "There," said I, "is a mountain like a cone." JOHNSON. "No, sir. It would be called so in a book; and when a man comes to look at it, he sees it is not so. It is indeed pointed at the top; but one side of it is larger than the other[2]." Another mountain I called immense. JOHNSON. "No; it is no more than a considerable protuberance."

We came to a rich green valley, comparatively speaking, and stopped a while to let our horses rest and eat grass[3]. We soon afterwards came to Auch-

[1] [In 1719, Spain projected an invasion of Scotland in behalf of the *Chevalier*, and destined a great force for that purpose, under the command of the Duke of Ormond. But owing to storms, only three frigates, with three hundred or four hundred Spaniards on board, arrived in Scotland. They had with them the banished Earl of Seaforth, chief of the Mackenzies, a man of great power, exiled for his share in the rebellion of 1715. He raised a considerable body of Highlanders of his own and friendly clans, and disembarking the Spaniards, came as far as the great valley called Glensheal, in the West Highlands. General Wightman marched against them from Inverness with a few regular forces, and several of the Grants, Rosses, Munros, and other clans friendly to government. He found the insurgents in possession of a very strong pass called Strachel, from which, after a few days' skirmishing, they retired, Seaforth's party not losing a man, and the others having several slain. But the Earl of Seaforth was dangerously wounded in the shoulder, and obliged to be carried back to the ships. His clan deserted or dispersed, and the Spaniards surrendered themselves prisoners of war to General Wightman.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [This was hypercritical; the hill is indeed not a cone, but it is *like* one.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[3] Dr. Johnson, in his Journey, thus beautifully describes his situation here: "I sat down on a bank, such as a writer of romance might have delighted to feign. I had, indeed, no trees to whisper over my head, but a clear rivulet streamed at my feet. The day was calm, the air soft, and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude. Before me, and on either side, were high hills, which, by hindering the eye from ranging, forced the mind to find entertainment for itself. Whether I spent the hour well, I know not; for here I first conceived the thought of this narration." The Critical Reviewers, with a spirit and expression worthy of the subject, say, "We congratulate the publick on the event with which this quotation concludes, and are fully persuaded that the hour in which the entertaining traveller conceived this narrative will be considered, by

nasheal, a kind of rural village, a number of cottages being built together, as we saw all along in the Highlands. We passed many miles this day without seeing a house, but only little summer huts, called shielings. Even Campbell, servant to Mr. Murchison, factor to the Laird of Macleod in Glenelg, ran along with us to-day. He was a very obliging fellow. At Auchnasheal, we sat down on a green turf-seat at the end of a house; they brought us out two wooden dishes of milk, which we tasted. One of them was frothed like a syllabub. I saw a woman preparing it with such a stick as is used for chocolate, and in the same manner. We had a considerable circle about us, men, women, and children, all M'Craas [1], Lord Seaforth's people. Not one of them could speak English. I observed to Dr. Johnson, it was much the same as being with a tribe of Indians. JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, but not so terrifying." I gave all who chose it snuff and tobacco. Governor Trapaud had made us buy a quantity at Fort Augustus, and put them up in small parcels. I also gave each person a piece of wheat bread, which they had never tasted before. I then gave a penny apiece to each child. I told Dr. Johnson of this: upon which he called to Joseph and our guides, for change for a shilling, and declared that he would distribute among the children. Upon this being announced in Erse, Tour to Hebrid.

every reader of taste, as a fortunate event in the annals of literature. Were it suitable to the task in which we are at present engaged, to indulge ourselves in a poetical flight, we would invoke the winds of the Caledonian mountains to blow for ever, with their softest breezes, on the bank where our author reclined, and request of Flora, that it might be perpetually adorned with the gayest and most fragrant productions of the year."—BOSWELL.

[1] [The Mac Raes are an example of what sometimes occurred in the Highlands, a clan who had no chief or banner of their own, but mustered under that of another tribe. They were originally attached to the Frasers, but on occasion of an intermarriage, they were transferred to the Mackenzies, and have since mustered under Seaforth's standard. They were always, and are still, a set of bold hardy men, as much attached to the *Caberfae* (or stag's head) as the Mackenzies, to whom the standard properly belongs.—WALTER SCOTT.]

Tour to Hebrid.

there was a great stir; not only did some children come running down from neighbouring huts, but I observed one black-haired man, who had been with us all along, had gone off, and returned, bringing a very young child. My fellow traveller then ordered the children to be drawn up in a row, and he dealt about his copper, and made them and their parents all happy. The poor M'Craas, whatever may be their present state, were of considerable estimation in the year 1715, when there was a line in a song:

"And aw the brave M'Craas are coming!."

There was great diversity in the faces of the circle around us; some were as black and wild in their appearance as any American savages whatever. One woman was as comely almost as the figure of Sappho, as we see it painted. We asked the old woman, the mistress of the house where we had the milk (which, by the by, Dr. Johnson told me, for I did not observe it myself, was built not of turf, but of stone), what we should pay. She said, what we pleased. One of our guides asked her, in Erse, if a shilling was enough. She said, "Yes." But some of the men bade her ask more. This vexed me; because it showed a desire to impose upon strangers, as they knew that even a shilling was high payment. The

[1] The M'Craas, or Macraes, were, since that time, brought into the king's army, by the late Lord Seaforth. When they lay in Edinburgh Castle, in 1778, and were ordered to embark for Jersey, they, with a number of other men in the regiment, for different reasons, but especially an apprehension that they were to be sold to the East India Company, though inlisted not to be sent out of Great Britain without their own consent, made a determined mutiny, and encamped upon the lofty mountain, Arthur's Seat, where they remained three days and three nights, bidding defiance to all the force in Scotland. At last they came down, and embarked peaceably, having obtained formal articles of capitulation, signed by Sir Adolphus Oughton, commander-in-chief, General Skene, deputy commander, the Duke of Buccleugh, and the Earl of Dunmore, which quieted them. Since the secession of the Commons of Rome to the Mons Sacer, a more spirited exertion has not been made. I gave great attention to it from first to last, and have drawn up a particular account of it. Those brave fellows have since served their country effectually at Jersey, and also in the East Indies, to which, after being better informed, they voluntarily agreed to go.—BOSWELL.

woman, however, honestly persisted in her first price; so I gave her half a crown. Thus we had one good scene of life uncommon to us. The people were very much pleased, gave us many blessings, and said they had not had such a day since the old Laird of Macleod's time. Tour to Hebrid.

Dr. Johnson was much refreshed by this repast. He was pleased when I told him he would make a good chief. He said, "Were I a chief, I would dress my servants better than myself, and knock a fellow down if he looked saucy to a Macdonald in rags: but I would not treat men as brutes. I would let them know why all of my clan were to have attention paid to them. I would tell my upper servants why, and make them tell the others."

We rode on well, till we came to the high mountain called the Rattakin, by which time both Dr. Johnson and the horses were a good deal fatigued. It is a terrible steep to climb, notwithstanding the road is formed slanting along it; however, we made it out. On the top of it we met Captain Macleod, of Balmenoch (a Dutch officer who had come from Sky), riding with his sword slung across him. He asked, "Is this Mr. Boswell?" which was a proof that we were expected. Going down the hill on the other side was no easy task. As Dr. Johnson was a great weight, the two guides agreed that he should ride the horses alternately. Hay's were the two best, and the Doctor would not ride but upon one or other of them, a black or a brown. But, as Hay complained much after ascending the Rattakin, the Doctor was prevailed with to mount one of Vass's grays. As he rode upon it down hill, it did not go well, and he grumbled. I walked on a little before, but was excessively entertained with the method taken to keep him in good humour. Hay led the

Tour to Hebrid.

horse's head, talking to Dr. Johnson as much as he could; and (having heard him, in the forenoon, express a pastoral pleasure on seeing the goats browsing) just when the Doctor was uttering his displeasure, the fellow cried, with a very Highland accent, "See, such pretty goats!" Then he whistled *whu!* and made them jump. Little did he conceive what Dr. Johnson was. Here now was a common ignorant Highland clown imagining that he could divert, as one does a child, Dr. Samuel Johnson! The ludicrousness, absurdity, and extraordinary contrast between what the fellow fancied, and the reality, was truly comick.

It grew dusky; and we had a very tedious ride for what was called five miles, but I am sure would measure ten. We had no conversation. I was riding forward to the inn at Glenelg, on the shore opposite to Sky, that I might take proper measures, before Dr. Johnson, who was now advancing in dreary silence, Hay leading his horse, should arrive. Vass also walked by the side of his horse, and Joseph followed behind. As, therefore, he was thus attended, and seemed to be in deep meditation, I thought there could be no harm in leaving him for a little while. He called me back with a tremendous shout, and was really in a passion with me for leaving him. I told him my intentions, but he was not satisfied, and said, "Do you know, I should as soon have thought of picking a pocket, as doing so." BOSWELL. "I am diverted with you, sir." JOHNSON. "Sir, I could never be diverted with incivility. Doing such a thing makes one lose confidence in him who has done it, as one cannot tell what he may do next." His extraordinary warmth confounded me so much, that I justified myself but lamely to him; yet my intentions were not improper. I wished to get on, to see how

we were to be lodged, and how we were to get a boat; all which I thought I could best settle myself, without his having any trouble. To apply his great mind to minute particulars is wrong: it is like taking an immense balance (such as is kept on quays for weighing cargoes of ships) to weigh a guinea. I knew I had neat little scales, which would do better; and that his attention to every thing which falls in his way, and his uncommon desire to be always in the right, would make him weigh, if he knew of the particulars: it was right therefore for me to weigh them, and let him have them only in effect. I however continued to ride by him, finding he wished I should do so. Tour to Hebrid.

As we passed the barracks at Bernéra, I looked at them wishfully, as soldiers have always every thing in the best order; but there was only a serjeant and a few men there. We came on to the inn at Glenelg. There was no provender for our horses; so they were sent to grass, with a man to watch them. A maid showed us up stairs into a room damp and dirty, with bare walls, a variety of bad smells, a coarse black greasy fir table, and forms [benches] of the same kind; and out of a wretched bed started a fellow from his sleep, like Edgar in King Lear, "*Poor Tom's a cold*[1]."

This inn was furnished with not a single article that we could either eat or drink; but Mr. Murchison, factor to the Laird of Macleod, in Glenelg, sent us a bottle of rum and some sugar, with a polite message, to acquaint us, that he was very sorry that he did not hear of us till we had passed his house, otherwise he should have insisted on our sleeping there that night; and that, if he were not obliged to set

[1] It is amusing to observe the different images which this being presented to Dr. Johnson and me. The Doctor, in his "Journey," compares him to a *Cyclops*. —BOSWELL.

Tour to Hebrid. out for Inverness early next morning, he would have waited upon us. Such extraordinary attention from this gentleman, to entire strangers, deserves the most honourable commemoration.

Our bad accommodation here made me uneasy, and almost fretful. Dr. Johnson was calm. I said he was so from vanity. JOHNSON. "No, sir; it is from philosophy." It pleased me to see that the *Rambler* could practise so well his own lessons.

I resumed the subject of my leaving him on the road, and endeavoured to defend it better. He was still violent upon that head, and said, "Sir, had you gone on, I was thinking that I should have returned with you to Edinburgh, and then have parted from you, and never spoken to you more.

I sent for fresh hay, with which we made beds for ourselves, each in a room equally miserable. Like Wolfe, we had a "*choice of difficulties*[1]." Dr. Johnson made things easier by comparison. At M'Queen's, last night, he observed, that few were so well lodged in a ship. To-night, he said, we were better than if we had been upon the hill. He lay down buttoned up in his great coat. I had my sheets spread on the hay, and my clothes and great coat laid over me, by way of blankets[2].

Thursday, 2d September.—I had slept ill. Dr. Johnson's anger had affected me much. I considered that, without any bad intention, I might suddenly forfeit his friendship; and was impatient to see him this morning. I told him how uneasy he had made me by what he had said, and reminded him of his

[1] [This phrase, now so common, excited some surprise and criticism when used by General Wolfe, in his despatch from before Quebec. See *London Gazette Extraordinary*, 16*th Oct.* 1759.—ED.]

[2] [Johnson thus describes this scene to Mrs. Thrale, "*I* ordered hay to be laid thick upon the bed, and slept upon it in my great coat. *Boswell* laid sheets upon his bed, and reposed in linen, *like a gentleman.*"—*Letters*, vol. i. p. 137. —ED.]

own remark at Aberdeen, upon old friendships being hastily broken off. He owned, he had spoken to me in passion; that he would not have done what he threatened; and that, if he had, he should have been ten times worse than I; that forming intimacies would indeed be "limning the water," were they liable to such sudden dissolution; and he added, "Let's think no more on't." BOSWELL. "Well then, sir, I shall be easy. Remember, I am to have fair warning in case of any quarrel. You are never to spring a mine upon me. It was absurd in me to believe you. JOHNSON. "You deserved about as much, as to believe me from night to morning." Tour to Hebrid.

After breakfast, we got into a boat for Sky. It rained much when we set off, but cleared up as we advanced. One of the boatmen, who spoke English, said, that a mile at land was two miles at sea. I then observed, that from Glenelg to Armidale in Sky, which was our present course, and is called twelve, was only six miles; but this he could not understand. "Well," said Dr. Johnson, "never talk to me of the native good sense of the Highlanders. Here is a fellow who calls one mile two, and yet cannot comprehend that twelve such imaginary miles make in truth but six."

We reached the shore of Armidale before one o'clock. Sir Alexander Macdonald came down to receive us. He and his lady (formerly Miss Boswell, of Yorkshire), were then in a house built by a tenant at this place, which is in the district of Slate, the family mansion here having been burned in Sir Donald Macdonald's time.

([1] The most ancient seat of the chief of the Mac- 2d Ed.

[1] [The paragraphs between ( ) were inserted by Mr. Boswell in the second edition to fill the space of those between [ ], which were in the first edition, and omitted in the second. In one of these *substituted* paragraphs, Boswell says, that Sir Alexander and his lady "came to Armidale on their way to Edin-

Tour to Hebrid. donalds in the Isle of Sky was at Duntulm, where there are the remains of a stately castle. The prin-
2d Ed. cipal residence of the family is now at Mugstot, at which there is a considerable building. Sir Alexander and Lady Macdonald had come to Armidale in their way to Edinburgh, where it was necessary for them to be soon after this time.

Armidale is situated on a pretty bay of the narrow sea, which flows between the main land of Scotland and the Isle of Sky. In front there is a grand prospect of the rude mountains of Moidart and Knoidart. Behind are hills gently rising and covered with a finer verdure than I expected to see in this climate, and the scene is enlivened by a number of little clear brooks.)

1st Ed. [Instead of finding the head of the Macdonalds surrounded with his clan, and a festive entertainment, we had a small company, and cannot boast of our cheer. The particulars are minuted in my "Journal," but I shall not trouble the publick with them. I shall mention but one characteristick circumstance. My shrewd and hearty friend, Sir Thomas (Wentworth) Blacket, Lady Macdonald's uncle, who had preceded us in a visit to this chief,

burgh, where it was necessary they should be;" but both Boswell and Dr. Johnson really believed that they had come to this hovel, to escape the necessity of entertaining them at their usual residence. Johnson, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, says, "We had a passage of about twelve miles to the point where [Sir Alexander Macdonald] resided, having come from his seat, in the middle of the island, to a small house on the shore, as we believe, that he might *with less reproach entertain us meanly*. If he aspired to meanness, his retrograde ambition was completely gratified; but he did not succeed equally in escaping reproach. He had no cook, nor I suppose much provision; nor had the lady the common decencies of her tea-table: we picked up our sugar with our fingers. Boswell was very angry, and reproached him with his improper parsimony."—*Letters*, vol. i. p. 137. And again: "I have done thinking of [Sir Alexander Macdonald], whom we now call Sir Sawney; he has disgusted all mankind by injudicious parsimony, and given occasion to so many stories, that [Boswell] has some thoughts of collecting them, and making a novel of his life."

These passages, and the extracts from the first edition, leave no doubt as to the person meant in the various allusions to the *mean and parsimonious landlord and chieftain*, which the reader will find in the subsequent parts of the Tour.—Ed.]

upon being asked by him, if the punch-bowl, then upon the table, was not a very handsome one, replied, "Yes, if it were full."] Tour to Hebrid.

Sir Alexander Macdonald having been an Eton scholar [1], and being a gentleman of talents, Dr. Johnson had been very well pleased with him in London. But my fellow-traveller and I were now full of the old Highland spirit, and were dissatisfied at hearing [heavy complaints] of rents racked and [the people driven to] emigration; and finding a chief not surrounded by his clan. Dr. Johnson said, ["It grieves me to see the chief of a great clan appear to such disadvantage. This gentleman has talents, nay, some learning; but he is totally unfit for his situation."] Sir, the Highland chiefs should not be allowed to go farther south than Aberdeen. A strong-minded man, like Sir James Macdonald, may be improved by an English education; but in general, they will be tamed into insignificance." 1st Ed. 1st Ed.

[I meditated an escape from this house the very next day; but Dr. Johnson resolved that we should weather it out till Monday.] 1st Ed.

We found here Mr. Janes of Aberdeenshire, a naturalist. Janes said he had been at Dr. Johnson's in London, with Ferguson the astronomer. JOHNSON. "It is strange that, in such distant places, I should meet with any one who knows me. I should have thought I might hide myself in Sky."

Friday, 3d September.—This day proving wet, we should have passed our time very uncomfortably, had we not found in the house two chests of books, which we eagerly ransacked. After dinner, when I alone was left at table with the few Highland gentlemen

[1] See his Latin verses addressed to Dr. Johnson, in the Appendix.—BOSWELL. [Indifferent as these verses are, they probably suggested to Dr. Johnson's mind the writing those Latin verses in *Skie* and *Inch-Kenneth*, which we shall see presently.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

who were of the company, having talked [1] with very high respect of Sir James Macdonald, they were all so much affected as to shed tears. One of them was Mr. Donald Macdonald, who had been lieutenant of grenadiers in the Highland regiment, raised by Colonel Montgomery, now Earl of Eglintoune, in the war before last; one of those regiments which the late Lord Chatham prided himself in having brought from "the mountains of the north:" by doing which he contributed to extinguish in the Highlands the remains of disaffection to the present royal family. From this gentleman's conversation, I first learnt how very popular his colonel was among the Highlanders; of which I had such continued proofs, during the whole course of my Tour, that on my return I could not help telling the noble earl himself, that I did not before know how great a man he was.

We were advised by some persons here to visit Rasay, in our way to Dunvegan, the seat of the Laird of Macleod. Being informed that the Rev. Mr. Donald M'Queen was the most intelligent man in Sky, and having been favoured with a letter of introduction to him, by the learned Sir James Foulis [2], I sent it to him by an express, and requested he would meet us at Rasay; and at the same time enclosed a letter to the Laird of Macleod, informing him that we intended in a few days to have the honour of waiting on him at Dunvegan.

[1] [Here, in the first edition, was a leaf *cancelled*, which, no doubt, contained some of the original strictures of the "Journal" on Sir Alexander Macdonald's want of hospitality and spirit.—Ed.]

[2] [Sir James Foulis, of Collinton, Bart. was a man of an ancient family, a good scholar, and a hard student; duly imbued with a large share both of Scottish shrewdness and Scottish prejudice. His property, his income at least, was very moderate. Others might have increased it in a voyage to India, which he made in the character of a commissioner; but Sir James returned as poor as he went there. Sir James Foulis was one of the Lowlanders whom Highlanders allowed to be well skilled in the Gaelick, an acquaintance which he made late in life.—Walter Scott.]

Dr. Johnson this day endeavoured to obtain some knowledge of the state of the country; but complained that he could get no distinct information about any thing, from those with whom he conversed. Tour to Hebrid.

Saturday, 4th September.—My endeavours to rouse the English-bred chieftain, in whose house we were, to the feudal and patriarchal feelings, proving ineffectual, Dr. Johnson this morning tried to bring him to our way of thinking. JOHNSON. "Were I in your place, sir, in seven years I would make this an independent island. I would roast oxen whole, and hang out a flag as a signal to the Macdonalds to come and get beef and wh[illegible]age." Sir Alexander was still starting difficulties. [illegible]g; JOHNSON. "Nay, sir; if you are born to object, I [illegible] done with you. Sir, I would have a magazine of arms." SIR ALEXANDER. "They would rust." JOHNSON. "Let there be men to keep them clean. Your ancestors did not use to let their arms rust[1]."

We attempted in vain to communicate to him a portion of our enthusiasm. He bore with so polite [illegible]-nature our warm, and what some might call Gothick, expostulations on this subject, that I should not forgive myself were I to record all that Dr. Johnson's ardour led him to say. This day was little better than a blank.

Sunday, 5th September.—I walked to the parish church of Slate, which is a very poor one. There are no church bells in the island. I was told there were once some; what was become of them, I could not learn. The minister not being at home, there was no service. I went into the church, and saw

[1] [Dr. Johnson seems to have forgotten that a Highlander going armed at this period incurred the penalty of serving as a common soldier for the first, and of transportation beyond sea for a second offence. And as "for calling out his clan," twelve Highlanders and a bagpipe made a rebellion.—WALTER SCOTT.]

Tour to Hebrid. the monument of Sir James Macdonald, which was elegantly executed at Rome, and has an inscription, written by his friend, George Lord Lyttelton: [which, as well as two letters, written by Sir James, in his last illness, to his mother, will be found in the Appendix.]

ED.

Dr. Johnson said, the inscription should have been in Latin, as every thing intended to be universal and permanent should be[1].

This being a beautiful day, my spirits were cheered by the mere effect of climate. I had felt a return of spleen during my stay at Armidale, and had it not been that I had Dr. Johnson to contemplate, I should have sunk into dejection; but his firmness supported me. I looked at him, as a man whose head is turning giddy at sea looks at a rock, or any fixed object. I wondered at his tranquillity. He said, "Sir, when a man retires into an island, he is to turn his thoughts entirely to another world. He has done with this." BOSWELL. "It appears to me, sir, to be very difficult to unite a due attention to this world, and that which is to come; for, if we engage eagerly in the affairs of life, we are apt to be totally forgetful of a future state; and, on the other hand, a steady contemplation of the awful concerns of eternity renders all objects here so insignificant, as to make us indifferent and negligent about them." JOHNSON. "Sir, Dr. Cheyne has laid down a rule to himself on this subject, which should be imprinted on every mind: 'To neglect nothing

[1] [What a strange perversion of language!—*universal!* Why, if it *had* been in Latin, so far from being *universally* understood, it would have been an utter blank to one (the *better*) half of the creation, and, even of the *men* who might visit it, *ninety nine* will understand it in English for *one* who could in Latin. Something may be said for epitaphs and inscriptions addressed, as it were, to the *world* at large—a triumphal arch—the pillar at Blenheim—the monument on the field of Waterloo; but a Latin epitaph, in an English church, appears, in principle, as absurd as the *dinner*, which the doctor gives in Peregrine Pickle, *after the manner of the ancients*. A mortal may surely be well satisfied if his fame lasts as long as the language in which he spoke or wrote.—ED.]

to secure my eternal peace, more than if I had been certified I should die within the day: nor to mind any thing that my secular obligations and duties demanded of me, less than if I had been ensured to live fifty years more.'" Tour to Hebrid.

I must here observe, that though Dr. Johnson appeared now to be philosophically calm, yet his genius did not shine forth as in companies, where I have listened to him with admiration. The vigour of his mind was, however, sufficiently manifested, by his discovering no symptoms of feeble relaxation in the dull, "weary, flat, and unprofitable" state in which we now were placed.

I am inclined to think that it was on this day he composed the following ode upon the Isle of Sky, which a few days afterwards he showed me at Rasay:

"ODA.

"Ponti profundis clausa recessibus,
Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita,
Quam grata defesso virentem
Skia sinum nebulosa pandis.

"His cura, credo, sedibus exulat;
His blanda certe pax habitat locis:
Non ira, non mœror quietis
Insidias meditatur horis.

"At non cavata rupe latescere,
Menti nec ægræ montibus aviis
Prodest vagari, nec frementes
E scopulo numerare fluctus.

"Humana virtus non sibi sufficit,
Datur nec æquum cuique animum sibi
Parare posse, ut Stoicorum
Secta crepet nimis alta fallax.

"Exæstuantis pectoris impetum,
Rex summe, solus tu regis arbiter,
Mentisque, te tollente, surgunt,
Te recidunt moderante fluctus[1]."

[1] *Various Readings.*—Line 2. In the manuscript, Dr. Johnson, instead of

Tour to Hebrid.

After supper, Dr. Johnson told us, that Isaac Hawkins Browne drank freely for thirty years, and that he wrote his poem, "De Animi Immortalitate," in some of the last of these years. I listened to this with the eagerness of one, who, conscious of being himself fond of wine, is glad to hear that a man of so much genius and good thinking as Browne had the same propensity.

Monday, 6th September.—We set out, accompanied by Mr. Donald M'Leod, late of Canna, as our guide. We rode for some time along the district of Slate, near the shore. The houses in general are made of turf, covered with grass. The country seemed well peopled. We came into the district of Strath, and passed along a wild moorish tract of land till we arrived at the shore. There we found good verdure, and some curious whin-rocks, or collections of stones, like the ruins of the foundations of old buildings. We saw also three cairns of considerable size.

About a mile beyond Broadfoot is Corrichatachin, a farm of Sir Alexander Macdonald's, possessed by

rupibus obsita, had written *imbribus uvida*, and *uvida nubibus*, but struck them both out.

Lines 15 and 16. Instead of these two lines, he had written, but afterwards struck out, the following:

Parare posse, utcunque jactet
Grandiloquus nimis alta Zeno. BOSWELL.

[It is very curious that, in ALL the editions of JOHNSON'S WORKS, which the Editor has seen, even down to the Oxford edition of 1825, this poem is given with certain *variations*, which the Editor confesses he does not understand. The first amendment, noted by Mr. Boswell, "*obsita rupibus*" is adopted, but the second is not, and the two lines rejected by Dr. Johnson are replaced. But this is not all: the words "*è scopulo*," in the 12th line, are changed into "*In specula*," of which the sense is not obvious; and in the penultimate line, "*surgunt*," which seems necessary to the meaning, is altered to "*fluctus*," which appears wholly unintelligible. These last variations look like mere errors of the press; but is it possible, that Johnson's Latin poetry has been so little attended to, that the public has been, for forty years past, acquiescing in what appears to be stark nonsense? In the last line, too, "*resident*" is printed for "*recidunt*," but that is of minor importance. It seems wonderful that Mr. Murphy (who was himself a Latin poet) and the late Oxford editor should, in their splendid editions, have overlooked these errors.—ED.]

Mr. M'Kinnon[1], who received us with a hearty welcome, as did his wife, who was what we call in Scotland a *lady-like* woman[2]. Mr. Pennant, in the course of his tour to the Hebrides, passed two nights at this gentleman's house. On its being mentioned, that a present had here been made to him of a curious specimen of Highland antiquity, Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, it was more than he deserved: the dog is a whig[3]." Tour to Hebrid

We here enjoyed the comfort of a table plentifully furnished, the satisfaction of which was heightened by a numerous and cheerful company; and we, for the first time, had a specimen of the joyous social manners of the inhabitants of the Highlands. They talked in their own ancient language, with fluent vivacity, and sung many Erse songs with such spirit, that, though Dr. Johnson was treated with the greatest respect and attention, there were moments in which he seemed to be forgotten. For myself, though but a Lowlander, having picked up a few words of the language, I presumed to mingle in their mirth, and joined in the choruses with as much glee as any of the company. Dr. Johnson being fatigued

[1] That my readers may have my narrative in the style of the country through which I am travelling, it is proper to inform them, that the chief of a clan is denominated by his surname alone, as M'Leod, M'Kinnon, M'Intosh. To prefix *Mr.* to it would be a degradation from *the* M'Leod, &c. My old friend, the Laird of M'Farlane, the great antiquary, took it highly amiss, when General Wade called him Mr. M'Farlane. Dr. Johnson said, he could not bring himself to use this mode of address; it seemed to him to be too familiar, as it is the way in which, in all other places, intimates or inferiors are addressed. When the chiefs have titles, they are denominated by them, as Sir James Grant, Sir Allan M'Lean. The other Highland gentlemen, of landed property, are denominated by their estates, as Rasay, Boisdale; and the wives of all of them have the title of *ladies*. The tacksmen, or principal tenants, are named by their farms, as Kingsburgh, Corrichatachin; and their wives are called the *mistress* of Kingsburgh, the *mistress* of Corrichatachin. Having given this explanation, I am at liberty to use that mode of speech which generally prevails in the Highlands and the Hebrides.—BOSWELL.

[2] [The Editor has not been able to discover that these words have any different meaning in Scotland from that attached to them in England.—ED.]

[3] [Mr. Boswell does not do full justice to Dr. Johnson, when he leaves it in doubt, whether this was not said (as surely it was) in a spirit of jocularity. Johnson seems to have had a regard for Pennant.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. with his journey, retired early to his chamber, where he composed the following Ode, addressed to Mrs. Thrale[1]:

"ODA.

"Permeo terras, ubi nuda rupes
Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,
Torva ubi rident steriles coloni
Rura labores.

"Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum[2],
Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu
Squallet informis, tugurique fumis
Fœda latescit.

"Inter erroris salebrosa longi,
Inter ignotæ strepitus loquelæ,
Quot modis mecum, quid agat, requiro,
Thralia dulcis?

"Seu viri curas pia nupta mulcet,
Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,
Sive cum libris novitate pascet
Sedula mentem;

"Sit memor nostri, fideique merces
Stet fides constans, meritoque blandum
Thraliæ discant resonare nomen
Littora Skiæ.

"Scriptum in Skiâ, 6th Sept. 1773."

Tuesday, 7th September.—Dr. Johnson was much pleased with his entertainment here. There were many good books in the house: Hector Boethius in Latin; Cave's Lives of the Fathers; Baker's Chro-

[1] [About fourteen years since, I landed in Sky, with a party of friends, and had the curiosity to ask what was the first idea on every one's mind at landing. All answered separately that it was this Ode.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [Gibbon says, that he veiled *indelicacy* under the obscurity of a learned language. Johnson seems to have done the same with *ingratitude*. Surely, after the jocund and hospitable scene which we have just left, the "*hominum ferorum*," and the "*vita nullo decorata cultu*," and the "*squallet informis*," might have been spared. The "*ignotæ strepitus loquelæ*" is amusing and not offensive; but whatever may be said of the Doctor's gratitude to his friends in Sky, the classical reader will not have failed to observe how much his taste, and even his Latinity, have improved since the days of the ode "*Ad Urbanum*," and the epigrams to *Savage* and *Eliza*. His verses "*In Theatro*," and those in Sky and in Inch Kenneth, and this ode to Mrs. Thrale are, if the Editor may venture to give his opinion, much more natural in their thoughts, and more elegant in their expressions, than his earlier attempts in this line.—ED.]

nicle; Jeremy Collier's Church History; Dr. Johnson's small Dictionary; Craufurd's Officers of State, and several more:—a mezzotinto of Mrs. Brooks the actress (by some strange chance in Sky[1];) and also a print of Macdonald of Clanranald, with a Latin inscription about the cruelties after the battle of Culloden, which will never be forgotten. Tour to Hebrid.

It was a very wet stormy day; we were therefore obliged to remain here, it being impossible to cross the sea to Rasay.

I employed a part of the forenoon in writing this journal. The rest of it was somewhat dreary, from the gloominess of the weather, and the uncertain state which we were in, as we could not tell but it might clear up every hour. Nothing is more painful to the mind than a state of suspense, especially when it depends upon the weather, concerning which there can be so little calculation. As Dr. Johnson said of our weariness on the Monday at Aberdeen, "Sensation is sensation:" Corrichatachin, which was last night a hospitable house, was, in my mind, changed to-day into a prison. After dinner I read some of Dr. Macpherson's "Dissertations on the Ancient Caledonians." I was disgusted by the unsatisfactory conjectures as to antiquity, before the days of record. I was happy when tea came. Such, I take it, is the state of those who live in the country[2]. Meals are wished for from the cravings of vacuity of mind, as well as from the desire of eating. I was hurt to find even such a temporary feebleness, and that I was so

[1] [Mrs. Brooks's father was a Scotchman of the name of Watson.—Ed.]

[2] [Mr. Boswell should have recollected, that he and Dr. Johnson were probably the only persons of the party who had nothing to do. A country gentleman's life would be miserable, if he had no more business or interest in the scenes around him than the visitor of a few days at a stranger's house can have. M'Kinnon would probably have been more, and with more reason, *ennuyé* in Bolt Court than Johnson and Boswell were at Corrichatachin.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid. far from being that robust wise man who is sufficient for his own happiness. I felt a kind of lethargy of indolence. I did not exert myself to get Dr. Johnson to talk, that I might not have the labour of writing down his conversation. He inquired here, if there were any remains of the second sight. Mr. Macpherson, minister of Slate, said, he was *resolved* not to believe it, because it was founded on no principle. JOHNSON. "There are many things then, which we are sure are true, that you will not believe. What principle is there, why a loadstone attracts iron? why an egg produces a chicken by heat? why a tree grows upwards, when the natural tendency of all things is downwards? Sir, it depends upon the degree of evidence that you have." Young Mr. M'Kinnon mentioned one M'Kenzie, who is still alive, who had often fainted in his presence, and when he recovered, mentioned visions which had been presented to him. He told Mr. M'Kinnon, that at such a place he should meet a funeral, and that such and such people would be the bearers, naming four; and three weeks afterwards he saw what M'Kenzie had predicted. The naming the very spot in a country where a funeral comes a long way, and the very people as bearers, when there are so many out of whom a choice may be made, seems extraordinary. We should have sent for M'Kenzie, had we not been informed that he could speak no English. Besides, the facts were not related with sufficient accuracy.

Mrs. M'Kinnon, who is a daughter of old Kingsburgh [a Macdonald], told us that her father was one day riding in Sky, and some women, who were at work in a field on the side of the road, said to him, they had heard two *taischs* (that is, two voices of persons about to die), and what was remarkable, one of them was an *English taisch*, which they never

heard before. When he returned, he at that very place met two funerals, and one of them was that of a woman who had come from the main land, and could speak only English. This, she remarked, made a great impression upon her father. Tour to Hebrid.

How all the people here were lodged, I know not. It was partly done by separating man and wife, and putting a number of men in one room, and of women in another.

Wednesday, 8th September.—When I waked, the rain was much heavier than yesterday; but the wind had abated. By breakfast, the day was better, and in a little while it was calm and clear. I felt my spirits much elated. The propriety of the expression, "*the sunshine of the breast*[1]," now struck me with peculiar force; for the brilliant rays penetrated into my very soul. We were all in better humour than before. Mrs. M'Kinnon, with unaffected hospitality and politeness, expressed her happiness in having such company in her house, and appeared to understand and relish Dr. Johnson's conversation, as indeed all the company seemed to do. When I knew she was old *Kingsburgh*'s daughter, I did not wonder at the good appearance which she made.

She talked as if her husband and family would emigrate, rather than be oppressed by their landlord[2]; and said, "how agreeable would it be, if these gentlemen should come in upon us when we are in America." Somebody observed that Sir Alexander Macdonald was always frightened at sea. JOHNSON. "*He* is frightened at sea; and his tenants are frightened when he comes to land."

[1] [Gray's "Ode on the Prospect of Eton College." It may be here observed that no poet has, in proportion to the quantity of his works, furnished so many expressions which, by their felicity, have become proverbial, as Gray. He has written little, but his lines are in every mouth, and fall from every pen.—ED.]

[2] [Sir Alexander Macdonald.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

We resolved to set out directly after breakfast. We had about two miles to ride to the sea side, and there we expected to get one of the boats belonging to the fleet of bounty[1] herring-busses then on the coast, or at least a good country fishing-boat. But while we were preparing to set out, there arrived a man with the following card[2] from the Reverend Mr. Donald M'Queen:

"Mr. M'Queen's compliments to Mr. Boswell, and begs leave to acquaint him that, fearing the want of a proper boat, as much as the rain of yesterday, might have caused a stop, he is now at Skianwden with *Macgillichallum's*[3] carriage, to convey him and Dr. Johnson to Rasay, where they will meet with a most hearty welcome, and where Macleod, being on a visit, now attends their motions.

"Wednesday afternoon."

This card was most agreeable; it was a prologue to that hospitable and truly polite reception which we found at Rasay. In a little while arrived Mr. Donald M'Queen himself; a decent minister, an elderly man with his own[4] black hair, courteous, and rather slow of speech, but candid, sensible, and well informed, nay learned. Along with him came, as our pilot, a gentleman whom I had a great desire to see, Mr. Malcolm Macleod, one of the Rasay family, celebrated in the year 1745-6. He was now sixty-two years of age, hale, and well-proportioned,—with a manly countenance, tanned by the weather, yet having a ruddiness in his cheeks, over a great part

[1] [Boats which fished under the encouragement of a *bounty*.—Ed.]

[2] [What is now called a *note* was, at the period at which Mr. Boswell wrote, frequently called a *card*.—Ed.]

[3] The Highland expression for Laird of Rasay.—Boswell. [Meaning "*the son of the youth, Colin*,"—the ancestor of this branch having been, no doubt, in his day designated as "young Colin Macleod."—Ed.]

[4] [Wigs were, at this period, still generally worn; a fashion at which posterity will wonder, as we now do, at the *excess* of the fashion, as exhibited in the pictures of Lely and Kneller. We can hardly reconcile ourselves to "a yellowish, bushy wig" as part of the costume of "a perfect Highland gentleman."—Ed.]

of which his rough beard extended. His eye was quick and lively, yet his look was not fierce, but he appeared at once firm and good-humoured. He wore a pair of brogues; tartan hose which came up only near to his knees, and left them bare; a purple camblet kilt[1]; a black waistcoat; a short green cloth coat bound with gold cord; a yellowish bushy wig; a large blue bonnet with a gold thread button. I never saw a figure that gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman. I wished much to have a picture of him just as he was. I found him frank and *polite*, in the true sense of the word. Tour to Hebrid.

The good family at Corrichatachin said they hoped to see us on our return. We rode down to the shore; but Malcolm walked with graceful agility.

We got into *Rasay*'s carriage, which was a good strong open boat made in Norway. The wind had now risen pretty high, and was against us; but we had four stout rowers, particularly a Macleod, a robust, black-haired fellow, half naked, and bare-headed, something between a wild Indian and an English tar. Dr. Johnson sat high on the stern, like a magnificent Triton. Malcolm sung an Erse song[2], the chorus of which was "*Hatyin foam foam eri*," with words of his own. The tune resembled "*Owr the muir amang the heather*." The boatmen and Mr. M'Queen chorused, and all went well. At length Malcolm himself took an oar, and rowed vigorously. We sailed along the coast of Scalpa, a rugged island, about four miles in length. Dr. Johnson proposed that he and I should buy it, and found a good school, and an episcopal church (Malcolm said

[1] [*A purple camlet kilt.*—To evade the law against the tartan dress, the Highlands used to dye their variegated plaids and kilts into blue, green, or any single colour.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [See *post*, 5th Oct. 1773, a translation of this song.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. he would come to it[1]), and have a printing-press, where he would print all the Erse that could be found.

Here I was strongly struck with our long projected scheme of visiting the Hebrides being realized. I called to him, "We are contending with seas;" which I think were the words of one of his letters to me. "Not much," said he; and though the wind made the sea lash considerably upon us, he was not discomposed. After we were out of the shelter of Scalpa, and in the sound between it and Rasay, which extended about a league, the wind made the sea very rough. I did not like it[2]. JOHNSON. "This now is the Atlantick. If I should tell at a tea-table in London, that I have crossed the Atlantick in an open boat, how they'd shudder, and what a fool they'd think me to expose myself to such danger!" He then repeated Horace's ode,

"Otium divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo ——————."

In the confusion and hurry of this boisterous sail, Dr. Johnson's spurs, of which Joseph had charge, were carried overboard into the sea, and lost. This was the first misfortune that had befallen us. Dr. Johnson was a little angry at first, observing that "there was something wild in letting a pair of spurs be carried into the sea out of a boat;" but then he remarked, "that, as Janes the naturalist had said[3] upon losing his pocket-book, it was rather an inconvenience than a loss." He told us, he now recollected that he dreamt the night before, that he put

[1] [The Highlanders were all well inclined to the episcopalian form, *proviso* that the right *king* was prayed for. I suppose Malcolm meant to say, I will come to your church because you are *honest* folk; viz. *Jacobites*.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [Johnson, in his letters to Mrs. Thrale, intimates that Mr. Boswell was a timid sailor.—ED.]

[3] [Probably at their recent meeting at Armidale, &c. *ante*, 2d Sept.—ED.]

his staff into a river, and chanced to let it go, and it was carried down the stream and lost. "So now you see (said he) that I have lost my spurs; and this story is better than many of those which we have concerning second sight and dreams." Mr. M'Queen said he did not believe the second sight; that he never met with any well-attested instances; and if he should, he should impute them to chance; because all who pretend to that quality often fail in their predictions, though they take a great scope, and sometimes interpret literally, sometimes figuratively, so as to suit the events. He told us that, since he came to be minister of the parish where he now is, the belief of witchcraft, or charms, was very common, insomuch that he had many prosecutions before his session (the parochial ecclesiastical court) against women, for having by these means carried off the milk from people's cows. He disregarded them; and there is not now the least vestige of that superstition. He preached against it; and in order to give a strong proof to the people that there was nothing in it, he said from the pulpit, that every woman in the parish was welcome to take the milk from his cows, provided she did not touch them[1]. Tour to Hebrid.

Dr. Johnson asked him as to Fingal. He said he could repeat some passages in the original, that he heard his grandfather had a copy of it; but that he could not affirm that Ossian composed all that poem as it is now published. This came pretty much to what Dr. Johnson had maintained[2]; though he goes farther, and contends that it is no better than such

[1] [Such spells are still believed in. A lady of property in Mull, a friend of mine, had a few years since much difficulty in rescuing from the superstitious fury of the people an old woman, who used a *charm* to injure her neighbour's cattle. It is now in my possession, and consists of feathers, parings of nails, hair, and such like trash, wrapt in a lump of clay.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [This seems the common sense of this once furious controversy.—WALTER SCOTT.]

Tour to Hebrid.

an epick poem as he could make from the song of Robin Hood; that is to say, that, except a few passages, there is nothing truly ancient but the names and some vague traditions. Mr. M'Queen alleged that Homer was made up of detached fragments. Dr. Johnson denied this; observing, that it had been one work originally, and that you could not put a book of the Iliad out of its place; and he believed the same might be said of the Odyssey.

The approach to Rasay was very pleasing. We saw before us a beautiful bay, well defended by a rocky coast; a good family mansion; a fine verdure about it, with a considerable number of trees; and beyond it hills and mountains in gradation of wildness. Our boatmen sung with great spirit. Dr. Johnson observed, that naval musick was very ancient. As we came near the shore, the singing of our rowers was succeeded by that of reapers, who were busy at work, and who seemed to shout as much as to sing, while they worked with a bounding activity. Just as we landed, I observed a cross, or rather the ruins of one, upon a rock, which had to me a pleasing vestige of religion. I perceived a large company coming out from the house. We met them as we walked up. There were *Rasay* himself; his brother Dr. Macleod; his nephew the Laird of M'Kinnon; the Laird of Macleod; Colonel Macleod of Talisker, an officer in the Dutch service, a very genteel man, and a faithful branch of the family; Mr. Macleod of Muiravenside, best known by the name of Sandie Macleod, who was long in exile on account of the part which he took in 1745; and several other persons. We were welcomed upon the green, and conducted into the house, where we were introduced to Lady Rasay, who was surrounded by a numerous family, consisting of three sons and ten

daughters[1]. The Laird of Rasay is a sensible, polite, and most hospitable gentleman. I was told that his island of Rasay, and that of Rona (from which the eldest son of the family has his title), and a considerable extent of land which he has in Sky, do not altogether yield him a very large revenue[2]; and yet he lives in great splendour; and so far is he from distressing his people, that, in the present rage for emigration, not a man has left his estate. Tour to Hebrid.

It was past six o'clock when we arrived. Some excellent brandy was served round immediately, according to the custom of the Highlands, where a dram is generally taken every day. They call it a *scalch*. On a side-board was placed for us, who had come off the sea, a substantial dinner, and a variety of wines. Then we had coffee and tea. I observed in the room several elegantly bound books and other marks of improved life. Soon afterwards a fiddler appeared, and a little ball began. *Rasay* himself danced with as much spirit as any man, and Malcolm bounded like a roe. Sandie Macleod, who has at times an excessive flow of spirits, and had it now, was, in his days of absconding, known by the name of *M'Cruslick*[3], which it seems was the designation

[1] ["We were," says Johnson, "introduced into the house, which one of the company called the '*Court* of Rasay,' with politeness which not the *Court of Versailles* could have thought defective." *Lett.* vol. i. p. 103.—ED.]

[2] [Johnson says, "The money which *Rasay* raises from all his dominions, which contain, at least, fifty thousand acres, is not believed to exceed 250*l.*; but as he keeps a large farm in his own hands, he sells every year a great number of cattle, which adds to his revenue; and his table is furnished from the farm and from the sea with very little expense, except for those things which this country does not produce, and of those he is very liberal. The wine circulates liberally, and the tea, coffee, and chocolate, however they are got, are always at hand." *Lett.* vol. i. p. 142.—ED.]

[3] [Alexander Macleod, of Muiravenside, advocate, became extremely obnoxious to government by his zealous personal efforts to engage his chief, Macleod, and Macdonald of Sky, in the Chevalier's attempt of 1745. Had he succeeded, it would have added one-third at least to the jacobite army. Boswell has oddly described *M'Cruslick*, the being whose name was conferred upon this gentleman, as something betwixt Proteus and Don Quixote. It is the name of a species of satyr, or *esprit follet*, a sort of mountain Puck or hobgoblin, seen among the wilds and mountains, as the old Highlanders believed, sometimes

Tour to Hebrid.

of a kind of wild man in the Highlands, something between Proteus and Don Quixote; and so he was called here. He made much jovial noise. Dr. Johnson was so delighted with this scene, that he said, "I know not how we shall get away." It entertained me to observe him sitting by, while we danced, sometimes in deep meditation, sometimes smiling complacently, sometimes looking upon Hooke's Roman History, and sometimes talking a little, amidst the noise of the ball, to Mr. Donald M'Queen, who anxiously gathered knowledge from him. He was pleased with M'Queen, and said to me, "This is a critical man, sir. There must be great vigour of mind to make him cultivate learning so much in the Isle of Sky, where he might do without it. It is wonderful how many of the new publications he has. There must be a snatch of every opportunity." Mr. M'Queen told me that his brother (who is the fourth generation of the family following each other as ministers of the parish of Snizort) and he joined together, and bought from time to time such books as had reputation. Soon after we came in, a black cock and gray hen, which had been shot, were shown, with their feathers on, to Dr. Johnson, who had never seen that species of bird before. We had a company of thirty at supper; and all was good humour and gaiety, without intemperance.

Thursday, 9th September.—At breakfast this morning, among a profusion of other things, there were oat-cakes, made of what is called *graddaned* meal, that is, meal made of grain separated from the husks, and toasted by fire, instead of being threshed and kiln-dried. This seems to be bad management, as so much fodder is consumed by it. Mr. M'Queen

mirthful, sometimes mischievous. Alexander Macleod's precarious mode of life, and variable spirits, occasioned the *soubriquet*.—WALTER SCOTT.]

however defended it, by saying, that it is doing the thing much quicker, as one operation effects what is otherwise done by two. His chief reason however was, that the servants in Sky are, according to him, a faithless pack, and steal what they can; so that much is saved by the corn passing but once through their hands, as at each time they pilfer some. It appears to me, that the *graddaning* is a strong proof of the laziness of the Highlanders, who will rather make fire act for them, at the expense of fodder, than labour themselves. There was also, what I cannot help disliking at breakfast, cheese: it is the custom over all the Highlands to have it; and it often smells very strong, and poisons to a certain degree the elegance of an *Indian* repast[1]. The day was showery; however, *Rasay* and I took a walk, and had some cordial conversation. I conceived a more than ordinary regard for this worthy gentleman. His family has possessed this island above four hundred years. It is the remains of the estate of Macleod of Lewis, whom he represents. When we returned, Dr. Johnson walked with us to see the old chapel. He was in fine spirits. He said, "This is truly the patriarchal life: this is what we came to find." Tour to Hebrid.

After dinner, *M'Cruslick*, Malcolm, and I, went out with guns, to try if we could find any black-cock; but we had no sport, owing to a heavy rain. I saw here what is called a Danish fort. Our evening was passed as last night was. One of our company[2], I was told, had hurt himself by too much study, particularly of infidel metaphysicians, of which he gave a proof, on second sight being mentioned. He imme-

[1] [Mr. Boswell forgets that there were breakfasts before the *Indian* luxuries of tea and sugar had been introduced.—ED.]

[2] [Probably Talisker, who had been a good deal abroad.—WALTER SCOTT.]

Tour to Hebrid. diately retailed some of the fallacious arguments of Voltaire and Hume against miracles in general. Infidelity in a Highland gentleman appeared to me peculiarly offensive. I was sorry for him, as he had otherwise a good character. I told Dr. Johnson that he had studied himself into infidelity. JOHNSON. "Then he must study himself out of it again; that is the way. Drinking largely will sober him again."

Friday, 10*th September*.—Having resolved to explore the island of Rasay, which could be done only on foot, I last night obtained my fellow-traveller's permission to leave him for a day, he being unable to take so hardy a walk. Old Mr. Malcolm Macleod, who had obligingly promised to accompany me, was at my bedside between five and six. I sprang up immediately, and he and I, attended by two other gentlemen, traversed the country during the whole of this day. Though we had passed over not less than four-and-twenty miles of very rugged ground, and had a Highland dance on the top of Dun Can, the highest mountain in the island, we returned in the evening not at all fatigued, and piqued ourselves at not being outdone at the nightly ball by our less active friends, who had remained at home.

My survey of Rasay did not furnish much which can interest my readers; I shall therefore put into as short a compass as I can the observations upon it, which I find registered in my journal. It is about fifteen English miles long and four broad. On the south side is the laird's family seat, situated on a pleasing low spot. The old tower of three stories, mentioned by Martin, was taken down soon after 1746, and a modern house supplies its place. There are very good grass-fields and corn-lands about it, well-dressed. I observed, however, hardly any in-

closures, except a good garden plentifully stocked with vegetables, and strawberries, raspberries, currants, &c. Tour to Hebrid.

On one of the rocks just where we landed, which are not high, there is rudely carved a square, with a crucifix in the middle. Here, it is said, the Lairds of Rasay, in old times, used to offer up their devotions. I could not approach the spot, without a grateful recollection of the event commemorated by this symbol.

A little from the shore, westward, is a kind of subterraneous house. There has been a natural fissure, or separation of the rock, running towards the sea, which has been roofed over with long stones, and above them turf has been laid. In that place the inhabitants used to keep their oars. There are a number of trees near the house, which grow well; some of them of a pretty good size. They are mostly plane and ash. A little to the west of the house is an old ruinous chapel, unroofed, which never has been very curious. We here saw some human bones of an uncommon size. There was a heel-bone, in particular, which Dr. Macleod said was such, that if the foot was in proportion, it must have been twenty-seven inches long. Dr. Johnson would not look at the bones. He started back from them with a striking appearance of horrour[1]. Mr. M'Queen told us, it was formerly much the custom, in these isles, to have human bones lying above ground, especially in the windows of churches[2]. On the south of the chapel is

[1] [Lord Stowell informs the editor, that on the road from Newcastle to Berwick, Dr. Johnson and he passed a cottage, at the entrance of which were set up two of those great bones of the whale, which are not unfrequently seen in maritime districts. Johnson expressed great horror at the sight of these bones; and called the people, who could use such relics of mortality as an ornament, mere savages.—Ed.]

[2] [It is perhaps a Celtic custom; for I observed it in Ireland occasionally, especially at the celebrated promontory of Mucruss, at Killarny.—Walter Scott.]

Tour to Hebrid.

the family burying-place. Above the door, on the last end of it, is a small bust or image of the Virgin Mary, carved upon a stone which makes part of the wall. There is no church upon the island. It is annexed to one of the parishes of Sky; and the minister comes and preaches either in *Rasay*'s house, or some other house, on certain Sundays. I could not but value the family seat more, for having even the ruins of a chapel close to it. There was something comfortable in the thought of being so near a piece of consecrated ground. Dr. Johnson said, "I look with reverence upon every place that has been set apart for religion;" and he kept off his hat while he was within the walls of the chapel.

The eight crosses, which Martin mentions as pyramids for deceased ladies, stood in a semicircular line, which contained within it the chapel. They marked out the boundaries of the sacred territory within which an asylum was to be had. One of them, which we observed upon our landing, made the first point of the semicircle. There are few of them now remaining. A good way farther north, there is a row of buildings about four feet high: they run from the shore on the east along the top of a pretty high eminence, and so down to the shore on the west, in much the same direction with the crosses. *Rasay* took them to be the marks for the asylum; but Malcolm thought them to be false sentinels, a common deception, of which instances occur in Martin, to make invaders imagine an island better guarded. Mr. Donald M'Queen justly, in my opinion, supposed the crosses which form the inner circle to be the church's landmarks.

The south end of the island is much covered with large stones or rocky strata. The laird has enclosed and planted part of it with firs, and he showed me a

considerable space marked out for additional plantations. Tour to Hebrid.

Dun Can is a mountain three computed miles from the laird's house. The ascent to it is by consecutive risings, if that expression may be used when valleys intervene, so that there is but a short rise at once; but it is certainly very high above the sea. The palm of altitude is disputed for by the people of Rasay and those of Sky; the former contending for Dun Can, the latter for the mountains in Sky, over against it. We went up the east side of Dun Can pretty easily. It is mostly rocks all around, the points of which hem the summit of it. Sailors, to whom it was a good object as they pass along, call it Rasay's cap. Before we reached this mountain, we passed by two lakes. Of the first, Malcolm told me a strange fabulous tradition He said, there was a wild beast in it, a sea-horse, which came and devoured a man's daughter; upon which the man lighted a great fire, and had a sow roasted at it, the smell of which attracted the monster. In the fire was put a spit. The man lay concealed behind a low wall of loose stones, and he had an avenue formed for the monster, with two rows of large flat stones, which extended from the fire over the summit of the hill, till it reached the side of the loch. The monster came, and the man with the red-hot spit destroyed it. Malcolm showed me the little hiding-place and the rows of stones. He did not laugh when he told this story. I recollect having seen in the Scots Magazine, several years ago, a poem upon a similar tale, perhaps the same, translated from the Erse, or Irish, called "Albin and the Daughter of Mey[1]."

There is a large tract of land, possessed as a com-

[1] [An Hebridean version, it would seem, of the story of Perseus and Andromeda.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid.

mon, in Rasay. They have no regulations as to the number of cattle; every man puts upon it as many as he chooses. From Dun Can northward, till you reach the other end of the island, there is much good natural pasture, unencumbered by stones. We passed over a spot which is appropriated for the exercising-ground. In 1745, a hundred fighting men were reviewed here, as Malcolm told me, who was one of the officers that led them to the field. They returned home all but about fourteen. What a princely thing is it to be able to furnish such a band! *Rasay* has the true spirit of a chief. He is, without exaggeration, a father to his people.

There is plenty of limestone in the island, a great quarry of freestone, and some natural woods, but none of any age, as they cut the trees for common country uses. The lakes, of which there are many, are well stocked with trout. Malcolm catched one of four-and-twenty pounds weight in the loch next to Dun Can, which, by the way, is certainly a Danish name[1], as most names of places in these islands are.

The old castle, in which the family of Rasay formerly resided, is situated upon a rock very near the sea. The rock is not one mass of stone, but a concretion of pebbles and earth, so firm that it does not appear to have mouldered. In this remnant of antiquity I found nothing worthy of being noticed, except a certain accommodation rarely to be found at the modern houses of Scotland, and which Dr. Johnson and I sought for in vain at the Laird of Rasay's new-built mansion, where nothing else was wanting. I took the liberty to tell the laird it was a shame

[1] [It is clearly an Erse or Celtic name, compounded of *Dun* a hill, and *Can* the head—*i. e.* the highest hill. So in Scotland, *Kan-tyr*, the *head* land or promontory. It may be observed that *Kent*, in England, is probably a contraction of *Kan-tyr*, as the name of the capital—*Can-tyr-bury, the town of the promontorial land*—denotes.—Ed.]

there should be such a deficiency in civilized times. He acknowledged the justice of the remark. But perhaps some generations may pass before the want is supplied. Dr. Johnson observed to me, how quietly people will endure an evil, which they might at any time very easily remedy; and mentioned as an instance, that the present family of Rasay had possessed the island for more than four hundred years[1], and never made a commodious landing-place, though a few men with pickaxes might have cut an ascent of stairs out of any part of the rock in a week's time. Tour to Hebrid.

The north end of Rasay is as rocky as the south end. From it I saw the little isle of Fladda, belonging to *Rasay*, all fine green ground; and Rona, which is of so rocky a soil that it appears to be a pavement. I was told, however, that it has a great deal of grass in the interstices. The laird has it all in his own hands. At this end of the island of Rasay is a cave in a striking situation; it is in a recess of a great cleft, a good way up from the sea. Before it the ocean roars, being dashed against monstrous broken rocks; grand and awful *propugnacula*. On the right hand of it is a longitudinal cave, very low at the entrance, but higher as you advance. The sea having scooped it out, it seems strange and unaccountable that the interior part, where the water must have operated with less force, should be loftier than that which is more immediately exposed to its violence. The roof of it is all covered with a kind of petrifications formed by drops, which perpetually distil from it. The first cave has been a place of much safety. I find a great difficulty in describing visible objects. I must own too that the old castle

[1] [Though Johnson thus censured *Rasay* and his ancestors for having remained four hundred years without rendering their island accessible by a landing-place, yet, when he came to write his Journal, he remembered that, perhaps, it was only for the last few years that it was desirable it should be accessible.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid.

and cave, like many other things, of which one hears much, did not answer my expectations. People are every where apt to magnify the curiosities of their country.

This island has abundance of black cattle, sheep, and goats; a good many horses, which are used for ploughing, carrying out dung, and other works of husbandry. I believe the people never ride. There are indeed no roads through the island, unless a few detached beaten tracts deserve that name. Most of the houses are upon the shore; so that all the people have little boats, and catch fish. There is great plenty of potatoes here. There are black-cock in extraordinary abundance, moor-fowl, plover and wild pigeons, which seemed to me to be the same as we have in pigeon-houses, in their state of nature. *Rasay* has no pigeon-house. There are no hares nor rabbits in the island, nor was there ever known to be a fox, till last year, when one was landed on it by some malicious person, without whose aid he could not have got thither, as that animal is known to be a very bad swimmer. He has done much mischief. There is a great deal of fish caught in the sea round Rasay; it is a place where one may live in plenty, and even in luxury. There are no deer; but *Rasay* told us he would get some.

They reckon it rains nine months in the year in this island, owing to its being directly opposite to the *western*[1] coast of Sky, where the watery clouds are broken by high mountains. The hills here, and indeed all the heathy grounds in general, abound with the sweet-smelling plant which the Highlanders call *gaul*, and (I think) with dwarf juniper in many places. There is enough of turf, which is their fuel,

[1] [So in all the editions, but the *eastern* coast of Sky is next to Rasay.—Ed.]

and it is thought there is a mine of coal. Such are the observations which I made upon the island of Rasay, upon comparing it with the description given by Martin, whose book we had with us. Tour to Hebrid.

There has been an ancient league between the families of Macdonald and Rasay. Whenever the head of either family dies, his sword is given to the head of the other. The present *Rasay* has the late Sir James Macdonald's sword. Old *Rasay* joined the Highland army in 1745, but prudently guarded against a forfeiture, by previously conveying his estate to the present gentleman, his eldest son. On that occasion, Sir Alexander, father of the late Sir James Macdonald, was very friendly to his neighbour. "Don't be afraid, *Rasay*," said he, "I'll use all my interest to keep you safe; and if your estate should be taken, I'll buy it for the family." And he would have done it.

Let me now gather some gold dust, some more fragments of Dr. Johnson's conversation, without regard to order of time. He said, "he thought very highly of Bentley; that no man now went so far in the kinds of learning that he cultivated; that the many attacks on him were owing to envy, and to a desire of being known, by being in competition with such a man; that it was safe to attack him, because he never answered his opponents, but let them die away. It was attacking a man who would not beat them, because his beating them would make them live the longer. And he was right not to answer; for, in his hazardous method of writing, he could not but be often enough wrong; so it was better to leave things to their general appearance, than own himself to have erred in particulars." He said, "Mallet was the prettiest dressed puppet about town, and always kept good company. That, from his way of talking, he

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saw, and always said, that he had not written any part of the Life of the Duke of Marlborough, though perhaps he intended to do it at some time, in which case he was not culpable in taking the pension. That he imagined the duchess furnished the materials for her Apology, which Hooke wrote, and Hooke furnished the words and the order, and all that in which the art of writing consists. That the duchess had not superior parts, but was a bold frontless woman, who knew how to make the most of her opportunities in life. That Hooke got a *large* sum of money for writing her Apology. That he wondered Hooke should have been weak enough to insert so profligate a maxim, as that to tell another's secret to one's friend is no breach of confidence; though perhaps Hooke, who was a virtuous man, as his History shows, and did not wish her well, though he wrote her Apology, might see its ill tendency, and yet insert it at her desire. He was acting only ministerially." I apprehend, however, that Hooke was bound to give his best advice. I speak as a lawyer. Though I have had clients whose causes I could not, as a private man, approve; yet, if I undertook them, I would not do any thing that might be prejudicial to them, even at their desire, without warning them of their danger.

Saturday, 11*th September*.—It was a storm of wind and rain, so we could not set out. I wrote some of this journal, and talked awhile with Dr. Johnson in his room, and passed the day, I cannot well say how, but very pleasantly. I was here amused to find Mr. Cumberland's comedy of the "Fashionable Lover," in which he has very well drawn a Highland character, Colin Macleod, of the same name with the family under whose roof we now were. Dr. Johnson was much pleased with the Laird

of Macleod[1], who is indeed a most promising youth, and with a noble spirit struggles with difficulties, and endeavours to preserve his people. He has been left with an incumbrance of forty thousand pounds debt, and annuities to the amount of thirteen hundred pounds a year. Dr. Johnson said, "If he gets the better of all this, he 'll be a hero; and I hope he will. I have not met with a young man who had more desire to learn, or who has learnt more. I have seen nobody that I wish more to do a kindness to than Macleod." Such was the honourable eulogium on this young chieftain, pronounced by an accurate observer, whose praise was never lightly bestowed. Tour to Hebrid.

There is neither justice of peace nor constable in Rasay. Sky has Mr. Macleod of Ulinish, who is the sheriff substitute, and no other justice of peace. The want of the execution of justice is much felt among the islanders. Macleod very sensibly observed, that taking away the heritable jurisdictions had not been of such service in the islands as was imagined. They had not authority enough in lieu of them. What could formerly have been settled at once, must now either take much time and trouble, or be neglected. Dr. Johnson said, "A country is in a bad state, which is governed only by laws; because a thousand things occur for which laws cannot provide, and where authority ought to interpose. Now destroying the

[1] [The late General Macleod, born in 1754. In 1776, he entered the army raising, then, an independent company, and in 1780, the second battalion of the forty-second, which he led to India, where he served with great distinction, and rose to the rank of a general officer. On his return home, he became M.P. for the county of Inverness, as his grandfather had been; but so far from extinguishing the debt on his estate, he increased it; for though he had sold a great tract of land in Harris, he left at his death, in 1801, the original debt of 50,000*l.* increased to 70,000*l.* He began, in the year 1785, to write the memoirs of his life; but did not proceed far. By the favour of his son, the present *Macleod*, now M. P. for Sudbury, the editor is in possession of this interesting fragment of auto-biography; and as the greater part of it relates to Dr. Johnson's visit, and to subjects discussed in his and Mr. Boswell's tours, the editor thinks that it will be not an inappropriate, and certainly not an unacceptable addition to the appendix of this work.—Ed.]

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authority of the chiefs sets the people loose. It did not pretend to bring any positive good, but only to cure some evil; and I am not well enough acquainted with the country to know what degree of evil the heritable jurisdictions occasioned." I maintained hardly any; because the chiefs generally acted right, for their own sakes.

Dr. Johnson was now wishing to move. There was not enough of intellectual entertainment for him, after he had satisfied his curiosity, which he did, by asking questions, till he had exhausted the island; and where there was so numerous a company, mostly young people, there was such a flow of familiar talk, so much noise, and so much singing and dancing, that little opportunity was left for his energetic conversation. He seemed sensible of this; for when I told him how happy they were at having him there, he said, "Yet we have not been able to entertain them much." I was fretted, from irritability of nerves, by *M'Cruslick*'s[1] too obstreperous mirth. I complained of it to my friend, observing we should be better if he was gone. "No, sir," said he. "He puts something into our society, and takes nothing out of it." Dr. Johnson, however, had several opportunities of instructing the company; but I am sorry to say, that I did not pay sufficient attention to what passed, as his discourse now turned chiefly on mechanics, agriculture, and such subjects, rather than on science and wit. Last night Lady Rasay showed him the operation of *wawking* cloth, that is, thickening it in the same manner as is done by a mill. Here it is performed by women, who kneel upon the ground, and rub it with both their hands, singing an Erse song all the time. He was asking questions

[1] [It was probably these high animal spirits that obtained this gentleman the appellation of *M'Cruslick*.—Ed.]

while they were performing this operati
amidst their loud and wild howl, his voice
even in the room above.

They dance here every night. The qu
ball was the eldest Miss Macleod, of Rasay,
gant well-bred woman, and celebrated for her b
over all those regions, by the name of Miss F
Rasay[1]. There seemed to be no jealousy, no dis
content among them; and the gaiety of the scene
was such, that I for a moment doubted whether un-
happiness had any place in Rasay. But my delusion
was soon dispelled, by recollecting the following lines
of my fellow-traveller:

> "Yet hope not life from pain or danger free,
> Or think the doom of man reversed for thee!"

Sunday, 12th September.—It was a beautiful day, and although we did not approve of travelling on Sunday, we resolved to set out, as we were in an island from whence one must take occasion as it serves. Macleod and *Talisker* sailed in a boat of Rasay's for Sconser, to take the shortest way to Dunvegan. *M'Cruslick* went with them to Sconser, from whence he was to go to Slate, and so to the main land. We were resolved to pay a visit at Kingsburgh, and see the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald, who is married to the present Mr. Macdonald of Kingsburgh; so took that road, though not so near. All the family, but Lady Rasay, walked down to the shore to see us depart. *Rasay* himself went with us in a large boat, with eight oars, built in his island; as did Mr. Malcolm Macleod, Mr. Donald M'Queen,

[1] She had been some time at Edinburgh, to which she again went, and was married [1777] to my worthy neighbour, Colonel Mure Campbell, now Earl of Loudoun; but she died soon afterwards, leaving one daughter.—BOSWELL. [Her daughter, Countess of Loudoun in her own right, married the late Earl of Moira, created Marquis of Hastings, and is the mother of the present marquis.—ED.]

leod, and some others. We had a most plea-
between Rasay and Sky; and passed by a
Martin says fowls were caught by lighting
mouth of it. Malcolm remembers this,
not now practised, as few fowls come into it.
spoke of Death. Dr. Johnson on this subject
erved, that the boastings of some men, as to dying
asily, were idle talk, proceeding from partial views.
I mentioned Hawthornden's Cypress-grove, where it is said that the world is a mere show; and that it is unreasonable for a man to wish to continue in the show-room after he has seen it. Let him go cheerfully out, and give place to other spectators. JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, if he is sure he is to be well, after he goes out of it. But if he is to grow blind after he goes out of the show-room, and never to see any thing again; or if he does not know whither he is to go next, a man will not go cheerfully out of a show-room. No wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is to go into a state of punishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is to fall into annihilation: for however unhappy any man's existence may be, he yet would rather have it, than not exist at all. No; there is no rational principle by which a man can die contented, but a trust in the mercy of GOD, through the merits of Jesus Christ." This short sermon, delivered with an earnest tone, in a boat upon the sea, which was perfectly calm, on a day appropriated to religious worship, while every one listened with an air of satisfaction, had a most pleasing effect upon my mind.

Pursuing the same train of serious reflection, he added, that it seemed certain that happiness could not be found in this life, because so many had tried to find it, in such a variety of ways, and had not found it.

We reached the harbour of Portree, in Sky, which is a large and good one. There was lying in it a vessel to carry off the emigrants, called the Nestor. It made a short settlement of the differences between a chief and his clan: Tour to Hebrid.

——————— Nestor componere lites
Inter Peleiden festinat et inter Atriden.

We approached her, and she hoisted her colours. Dr. Johnson and Mr. M'Queen remained in the boat: *Rasay* and I, and the rest, went on board of her. She was a very pretty vessel, and, as we were told, the largest in Clyde. Mr. Harrison, the captain, showed her to us. The cabin was commodious, and even elegant. There was a little library, finely bound. Portree has its name from King James the Fifth having landed there in his tour through the Western Isles, *ree* in Erse being king[1], as *re* is in Italian; so it is Port-Royal. There was here a tolerable inn. On our landing, I had the pleasure of finding a letter from home; and there were also letters to Dr. Johnson and me, from Lord Elibank, which had been sent after us from Edinburgh. His lordship's letter to me was as follows:

"21st August, 1773.

"DEAR BOSWELL,—I flew to Edinburgh the moment I heard of Mr. Johnson's arrival; but so defective was my intelligence, that I came too late.

"It is but justice to believe, that I could never forgive myself, nor deserve to be forgiven by others, if I was to fail in any mark of respect to that very great genius. I hold him in the highest veneration; for that very reason I was resolved to take no share in the merit, perhaps guilt, of enticing him to honour this country with a visit. I could not persuade myself

[1] [Why does not Mr. Boswell also discover that *port* is, in *Erse*, *port*? It may be inferred, that the original Erse was the language of a very poor and barbarous people, for the names now employed for the principal objects of commerce, and of social or political life, seem to have been borrowed from foreigners, as *king*, *port*, *horse*, *cow*, &c.—ED.]

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there was any thing in Scotland worthy to have a summer of Samuel Johnson bestowed on it; but since he has done us that compliment, for heaven's sake inform me of your motions. I will attend them most religiously; and though I should regret to let Mr. Johnson go a mile out of his way on my account, old as I am[1], I shall be glad to go five hundred miles to enjoy a day of his company. Have the charity to send a council-post[2] with intelligence; the post does not suit us in the country. At any rate, write to me. I will attend you in the north, when I shall know where to find you. I am, my dear Boswell, your sincerely obedient humble servant, "ELIBANK."

The letter to Dr. Johnson was in these words:

"DEAR SIR,—I was to have kissed your hands at Edinburgh, the moment I heard of you, but you was gone.

"I hope my friend Boswell will inform me of your motions. It will be cruel to deprive me an instant of the honour of attending you. As I value you more than any king in Christendom, I will perform that duty with infinitely greater alacrity than any courtier. I can contribute but little to your entertainment; but my sincere esteem for you gives me some title to the opportunity of expressing it.

"I dare say you are by this time sensible that things are pretty much the same as when Buchanan complained of being born *solo et seculo inerudito*. Let me hear of you, and be persuaded that none of your admirers is more sincerely devoted to you, than, dear sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, "ELIBANK."

Dr. Johnson, on the following Tuesday, answered for both of us, thus:

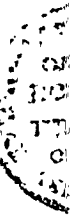
"Skie, 14th Sept. 1773.

"MY LORD,—On the rugged shore of Skie, I had the honour of your lordship's letter, and can with great truth declare that no place is so gloomy but that it would be cheered by such a testimony of regard, from a mind so well qualified to estimate characters, and to deal out approbation in its due proportions. If I have more than my share, it is your lordship's fault; for I have always reverenced your judgment too much, to exalt myself in your presence by any false pretensions.

[1] [His lordship was now 70, having been born in 1703.—ED.]

[2] A term in Scotland for a special messenger, such as was formerly sent with despatches by the lords of the council.—BOSWELL.

"Mr. Boswell and I are at present at the disposal of the winds, and therefore cannot fix the time at which we shall have the honour of seeing your lordship. But we should either of us think ourselves injured by the supposition that we would miss your lordship's conversation when we could enjoy it; for I have often declared that I never met you without going away a wiser man. I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON." Tour to Hebrid.



At Portree, Mr. Donald M'Queen went to church and officiated in Erse, and then came to dinner. Dr. Johnson and I resolved that we should treat the company, so I played the landlord, or master of the feast, having previously ordered Joseph to pay the bill.

Sir James Macdonald intended to have built a village here, which would have done great good. A village is like a heart to a country. It produces a perpetual circulation, and gives the people an opportunity to make profit of many little articles, which would otherwise be in a good measure lost. We had here a dinner, *et præterea nihil.* Dr. Johnson did not talk. When we were about to depart, we found that *Rasay* had been beforehand with us, and that all was paid: I would fain have contested this matter with him, but seeing him resolved, I declined it. We parted with cordial embraces from him and worthy Malcolm. In the evening Dr. Johnson and I remounted our horses, accompanied by Mr. M'Queen and Dr. Macleod. It rained very hard. We rode what they call six miles, upon *Rasay*'s lands in Sky, to Dr. Macleod's house. On the road Dr. Johnson appeared to be somewhat out of spirits. When I talked of our meeting Lord Elibank, he said, "I cannot be with him much. I long to be again in civilized life; but can stay but a short while;" (he meant at Edinburgh). He said, "let us go to Dunvegan to-morrow." "Yes (said I), if it is not a deluge."

Tour to Hebrid. "At any rate," he replied. This showed a kind of fretful impatience; nor was it to be wondered at, considering our disagreeable ride. I feared he would give up Mull and Icolmkill, for he said something of his apprehensions of being detained by bad weather in going to Mull and *Iona*. However, I hoped well. We had a dish of tea at Dr. Macleod's, who had a pretty good house, where was his brother, a half-pay officer. His lady was a polite, agreeable woman. Dr. Johnson said, he was glad to see that he was so well married, for he had an esteem for physicians. The doctor accompanied us to Kingsburgh, which is called a mile farther; but the computation of Sky has no connexion whatever with real distance.

I was highly pleased to see Dr. Johnson safely arrived at Kingsburgh, and received by the hospitable Mr. Macdonald, who, with a most respectful attention, supported him into the house. *Kingsburgh* was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander,—exhibiting "the graceful mien and manly looks," which our popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character. He had his tartan plaid thrown about him, a large blue bonnet with a knot of black riband like a cockade, a brown short coat of a kind of duffil, a tartan waistcoat with gold buttons and gold button-holes, a bluish philibeg, and tartan hose. He had jet black hair tied behind, and was a large stately man, with a steady sensible countenance.

There was a comfortable parlour with a good fire, and a dram went round. By and by supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald[1]. She is a

[1] [It is stated in the account of the rebellion, published under the title of "*Ascanius*," that she was the daughter of Mr. Macdonald, a tacksman or gentleman-farmer, of Melton, in South Uist, and was, in 1746, about twenty-four years old. It is also said, that her portrait was painted in London in 1747, for Commodore Smith, in whose ship she had been brought prisoner from Scot-

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little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well bred. To see Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great champion of the English tories, salute Miss Flora Macdonald in the Isle of Sky, was a striking sight; for though somewhat congenial in their notions, it was very improbable they should meet here.

Miss Flora Macdonald (for so I shall call her) told me, she heard upon the main land, as she was returning home about a fortnight before, that Mr. Boswell was coming to Sky, and one Mr. Johnson, a young English *buck*[1], with him. He was highly entertained with this fancy. Giving an account of the afternoon which we passed at Anock, he said, "I, being a *buck*, had *Miss* in to make tea." He was rather quiescent to-night, and went early to bed. I was in a cordial humour, and promoted a cheerful glass. The punch was excellent. Honest Mr. M'Queen observed that I was in high glee, "my *governor* being gone to bed." Yet in reality my heart was grieved, when I recollected that *Kingsburgh* was embarrassed in his affairs, and intended to go to America. However, nothing but what was good was present, and I pleased myself in thinking that so spirited a man

land; but the editor has not been able to trace it. Dr. Johnson says of her to Mrs. Thrale, "She must then have been a very young lady; she is now not old; of a pleasing person, and elegant behaviour. She told me that she thought herself honoured by my visit; and I am sure that whatever regard she bestowed on me was liberally repaid. 'If thou likest her opinions, thou wilt praise her virtue.' She was carried to London, but dismissed without a trial, and came down with Malcolm Macleod, against whom sufficient evidence could not be procured. She and her husband are poor, and are going to try their fortune in America. Sic rerum volvitur orbis."—*Letters*, i. 153. They did emigrate to America; but returned to Sky, where she died on the 4th March, 1790, leaving a son, Colonel John Macdonald, now, as the Editor is informed, residing at Exeter, and a daughter, still alive in Sky, married to a Macleod, a distant relation of *the Macleod*.—ED. It is remarkable that this distinguished lady signed her name Flory, instead of the more classical orthography. Her marriage contract, which is in my possession, bears the name spelled *Flory*.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[1] [It may be useful to future readers to know that the word "*macaroni*" used in a former passage of this work, and the word "*buck*" here used, are nearly synonymous with the term "*dandy*," employed now-a-days to express a young gentleman who in his dress and manners affects the extreme of the fashion.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. would be well every where. I slept in the same room with Dr. Johnson. Each had a neat bed, with tartan curtains, in an upper chamber.

Monday, 13th September.—The room where we lay was a celebrated one. Dr. Johnson's bed was the very bed[1] in which the grandson of the unfortunate King James the Second[2] lay, on one of the nights after the failure of his rash attempt in 1745–6, while he was eluding the pursuit of the emissaries of government, which had offered thirty thousand pounds as a reward for apprehending him. To see Dr. Samuel Johnson lying in that bed, in the isle of Sky, in the house of Miss Flora Macdonald, struck me with such a group of ideas as it is not easy for words to describe, as they passed through the mind. He smiled, and said, "I have had no ambitious thoughts in it[3]." The room was decorated with a great variety of maps

[1] [In the examination of *Kingsburgh* and his wife, by Captain Fergussone, of the Furnace man of war, relative to this affair, Fergussone asked "where Miss Flora, and the person in woman's clothes who was with her, lay?" *Kingsburgh* answered with gentlemanly spirit, "He knew where Miss Flora lay; but as for servants he never asked any questions about them." The captain then, brutally enough, asked Mrs. Macdonald "whether she laid the young Pretender and Miss Flora in the same bed?" She answered, with great temper and readiness, "Sir, whom you mean by the young Pretender, I do not pretend to guess; but I can assure you it is not the fashion in Sky to lay mistress and maid in the same bed together." The captain then desired to see the rooms where they lay, and remarked shrewdly enough that the room wherein the supposed maid-servant lay was better than that of her mistress.—*Ascanius*.—ED.]

[2] I do not call him *the Prince of Wales*, or *the Prince*, because I am quite satisfied that the right which the house of Stuart had to the throne is extinguished. I do not call him the *Pretender*, because it appears to me as an insult to one who is still alive, and, I suppose, thinks very differently. It may be a parliamentary expression; but it is not a gentlemanly expression. I know, and I exult in having it in my power to tell, that "the only person in the world who is entitled to be offended at this delicacy thinks and feels as I do;" and has liberality of mind and generosity of sentiment enough to approve of my tenderness for what even *has been* blood royal. That he is a prince by courtesy cannot be denied; because his mother was the daughter of Sobiesky, king of Poland. I shall, therefore, on that account alone, distinguish him by the name of Prince Charles Edward.—BOSWELL. [The generosity of King George the Third, alluded to in this note, was felt by his successor, who caused a monument to be erected over the remains of the cardinal of York, in whom the line of James the Second ended. It was a royal and a national tribute to private and to public feeling: the political danger had been extinguished for more than half a century; and the claims of kindred, the honour of the English name, and the personal feelings of a generous prince, not only justified, but seemed to require such an evidence of British generosity.—ED.]

[3] This, perhaps, was said in allusion to some lines ascribed to Pope, on his

and prints. Among others, was Hogarth's print of Wilkes grinning, with the cap of liberty on a pole by him. That too was a curious circumstance in the scene this morning; such a contrast was Wilkes to the above group. It reminded me of Sir William Chambers's "Account of Oriental Gardening," in which we are told all odd, strange, ugly, and even terrible objects, are introduced for the sake of variety; a wild extravagance of taste which is so well ridiculed in the celebrated epistle to him. The following lines of that poem immediately occurred to me; Tour to Hebrid.

"Here too, O king of vengeance! in thy fane,
Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain."

Upon the table in our room I found in the morning a slip of paper, on which Dr. Johnson had written with his pencil these words:

"Quantum cedat virtutibus aurum [1]."

What he meant by writing them I could not tell [2]. He had caught cold a day or two ago, and the rain yesterday having made it worse, he was become very deaf. At breakfast he said, he would have given a good deal rather than not have lain in that bed. I owned he was the lucky man; and observed, that without doubt it had been contrived between Mrs. Macdonald and him. She seemed to acquiesce; adding, "You know young *bucks* are always favourites of the ladies." He spoke of Prince Charles being

lying, at John Duke of Argyle's, at Adderbury, in the same bed in which Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, had slept:

"With no poetick ardour fired,
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lived, or here expired,
Begets no numbers, grave or gay." BOSWELL.

[1] "With virtue weigh'd, what worthless trash is gold!"—BOSWELL.

[2] Since the first edition of this book, an ingenious friend has observed to me, that Dr. Johnson had probably been thinking on the reward which was offered by government for the apprehension of the grandson of King James II., and that he meant by these words to express his admiration of the Highlanders, whose fidelity and attachment had resisted the golden temptation that had been held out to them.—BOSWELL.

Tour to Hebrid. here, and asked Mrs. Macdonald "*Who* was with him? We were told, madam, in England, there was one Miss Flora Macdonald with him." She said, "they were very right;" and perceiving Dr. Johnson's curiosity, though he had delicacy enough not to question her, very obligingly entertained him with a recital of the particulars which she herself knew of that escape, which does so much honour to the humanity, fidelity, and generosity of the Highlanders. Dr. Johnson listened to her with placid attention, and said, "All this should be written down."

From what she told us, and from what I was told by others personally concerned, and from a paper of information which *Rasay* was so good as to send me, at my desire, I have compiled an abstract [see Appendix], which, as it contains some curious anecdotes, will, I imagine, not be uninteresting to my readers, and even, perhaps, be of some use to future historians.

Ed. The gallant Malcolm [who had succeeded Flora Macdonald as guide to the Prince, and had so greatly contributed to his escape] was apprehended in about ten days after they separated, put aboard a ship, and carried prisoner to London. He said, the prisoners in general were very ill treated in their passage; but there were soldiers on board who lived well, and sometimes invited him to share with them: that he had the good fortune not to be thrown into jail, but was confined in the house of a messenger of the name of Dick. To his astonishment, only one witness could be found against him, though he had been so openly engaged; and therefore, for want of sufficient evidence, he was set at liberty. He added, that he thought himself in such danger, that he would gladly have compounded for banishment. Yet, he said, "he should never be so ready for death

as he then was." There is philosophical truth in this. A man will meet death much more firmly at one time than another. The enthusiasm even of a mistaken principle warms the mind, and sets it above the fear of death; which in our cooler moments, if we really think of it, cannot but be terrible, or at least very awful. Tour to Hebrid.

Miss Flora Macdonald being then also in London[1], under the protection[2] of Lady Primrose, that lady provided a postchaise to convey her to Scotland, and desired she might choose any friend she pleased to accompany her. She chose Malcolm. "So," said he, with a triumphant air, "I went to London to be hanged, and returned in a postchaise with Miss Flora Macdonald."

Mr. Macleod of Muiravenside [*M'Cruslick*], whom we saw at Rasay, assured us that Prince Charles was in London in 1759, and that there was then a plan in agitation for restoring his family. Dr. Johnson could scarcely credit this story, and said, there could be no probable plan at that time. Such an attempt could not have succeeded, unless

[1] [When arrested, which was a few days after parting from the Prince, Flora was conveyed on board the Furnace, Captain Fergussone, and conveyed to Leith. There she was removed on board Commodore Smith's ship, and conveyed to the Nore, whence, on the 6th December, after being five months on ship-board, she was transferred to the custody of the messenger Dick, in which she remained till July, 1747, when she was discharged, and returned to Edinburgh.—*Ascanius.* —ED.]

[2] [It seems strange that Mr. Boswell, affecting to give an *accurate* account of all this affair, should use expressions which not only give no intimation of Flora's arrest and confinement, but seem even to negative the fact. Is it possible that the lady's delicacy wished to suppress all recollection of her having been a *prisoner*? It will be seen, by a comparison of Mr. Boswell's account with other statements of the transaction, that Flora gave him very little information—*none*, indeed, that had not been already forty years in print. Lady Primrose's *protection* must have been very short, for Flora returned, it seems, to Scotland immediately after her release from confinement. Lady Primrose was Miss Drelincourt, daughter of the Dean of Armagh, and relict of Hugh, third Viscount Primrose. It is not known how she became so ardent a jacobite; but she certainly was so, for she was in the secret of the young Pretender's visit to London, which (notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's disbelief) did certainly occur, though some years earlier than 1759. See *King's Anecdotes*, p. 196, and *ante*, vol. i. p. 266.—ED.]

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the King of Prussia had stopped the army in Germany; for both the army and the fleet would, even without orders, have fought for the king, to whom they had engaged themselves.

Having related so many particulars concerning the grandson of the unfortunate King James the Second; having given due praise to fidelity and generous attachment, which, however erroneous the judgment may be, are honourable for the heart; I must do the Highlanders the justice to attest, that I found every where amongst them a high opinion of the virtues of the king now upon the throne, and an honest disposition to be faithful subjects to his majesty, whose family has possessed the sovereignty of this country so long, that a change, even for the abdicated family, would now hurt the best feelings of all his subjects.

The abstract point of right would involve us in a discussion of remote and perplexed questions; and, after all, we should have no clear principle of decision. That establishment, which, from political necessity, took place in 1688, by a breach in the succession of our kings, and which, whatever benefits may have accrued from it, certainly gave a shock to our monarchy, the able and constitutional Blackstone wisely rests on the solid footing of authority. "Our ancestors having most indisputably a competent jurisdiction to decide this great and important question, and having, in fact, decided it, it is now become our duty, at this distance of time, to acquiesce in their determination[1]."

Mr. Paley, the present Archdeacon of Carlisle, in his "Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy," having, with much clearness of argument, shown the duty of submission to civil government to be founded

[1] Commentaries on the Laws of England, book i. chap. 3.—Boswell.

neither on an indefeasible *jus divinum*, nor on compact, but on expediency, lays down this rational position: "Irregularity in the first foundation of a state, or subsequent violence, fraud, or injustice, in getting possession of the supreme power, are not sufficient reasons for resistance, after the government is once peaceably settled. No subject of the British empire conceives himself engaged to vindicate the justice of the Norman claim or conquest, or apprehends that his duty in any manner depends upon that controversy. So likewise, if the house of Lancaster, or even the posterity of Cromwell, had been at this day seated upon the throne of England, we should have been as little concerned to inquire how the founder of the family came there[1]." Tour to Hebrid.

In conformity with this doctrine, I myself, though fully persuaded that the house of Stuart had originally no right to the crown of Scotland, for that

[1] Book vi. chap. 3. Since I have quoted Mr. Archdeacon Paley upon one subject, I cannot but transcribe, from his excellent work, a distinguished passage in support of the christian revelation. After showing, in decent but strong terms, the unfairness of the *indirect* attempts of modern infidels to unsettle and perplex religious principles, and particularly the irony, banter, and sneer of one, whom he politely calls "an eloquent historian," the archdeacon thus expresses himself:

"Seriousness is not constraint of thought; nor levity, freedom. Every mind which wishes the advancement of truth and knowledge, in the most important of all human researches, must abhor this licentiousness, as violating no less the laws of reasoning than the rights of decency. There is but one description of men to whose principles it ought to be tolerable. I mean that class of reasoners who can see *little* in christianity, even supposing it to be true. To such adversaries we address this reflection. Had Jesus Christ delivered no other declaration than the following, 'The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done well unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation,' he had pronounced a message of inestimable importance, and well worthy of that splendid apparatus of prophecy and miracles with which his mission was introduced and attested: a message in which the wisest of mankind would rejoice to find an answer to their doubts, and rest to their inquiries. It is idle to say that a future state had been discovered already. It had been discovered as the Copernican system was; it was one guess amongst many. He alone discovers who *proves;* and no man can prove this point but the teacher who testifies by miracles that his doctrine comes from God."—Book v. chap. 9.

If infidelity be disingenuously dispersed in every shape that is likely to allure, surprise, or beguile the imagination, in a fable, a tale, a novel, a poem, in books of travels, of philosophy, of natural history, as Mr. Paley has well observed, I hope it is fair in me thus to meet such poison with an unexpected antidote, which I cannot doubt will be found powerful.—BOSWELL.

Tour to Hebrid. Baliol, and not Bruce, was the lawful heir, should yet have thought it very culpable to have rebelled, on that account, against Charles the First, or even a prince of that house much nearer the time, in order to assert the claim of the posterity of Baliol.

However convinced I am of the justice of that principle, which holds allegiance and protection to be reciprocal, I do, however, acknowledge, that I am not satisfied with the cold sentiment which would confine the exertions of the subject within the strict line of duty. I would have every breast animated with the fervour of loyalty; with that generous attachment which delights in doing somewhat more than is required, and makes "service perfect freedom." And, therefore, as our most gracious sovereign, on his accession to the throne, gloried in being *born a Briton;* so, in my more private sphere, *Ego me nunc* denique natum, *gratulor.* I am happy that a disputed succession no longer distracts our minds; and that a monarchy, established by law, is now so sanctioned by time, that we can fully indulge those feelings of loyalty which I am ambitious to excite. They are feelings which have ever actuated the inhabitants of the Highlands and the Hebrides. The plant of loyalty is there in full vigour, and the Brunswick graft now flourishes like a native shoot. To that spirited race of people I may with propriety apply the elegant lines of a modern poet, on the "facile temper of the beauteous sex:"

> "Like birds new-caught, who flutter for a time,
> And struggle with captivity in vain;
> But by-and-by they rest, they smooth their plumes,
> And to *new masters* sing their former notes[1]."

Surely such notes are much better than the querulous growlings of suspicious whigs and discontented republicans.

[1] Agis, a tragedy, by John Home.

Kingsburgh conducted us in his boat, across one of the lochs, as they call them, or arms of the sea, which flow in upon all the coasts of Sky, to a mile beyond a place called Grishinish. Our horses had been sent round by land to meet us. By this sail we saved eight miles of bad riding. Dr. Johnson said, "When we take into the computation what we have saved, and what we have gained by this agreeable sail, it is a great deal." He observed, "it is very disagreeable riding in Sky. The way is so narrow, one only at a time can travel, so it is quite unsocial; and you cannot indulge in meditation by yourself, because you must be always attending to the steps which your horse takes." This was a just and clear description of its inconveniencies. Tour t Hebrid

The topick of emigration being again introduced, Dr. Johnson said, that "a rapacious chief would make a wilderness of his estate." Mr. Donald M'Queen told us, that the oppression, which then made so much noise, was owing to landlords listening to bad advice in the letting of their lands[1]; that interested and designed people flattered them with golden dreams of much higher rents than could reasonably be paid; and that some of the gentlemen tacksmen, or upper tenants, were themselves in part the occasion of the mischief, by overrating the farms of others. That many of the tacksmen, rather than comply with exorbitant demands, had gone off to America, and impoverished the country, by draining it of its wealth; and that their places were filled by a number of poor people, who had lived under them, properly speaking, as servants, paid by a certain proportion of the produce of the lands, though called sub-tenants. I observed, that if the men of substance were once banished from a Highland estate, it might probably

[1] [See General Macleod's account of this matter in his memoirs, *Appendix*.—Ed.]

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be greatly reduced in its value; for one bad year might ruin a set of poor tenants, and men of any property would not settle in such a country, unless from the temptation of getting land extremely cheap; for an inhabitant of any good county in Britain had better go to America than to the Highlands or the Hebrides. Here, therefore, was a consideration that ought to induce a chief to act a more liberal part, from a mere motive of interest, independent of the lofty and honourable principle of keeping a clan together, to be in readiness to serve his king. I added, that I could not help thinking a little arbitrary power in the sovereign, to control the bad policy and greediness of the chiefs, might sometimes be of service. In France a chief would not be permitted to force a number of the king's subjects out of the country. Dr. Johnson concurred with me, observing, that "were an oppressive chieftain a subject of the French king, he would, probably, be admonished by a *letter*[1]."

During our sail, Dr. Johnson asked about the use of the dirk, with which he imagined the Highlanders cut their meat. He was told, they had a knife and fork besides to eat with. He asked, how did the women do? and was answered, some of them had a knife and fork too; but in general the men, when they had cut their meat, handed their knives and forks to the women, and they themselves eat with their fingers. The old *tutor*[2] of Macdonald always eat fish with his fingers, alleging that a knife and fork gave it a bad taste. I took the liberty to observe to Dr. Johnson, that he did so. "Yes," said he, "but it is because I am short-sighted, and afraid of bones, for which reason I am not fond of eating many kinds of fish, because I must use my fingers."

Dr. M'Pherson's "Dissertations on Scottish Anti-

[1] [Meaning, no doubt, a "*lettre de cachet*."—ED.]

[2] [He means one of the family (an uncle probably) who was guardian during the minority of the young heir.—ED.]

quities," which he had looked at when at Corrichatachin, being mentioned, he remarked, that "you might read half an hour, and ask yourself what you had been reading: there were so many words to so little matter, that there was no getting through the book." Tour to Hebrid.

As soon as we reached the shore, we took leave of *Kingsburgh*, and mounted our horses. We passed through a wild moor, in many places so soft that we were obliged to walk, which was very fatiguing to Dr. Johnson. Once he had advanced on horseback to a very bad step. There was a steep declivity on his left, to which he was so near, that there was not room for him to dismount in the usual way. He tried to alight on the other side, as if he had been a young buck indeed, but in the attempt he fell at his length upon the ground; from which, however, he got up immediately without being hurt. During this dreary ride, we were sometimes relieved by a view of branches of the sea, that universal medium of connexion amongst mankind. A guide, who had been sent with us from Kingsburgh, explored the way (much in the same manner as, I suppose, is pursued in the wilds of America) by observing certain marks known only to the inhabitants. We arrived at Dunvegan late in the afternoon. The great size of the castle, which is partly old and partly new, and is built upon a rock close to the sea, while the land around it presents nothing but wild, moorish, hilly, and craggy appearances, gave a rude magnificence to the scene. Having dismounted, we ascended a flight of steps, which was made by the late Macleod, for the accommodation of persons coming to him by land, there formerly being, for security, no other access to the castle but from the sea; so that visitors who came by the land were under the necessity of getting into a boat, and sailed round to the only place where

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it could be approached. We were introduced into a stately dining-room, and received by Lady Macleod, mother of the laird, who, with his friend *Talisker*, having been detained on the road, did not arrive till some time after us.

We found the lady of the house a very polite and sensible woman, who had lived for some time in London, and had there been in Dr. Johnson's company. After we had dined, we repaired to the drawing-room, where some of the young ladies of the family, with their mother, were at tea. This room had formerly been the bed-chamber of Sir Roderick Macleod, one of the old lairds: and he chose it, because, behind it, there was a considerable cascade, the sound of which disposed him to sleep. Above his bed was this inscription: "Sir Rorie Macleod of Dunvegan, Knight. God send good rest!" Rorie is the contraction of Roderick. He was called *Rorie More*, that is, great Rorie, not from his size, but from his spirit. Our entertainment here was in so elegant a style, and reminded my fellow-traveller so much of England, that he became quite joyous. He laughed, and said, "Boswell, we came in at the wrong end of this island." "Sir," said I, "it was best to keep this for the last." He answered, "I would have it both first and last."

Tuesday, 14th September.—Dr. Johnson said in the morning, "Is not this a fine lady[1]?" There was not a word now of his "impatience to be in civilized life;" though indeed I should beg pardon—he found it here. We had slept well, and lain long. After

[1] [She was the daughter of Alexander Brodie, Esq. of Brodie, Lyon King at Arms. She had lately come with her daughters out of Hampshire, to superintend her son's household at Dunvegan. See his *memoirs* in the Appendix. This respectable lady died in 1803. It has been said that she expressed considerable dissatisfaction at Dr. Johnson's rude behaviour at Dunvegan. Her grandson, the present Macleod, assures me that it was not so: "they were all," he says emphatically, "delighted with him;" and, indeed, his father's *memoirs* give the same impression.—ED.]

breakfast we surveyed the castle and the garden. Mr. Bethune, the parish minister, Magnus Macleod, of Claggan, brother to *Talisker*, and Macleod, of Bay, two substantial gentlemen of the clan, dined with us. We had admirable venison, generous wine; in a word, all that a good table has. This was really the hall of a chief. Lady Macleod had been much obliged to my father, who had settled by arbitration a variety of perplexed claims between her and her relation, the Laird of Brodie, which she now repaid by particular attention to me. Macleod started the subject of making women do penance in the church for fornication. JOHNSON. "It is right, sir. Infamy is attached to the crime, by universal opinion, as soon as it is known. I would not be the man who would discover it, if I alone knew it, for a woman may reform; nor would I commend a parson who divulges a woman's first offence; but being once divulged, it ought to be infamous. Consider of what importance to society the chastity of women is. Upon that all the property in the world depends. We hang a thief for stealing a sheep, but the unchastity of a woman transfers sheep, and farm, and all, from the right owner. I have much more reverence for a common prostitute than for a woman who conceals her guilt. The prostitute is known. She cannot deceive: she cannot bring a strumpet into the arms of an honest man, without his knowledge." BOSWELL. "There is, however, a great difference between the licentiousness of a single woman, and that of a married woman." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; there is a great difference between stealing a shilling and stealing a thousand pounds; between simply taking a man's purse, and murdering him first, and then taking it. But when one begins to be vicious, it is easy to go on. Where single women are licentious, you rarely

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find faithful married women." BOSWELL. "And yet we are told, that in some nations in India, the distinction is strictly observed." JOHNSON. "Nay, don't give us India. That puts me in mind of Montesquieu, who is really a fellow of genius too in many respects; whenever he wants to support a strange opinion, he quotes you the practice of Japan, or of some other distant country, of which he knows nothing. To support polygamy, he tells you of the island of Formosa, where there are ten women born for one man. He had but to suppose another island, where there are ten men born for one woman, and so make a marriage between them[1]."

At supper, Lady Macleod mentioned Dr. Cadogan's book on the gout. JOHNSON. "It is a good book in general, but a foolish one in particulars. It is good in general, as recommending temperance, and exercise, and cheerfulness. In that respect it is only Dr. Cheyne's book told in a new way; and there should come out such a book every thirty years, dressed in the mode of the times. It is foolish, in maintaining that the gout is not hereditary, and that one fit of it, when gone, is like a fever when gone." Lady Macleod objected that the author does not practise what he teaches[2]. JOHNSON. "I cannot help that, madam. That does not make his book the worse. People are influenced more by what a man says, if his practice is suitable to it, because they are blockheads. The more intellectual people are, the

[1] What my friend treated as so wild a supposition has actually happened in the western islands of Scotland, if we may believe Martin, who tells it of the islands of Col and Tyr-yi, and says that it is proved by the parish registers.—BOSWELL.

[2] This was a general reflection against Dr. Cadogan, when his very popular book was first published. It was said, that whatever precepts he might give to others, he himself indulged freely in the bottle. But I have since had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him, and, if his own testimony may be believed (and I have never heard it impeached), his course of life has been conformable to his doctrine.—BOSWELL.

readier will they attend to what a man tells them. If it is just, they will follow it, be his practice what it will. No man practises so well as he writes. I have, all my life long, been lying till noon; yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good. Only consider! You read a book; you are convinced by it; you do not know the authour. Suppose you afterwards know him, and find that he does not practise what he teaches; are you to give up your former conviction? At this rate you would be kept in a state of equilibrium, when reading every book, till you knew how the authour practised." "But," said Lady Macleod, "you would think better of Dr. Cadogan, if he acted according to his principles." JOHNSON. "Why, madam, to be sure, a man who acts in the face of light is worse than a man who does not know so much; yet I think no man should be the worse thought of for publishing good principles. There is something noble in publishing truth, though it condemns one's self." I expressed some surprise at Cadogan's recommending good humour, as if it were quite in our own power to attain it. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, a man grows better humoured as he grows older. He improves by experience. When young, he thinks himself of great consequence, and every thing of importance. As he advances in life, he learns to think himself of no consequence, and little things of little importance; and so he becomes more patient, and better pleased. All good-humour and complaisance are acquired. Naturally a child seizes directly what it sees, and thinks of pleasing itself only. By degrees, it is taught to please others, and to prefer others; and that this will ultimately produce the greatest happiness. If a man is not convinced of that, he never will practise

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it. Common language speaks the truth as to this: we say, a person is well bred. As it is said, that all material motion is primarily in a right line, and is never *per circuitum*, never in another form, unless by some particular cause; so it may be said intellectual motion is." Lady Macleod asked, if no man was naturally good? JOHNSON. "No, madam, no more than a wolf." BOSWELL. "Nor no woman, sir?" JOHNSON. "No, sir." Lady Macleod started at this, saying, in a low voice, "This is worse than Swift[1]."

M'Leod of Ulinish had come in the afternoon. We were a jovial company at supper. The laird, surrounded by so many of his clan, was to me a pleasing sight. They listened with wonder and pleasure, while Dr. Johnson harangued. I am vexed that I cannot take down his full strain of eloquence.

Wednesday, 15th September.—The gentlemen of the clan went away early in the morning to the harbour of Lochbraccadale, to take leave of some of their friends who were going to America. It was a very wet day. We looked at *Rorie More*'s horn, which is a large cow's horn, with the mouth of it ornamented with silver curiously carved. It holds rather more than a bottle and a half. Every Laird of Macleod, it is said, must, as a proof of his manhood, drink it off full of claret, without laying it down. From *Rorie More* many of the branches of the family are descended; in particular, the Talisker branch; so that his name is much talked of. We also saw his bow, which hardly any man now can bend, and his *glaymore*, which was wielded with both hands, and is of a prodigious size. We saw here some old pieces of iron armour, immensely heavy. The broad-sword

[1] [It seems as if Boswell and Lady Macleod had expected that Johnson would have excepted women from the general lot of mankind.—ED.]

now used, though called the *glaymore*[1] (*i. e.* the *great sword*), is much smaller than that used in *Rorie More*'s time. There is hardly a target now to be found in the Highlands. After the disarming act, they made them serve as covers to their butter-milk barrels; a kind of change, like beating spears into pruning-hooks. Tour to Hebrid.

Sir George Mackenzie's Works (the folio edition) happened to lie in a window in the dining-room. I asked Dr. Johnson to look at the *Characteres Advocatorum*. He allowed him power of mind, and that he understood very well what he tells; but said, that there was too much declamation, and that the Latin was not correct. He found fault with *appropinquabant*, in the character of Gilmour. I tried him with the opposition between *gloria* and *palma*, in the comparison between Gilmour and Nisbet, which Lord Hailes, in his "Catalogue of the Lords of Session," thinks difficult to be understood. The words are, "*penes illum gloria, penes hunc palma.*" In a short Account of the Kirk of Scotland, which I published some years ago, I applied these words to the two contending parties, and explained them thus: "The popular party has most eloquence; Dr. Robertson's party most influence." I was very desirous to hear Dr. Johnson's explication. JOHNSON. "I see no difficulty. Gilmour was admired for his parts; Nisbet carried his cause by his skill in law. *Palma* is victory." I observed, that the character of Nicholson, in this book, resembled that of Burke: for it is said, in one place, "*in omnes lusos et jocos se sæpe resolvebat*[2];" and, in another, "*sed accipi-*

[1] [Commonly called *claymore*, but more properly *glaymore*, *quasi glaive-more*, the great sword. Every one knows that to this day a larger sword is, in French, called *glaive*, the old Celtic word.—ED.]

[2] He often indulged himself in every species of pleasantry and wit.—BOSWELL.

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tris more è conspectu aliquando astantium sublimi se protrahens volatu, in prædam miro impetu descendebat[1]." JOHNSON. "No, sir; I never heard Burke make a good joke in my life." BOSWELL. "But, sir, you will allow he is a hawk." Dr. Johnson, thinking that I meant this of his joking, said, "No, sir, he is not the hawk there. He is the beetle in the mire." I still adhered to my metaphor, "But he *soars* as the hawk." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; but he catches nothing." Macleod asked, what is the particular excellence of Burke's eloquence? JOHNSON. "Copiousness and fertility of allusion; a power of diversifying his matter, by placing it in various relations. Burke has great information, and great command of language; though, in my opinion, it has not in every respect the highest elegance." BOSWELL. "Do you think, sir, that Burke has read Cicero much?" JOHNSON. "I don't believe it, sir. Burke has great knowledge, great fluency of words, and great promptness of ideas, so that he can speak with great illustration on any subject that comes before him. He is neither like Cicero, nor like Demosthenes, nor like any one else, but speaks as well as he can."

In the sixty-fifth page of the first volume of Sir George Mackenzie, Dr. Johnson pointed out a paragraph beginning with Aristotle, and told me there was an error in the text, which he bade me try to discover. I was lucky enough to hit it at once. As the passage is printed, it is said that the devil answers *even* in *engines*. I corrected it to—*ever* in *ænigmas*. "Sir," said he, "you are a good critick. This would have been a great thing to do in the text of an ancient authour."

[1] But like the hawk, having soared with a lofty flight to a height which the eye could not reach, he was wont to swoop upon his quarry with wonderful rapidity.—BOSWELL.

Thursday, 16*th September*.—Last night much care was taken of Dr. Johnson, who was still distressed by his cold. He had hitherto most strangely slept without a nightcap. Miss Macleod made him a large flannel one, and he was prevailed with to drink a little brandy when he was going to bed. He has great virtue, in not drinking wine or any fermented liquor, because, as he acknowledged to us, he could not do it in moderation. Lady Macleod would hardly believe him, and said, "I am sure, sir, you would not carry it too far." JOHNSON. "Nay, madam, it carried me. I took the opportunity of a long illness to leave it off. It was then prescribed to me not to drink wine; and having broken off the habit, I have never returned to it." Tour to Hebrid.

In the argument on Tuesday night, about natural goodness, Dr. Johnson denied that any child was better than another, but by difference of instruction; though, in consequence of greater attention being paid to instruction by one child than another, and of a variety of imperceptible causes, such as instruction being counteracted by servants, a notion was conceived, that of two children, equally well educated, one was naturally much worse than another. He owned, this morning, that one might have a greater aptitude to learn than another, and that we inherit dispositions from our parents. "I inherited," said he, "a vile melancholy from my father, which has made me *mad* all my life, at least not sober." Lady Macleod wondered he should tell this. "Madam," said I, "he knows that with that madness[1] he is superior to other men."

I have often been astonished with what exactness

[1] [Mr. Boswell was, we see, the first to publish this fact, though he chose to blame others for alluding to it; see *ante*, v. i. p. 37. See also Miss Reynolds's *Recollections of Dr. Johnson*, in the appendix to the last vol.—ED.]

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and perspicuity he will explain the process of any art. He this morning explained to us all the operation of coining, and, at night, all the operation of brewing, so very clearly, that Mr. M'Queen said, when he heard the first, he thought he had been bred in the Mint; when he heard the second, that he had been bred a brewer.

I was elated by the thought of having been able to entice such a man to this remote part of the world. A ludicrous, yet just image presented itself to my mind, which I expressed to the company. I compared myself to a dog who has got hold of a large piece of meat, and runs away with it to a corner, where he may devour it in peace, without any fear of others taking it from him. "In London, Reynolds, Beauclerk, and all of them, are contending who shall enjoy Dr. Johnson's conversation. We are feasting upon it, undisturbed, at Dunvegan."

It was still a storm of wind and rain. Dr. Johnson however walked out with Macleod, and saw *Rorie More*'s cascade in full perfection. Colonel Macleod, instead of being all life and gaiety, as I have seen him, was at present grave, and somewhat depressed by his anxious concern about Macleod's affairs, and by finding some gentlemen of the clan by no means disposed to act a generous or affectionate part to their chief in his distress, but bargaining with him as with a stranger[1]. However, he was agreeable and polite, and Dr. Johnson said he was a very pleasing man. My fellow-traveller and I talked of going to Sweden; and, while we were settling our plan, I expressed a pleasure in the prospect of seeing the king. JOHNSON. "I doubt, sir, if he would speak to us." Colonel Macleod said, "I am sure Mr. Bos-

[1] [See an interesting account of these nogotiations in Macleod's *Memoirs*, Appendix.—ED.]

well would speak to *him*." But seeing me a little disconcerted by his remark, he politely added, "and with great propriety." Here let me offer a short defence of that propensity in my disposition, to which this gentleman alluded. It has procured me much happiness. I hope it does not deserve so hard a name as either forwardness or impudence. If I know myself, it is nothing more than an eagerness to share the society of men distinguished either by their rank or their talents, and a diligence to attain what I desire. If a man is praised for seeking knowledge, though mountains and seas are in his way, may he not be pardoned, whose ardour, in the pursuit of the same object, leads him to encounter difficulties as great, though of a different kind? Tour to Hebrid.

After the ladies were gone from table, we talked of the Highlanders not having sheets; and this led us to consider the advantage of wearing linen. JOHNSON. "All animal substances are less cleanly than vegetables. Wool, of which flannel is made, is an animal substance; flannel therefore is not so cleanly as linen. I remember I used to think tar dirty; but when I knew it to be only a preparation of the juice of the pine, I thought so no longer. It is not disagreeable to have the gum that oozes from a plum-tree upon your fingers, because it is vegetable; but if you have any candle-grease, any tallow upon your fingers, you are uneasy till you rub it off.—I have often thought that, if I kept a seraglio, the ladies should all wear linen gowns, or cotton—I mean stuffs made of vegetable substances. I would have no silk; you cannot tell when it is clean: it will be very nasty before it is perceived to be so. Linen detects its own dirtiness."

To hear the grave Dr. Samuel Johnson, "that majestick teacher of moral and religious wisdom,"

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while sitting solemn in an arm-chair in the Isle of Sky, talk, *ex cathedrâ*, of his keeping a seraglio, and acknowledge that the supposition had *often* been in his thoughts, struck me so forcibly with ludicrous contrast, that I could not but laugh immoderately. He was too proud to submit, even for a moment, to be the object of ridicule, and instantly retaliated with such keen sarcastick wit, and such a variety of degrading images, of every one of which I was the object, that, though I can bear such attacks as well as most men, I yet found myself so much the sport of all the company, that I would gladly expunge from my mind every trace of this severe retort.

Talking of our friend Langton's house in Lincolnshire, he said, "the old house of the family was burnt. A temporary building was erected in its room; and to this day they have been always adding as the family increased. It is like a shirt made for a man when he was a child, and enlarged always as he grows older."

We talked to-night of Luther's allowing the Landgrave of Hesse two wives, and that it was with the consent of the wife to whom he was first married. JOHNSON. "There was no harm in this, so far as she was only concerned, because *volenti non fit injuria*. But it was an offence against the general order of society, and against the law of the Gospel, by which one man and one woman are to be united. No man can have two wives, but by preventing somebody else from having one[1]."

Friday, 17th September.—After dinner yesterday, we had a conversation upon cunning. Macleod said that he was not afraid of cunning people; but

[1] [This is a false, and, if it had even more of truth in it, too narrow a ground on which to build this great doctrine—a doctrine which is the foundation of all human civilization, and of all individual happiness.—ED.]

would let them play their tricks about him like monkeys. "But (said I), they'll scratch;" and Mr. M'Queen added, "they'll invent new tricks, as soon as you find out what they do." JOHNSON. "Cunning has effect from the credulity of others, rather than from the abilities of those who are cunning. It requires no extraordinary talents to lie and deceive." This led us to consider whether it did not require great abilities to be very wicked. JOHNSON. "It requires great abilities to have the *power* of being very wicked; but not to *be* very wicked. A man who has the power, which great abilities procure him, may use it well or ill; and it requires more abilities to use it well, than to use it ill. Wickedness is always easier than virtue; for it takes the short cut to every thing. It is much easier to steal a hundred pounds, than to get it by labour, or any other way. Consider only what act of wickedness requires great abilities to commit it, when once the person who is to do it has the power; for *there* is the distinction. It requires great abilities to conquer an army, but none to massacre it after it is conquered." Tour to Hebrid.

The weather this day was rather better than any that we had since we came to Dunvegan. Mr. M'Queen had often mentioned a curious piece of antiquity near this, which he called a temple of the goddess Anaitis. Having often talked of going to see it, he and I set out after breakfast, attended by his servant, a fellow quite like a savage. I must observe here, that in Sky there seems to be much idleness; for men and boys follow you, as colts follow passengers upon a road. The usual figure of a Sky-boy is a lown with bare legs and feet, a dirty kilt, ragged coat and waistcoat, a bare head, and a stick in his hand, which, I suppose, is partly to help

Tour to Hebrid.

the lazy rogue to walk, partly to serve as a kind of a defensive weapon. We walked what is called two miles, but is probably four, from the castle, till we came to the sacred place. The country around is a black dreary moor on all sides, except to the sea-coast, towards which there is a view through a valley; and the farm of Bay shows some good land. The place itself is green ground, being well drained, by means of a deep glen on each side, in both of which there runs a rivulet with a good quantity of water, forming several cascades, which make a considerable appearance and sound. The first thing we came to was an earthen mound, or dyke, extending from the one precipice to the other. A little farther on was a strong stone wall, not high, but very thick, extending in the same manner. On the outside of it were the ruins of two houses, one on each side of the entry or gate to it. The wall is built all along of uncemented stones, but of so large a size as to make a very firm and durable rampart. It has been built all about the consecrated ground, except where the precipice is steep enough to form an enclosure of itself. The sacred spot contains more than two acres. There are within it the ruins of many houses, none of them large,—a cairn,—and many graves marked by clusters of stones. Mr. M'Queen insisted that the ruin of a small building, standing east and west, was actually the temple of the goddess Anaitis, where her statue was kept, and from whence processions were made to wash it in one of the brooks. There is, it must be owned, a hollow road visible for a good way from the entrance; but Mr. M'Queen, with the keen eye of an antiquary, traced it much farther than I could perceive it. There is not above a foot and a half in height of the walls now remaining; and the whole extent of the building was never, I imagine,

greater than an ordinary Highland house. Mr. M'Queen has collected a great deal of learning on the subject of the temple of Anaitis; and I had endeavoured, in my Journal, to state such particulars as might give some idea of it, and of the surrounding scenery; but from the great difficulty of describing visible objects, I found my account so unsatisfactory, that my readers would probably have exclaimed. Tour to Hebrid.

"And write about it, goddess, and about it[1];"

and therefore I have omitted it.

When we got home, and were again at table with Dr. Johnson, we first talked of portraits. He agreed in thinking them valuable in families. I wished to know which he preferred, fine portraits, or those of which the merit was resemblance. JOHNSON. "Sir, their chief excellence is being like." BOSWELL. "Are you of that opinion as to the portraits of ancestors, whom one has never seen?" JOHNSON. "It then becomes of more consequence that they should be like; and I would have them in the dress of the times, which makes a piece of history. One should like to see how *Rorie More* looked. Truth, sir, is of the greatest value in these things." Mr. M'Queen observed, that if you think it of no consequence whether portraits are like, if they are but well painted, you may be indifferent whether a piece of history is true or not, if well told.

Dr. Johnson said at breakfast to-day, "that it was but of late that historians bestowed pains and attention in consulting records, to attain to accuracy. Bacon, in writing his History of Henry VII., does not seem to have consulted any, but to have just taken what he found in other histories, and blended it with

[1] [*Dunciad*, b. 4. v. 252.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

what he learnt by tradition." He agreed with me that there should be a chronicle kept in every considerable family, to preserve the characters and transactions of successive generations.

After dinner I started the subject of the temple of Anaitis. Mr. M'Queen had laid stress on the name given to the place by the country people,—*Ainnit;* and added, "I knew not what to make of this piece of antiquity, till I met with the *Anaitidis delubrum* in Lydia, mentioned by Pausanias and more at-elder Pliny." Dr. Johnson, with his usual [illegible] together examined Mr. M'Queen as to the meaning of the word *Ainnit,* in Erse; and it proved to be a water-place, or a place near water, "which," said Mr. M'Queen, "agrees with all the descriptions of the temples of that goddess, which were situated near rivers, that there might be water to wash the statue." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, the argument from the name is gone. The name is exhausted by what we see. We have no occasion to go to a distance for what we can pick up under our feet. Had it been an accidental name, the similarity between it and *Anaitis* might have had something in it; but it turns out to be a mere physiological name." Macleod said, Mr. M'Queen's knowledge of etymology had destroyed his conjecture. JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; Mr. M'Queen is like the eagle mentioned by Waller, who was shot with an arrow feathered from his own wing." Mr. M'Queen would not, however, give up his conjecture. JOHNSON. "You have one possibility for you, and all possibilities against you. It is possible it may be the temple of Anaitis; but it is also possible that it may be a fortification; or it may be a place of Christian worship, as the first Christians often chose remote and wild places, to make an impression on the mind; or, if it was a heathen temple, it may have

been built near a river, for the purpose of lustration; and there is such a multitude of divinities, to whom it may have been dedicated, that the chance of its being a temple of Anaitis is hardly any thing. It is like throwing a grain of sand upon the sea-shore to-day, and thinking you may find it to-morrow. No, sir, this temple, like many an ill-built edifice, tumbles down before it is roofed in." In his triumph over the reverend antiquarian, he indulged himself in a conceit; [illegible]stige of the *altar* of the goddess being much said she, "is in support of the hypothesis, he said, "Mr. M'Queen is fighting *pro* aris *et focis*." Tour to Hebrid.

It was wonderful how well time passed in a remote castle, and in dreary weather. After supper, we talked of Pennant. It was objected that he was superficial. Dr. Johnson defended him warmly. He said, "Pennant has greater variety of inquiry than almost any man, and has told us more than perhaps one in ten thousand could have done, in the time that he took. He has not said what he was to tell; so you cannot find fault with him for what he has not told. If a man comes to look for fishes, you cannot blame him if he does not attend to fowls." "But," said Colonel Macleod, "he mentions the unreasonable rise of rents in the Highlands, and says 'the gentlemen are for emptying the bag without filling it,' for that is the phrase he uses. Why does he not tell how to fill it?" JOHNSON. "Sir, there is no end of negative criticism. He tells what he observes, and as much as he chooses. If he tells what is not true, you may find fault with him; but, though he tells that the land is not well cultivated, he is not obliged to tell how it may be well cultivated. If I tell that many of the Highlanders go bare-footed, I am not obliged to tell how they may get shoes.

Tour to Hebrid.

Pennant tells a fact. He need go no farther, except he pleases. He exhausts nothing; and no subject whatever has yet been exhausted. But Pennant has surely told a great deal. Here is a man six feet high, and you are angry because he is not seven." Notwithstanding this eloquent *Oratio pro Pennantio*, which they who have read this gentleman's Tours, and recollect the savage and the shopkeeper at Monboddo, will probably impute to the spirit of contradiction, I still think that he had better had given more attention to fewer things, than have thrown together such a number of imperfect accounts.

Saturday, 18*th September*.—Before breakfast, Dr. Johnson came up to my room, to forbid me to mention that this was his birthday; but I told him I had done it already; at which he was displeased—I suppose from wishing to have nothing particular done on his account. Lady Macleod and I got into a warm dispute. She wanted to build a house upon a farm which she has taken, about five miles from the castle, and to make gardens and other ornaments there; all of which I approved of; but insisted that the seat of the family should always be upon the rock of Dunvegan. JOHNSON. "Ay, in time we'll build all round this rock. You may make a very good house at the farm; but it must not be such as to tempt the Laird of Macleod to go thither to reside. Most of the great families of England have a secondary residence, which is called a jointure-house; let the new house be of that kind." The lady insisted that the rock was very inconvenient; that there was no place near it where a good garden could be made; that it must always be a rude place; that it was a *Herculean* labour to make a dinner here. I was vexed to find the alloy of modern refinement in a lady who had so

much old family spirit. "Madam," said I, "if once you quit this rock, there is no knowing where you may settle. You move five miles first; then to St. Andrews, as the late laird did; then to Edinburgh; and so on till you end at Hampstead, or in France. No, no; keep to the rock; it is the very jewel of the estate. It looks as if it had been let down from heaven by the four corners, to be the residence of a chief. Have all the comforts and conveniences of life upon it, but never leave *Rorie More*'s cascade." "But," said she, "is it not enough if we keep it? Must we never have more convenience than *Rorie More* had? he had his beef brought to dinner in one basket, and his bread in another. Why not as well be *Rorie More* all over, as live upon his rock? And should not we tire, in looking perpetually on this rock? It is very well for you, who have a fine place, and every thing easy, to talk thus, and think of chaining honest folks to a rock. You would not live upon it yourself." "Yes, madam," said I, "I would live upon it, were I Laird of Macleod, and should be unhappy if I were not upon it." JOHNSON (with a strong voice and most determined manner). "Madam, rather than quit the old rock, Boswell would live in the pit; he would make his bed in the dungeon." I felt a degree of elation, at finding my resolute feudal enthusiasm thus confirmed by such a sanction. The lady was puzzled a little. She still returned to her pretty farm—rich ground—fine garden. "Madam," said Dr. Johnson, "were they in Asia, I would not leave the rock[1]." My opinion on this subject is still the. Tour to Hebrid

[1] [Dunvegan well deserves the stand which was made by Dr. Johnson in its defence. Its greatest inconvenience was that of access. This had been originally obtained from the sea, by a subterranean staircase, partly arched, partly cut in the rock, which, winding up through the cliff, opened into the court of the castle. This passage, at all times very inconvenient, had been abandoned, and was ruinous. A very indifferent substitute had been made by a road, which,

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same. An ancient family residence ought to be a primary object; and though the situation of Dunvegan be such that little can be done here in gardening or pleasure ground, yet, in addition to the veneration acquired by the lapse of time, it has many circumstances of natural grandeur, suited to the seat of a Highland chief: it has the sea—islands—rocks—hills—a noble cascade; and when the family is again in opulence, something may be done by art [1].

Mr. Donald M'Queen went away to-day, in order to preach at Braccadale next day. We were so comfortably situated at Dunvegan, that Dr. Johnson could hardly be moved from it. I proposed to him that we should leave it on Monday. "No, sir," said he, "I will not go before Wednesday. I will have some more of this good." However, as the weather was at this season so bad, and so very uncertain, and we had a great deal to do yet, Mr. M'Queen and I prevailed with him to agree to set out on Monday, if the day should be good. Mr. M'Queen, though it was inconvenient for him to be absent from his harvest, engaged to wait on Monday at Ulinish for us. When he was going away, Dr. Johnson said, "I shall ever retain a great regard for you;" then asked him

rising from the harbour, reached the bottom of the moat, and then ascended to the gate by a very long stair. The present chief, whom I am happy to call my *friend*, has made a perfectly convenient and characteristic access, which gives a direct approach to the further side of the moat, in front of the castle gate, and surmounts the chasm by a drawbridge, which would have delighted *Rorie More* himself. I may add that neither Johnson nor Boswell were antiquaries, otherwise they must have remarked, amongst the *Cimelia* of Dunvegan, the fated or fairy banner, said to be given to the clan by a Banshee, and a curious drinking cup (probably), said to have belonged to the family when kings of the Isle of Man—certainly of most venerable antiquity.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[1] [Something has indeed been, partly in the way of accommodation and ornament, partly in improvements yet more estimable, under the direction of the present beneficent Lady of Macleod. She has completely acquired the language of her husband's clan, in order to qualify herself to be their effectual benefactress. She has erected schools, which she superintends herself, to introduce among them the benefits, knowledge, and comforts of more civilized society; and a young and beautiful woman has done more for the enlarged happiness of this primitive people than had been achieved for ages before.—WALTER SCOTT.]

if he had the "Rambler." Mr. M'Queen said, "No, but my brother has it." JOHNSON. "Have you the "Idler?" M'QUEEN. "No, sir." JOHNSON. "Then I will order one for you at Edinburgh, which you will keep in remembrance of me." Mr. M'Queen was much pleased with this. He expressed to me, in the strongest terms, his admiration of Dr. Johnson's wonderful knowledge, and every other quality for which he is distinguished. I asked Mr. M'Queen if he was satisfied with being a minister in Sky. He said he was; but he owned that his forefathers having been so long there, and his having been born there, made a chief ingredient in forming his contentment. I should have mentioned, that on our left hand, between Portree and Dr. Macleod's house, Mr. M'Queen told me there had been a college of the Knights Templars; that tradition said so; and that there was a ruin remaining of their church, which had been burnt: but I confess Dr. Johnson has weakened my belief in remote tradition. In the dispute about *Anaitis*, Mr. M'Queen said, Asia Minor was peopled by Scythians, and, as they were the ancestors of the Celts, the same religion might be in Asia Minor and Sky. JOHNSON. "Alas! sir, what can a nation that has not letters tell of its original? I have always difficulty to be patient when I hear authors gravely quoted, as giving accounts of savage nations, which accounts they had from the savages themselves. What can the M'Craas tell about themselves a thousand years ago[1]? There

[1] ["What can the M'Craas tell of themselves a thousand years ago?" More than the Doctor would suppose. I have a copy of their family history, written by Mr. John Mac Ra, minister of Dingwal, in Rosshire, in 1702. In this history, they are averred to have come over with those Fitzgeralds now holding the name of M'Kenzie, at the period of the battle of Largs, in 1263. I was indulged with a copy of the pedigree by the consent of the principal persons of the clan in 1826, and had the original in my possession for some time. It is modestly drawn up, and apparently with all the accuracy which can be expected when tradition must be necessarily much relied upon. The name was in Irish Mac Grath, softened in the Highlands into Mac Ra, Mac Corow, Mac

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is no tracing the connexion of ancient nations, but by language; and therefore I am always sorry when any language is lost, because languages are the pedigree of nations. If you find the same language in distant countries, you may be sure that the inhabitants of each have been the same people; that is to say, if you find the languages a good deal the same; for a word here and there being the same will not do. Thus Butler, in his 'Hudibras,' remembering that *penguin*, in the Straits of Magellan, signifies a bird with a white head, and that the same word has, in Wales, the signification of a white-headed wench[1] (*pen* head, and *guin* white), by way of ridicule, concludes that the people of those straits are Welsh."

A young gentleman of the name of M'Lean, nephew to the laird of the Isle of Muck, came this morning; and, just as we sat down to dinner, came the laird of the Isle of Muck himself, his lady, sister to *Talisker*, two other ladies, their relations, and a daughter of the late M'Leod of Hamer, who wrote a treatise on the second-sight, under the designation of "Theophilus Insulanus[2]." It was somewhat droll to hear this laird called by his title. *Muck* would have sounded ill; so he was called *Isle of Muck*, which went off with great readiness. The name, as now written, is unseemly, but is not so bad in the original Erse, which is *Mouach*, signifying the Sows' Island. Buchanan calls it *Insula Porcorum*. It is so called from its form. Some call it Isle of *Monk*. The laird insists that this is the proper name. It

Rae, &c.; and in the Lowlands, where the patronymic was often dropped, by the names of Crow, Craw, &c.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[1] [It is not very intelligible why the white-headed *wench* is mentioned: *any white head* would be called *penguin*.—ED.]

[2] [The work of "Theophilus Insulanus" was written in as credulous a style as either Dr. Johnson or his biographer could have desired.—WALTER SCOTT.]

was formerly church-land belonging to Icolmkill, and a hermit lived in it. It is two miles long, and about three quarters of a mile broad. The laird said, he had seven score of souls upon it. Last year he had eighty persons inoculated, mostly children, but some of them eighteen years of age. He agreed with the surgeon to come and do it, at half a crown a head. It is very fertile in corn, of which they export some; and its coasts abound in fish. A tailor comes there six times in a year. They get a good blacksmith from the Isle of Egg. Tour to Hebrid.

Sunday, 19*th September*.—It was rather worse weather than any that we had yet. At breakfast Dr. Johnson said, "Some cunning men choose fools for their wives, thinking to manage them; but they always fail. There is a spaniel fool and a mule fool. The spaniel fool may be made to do by beating. The mule fool will neither do by words nor blows; and the spaniel fool often turns mule at last: and suppose a fool to be made do pretty well, you must have the continual trouble of making her do. Depend upon it, no woman is the worse for sense and knowledge." Whether afterwards he meant merely to say a polite thing, or to give his opinion, I could not be sure; but he added, "Men know that women are an overmatch for them, and therefore they choose the weakest or most ignorant. If they did not think so, they never could be afraid of women knowing as much as themselves." In justice to the sex, I think it but candid to acknowledge, that, in a subsequent conversation, he told me that he was serious in what he had said.

He came to my room this morning before breakfast, to read my Journal, which he has done all along. He often before said, "I take great delight in reading it." To-day he said, "You improve: it grows

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better and better." I observed, there was a danger of my getting a habit of writing in a slovenly manner. "Sir," said he, "it is not written in a slovenly manner. It might be printed, were the subject fit for printing [1]." While Mr. Bethune preached to us in the dining-room, Dr. Johnson sat in his own room, where I saw lying before him a volume of Lord Bacon's works, "The Decay of Christian Piety," Monboddo's "Origin of Language," and Sterne's Sermons. He asked me to-day, how it happened that we were so little together: I told him, my Journal took up much time. Yet, on reflection, it appeared strange to me, that although I will run from one end of London to another, to pass an hour with him, I should omit to seize any spare time to be in his company, when I am settled in the same house with him. But my Journal is really a task of much time and labour, and he forbids me to contract it.

I omitted to mention, in its place, that Dr. Johnson told Mr. M'Queen that he had found the belief of the second-sight universal in Sky, except among the clergy, who seemed determined against it. I took the liberty to observe to Mr. M'Queen, that the clergy were actuated by a kind of vanity. "The world," say they, "takes us to be credulous men in a remote corner. We'll show them that we are more enlightened than they think." The worthy man said, that his disbelief of it was from his not finding sufficient evidence; but I could perceive that he was prejudiced [2] against it.

[1] As I have faithfully recorded so many minute particulars, I hope I shall be pardoned for inserting so flattering an encomium on what is now offered to the publick.—Boswell.

[2] [By the very use of this word, Mr. Boswell shows, that *he* was prejudiced in favour of the *second-sight*, either because it suited the credulous temper of his own mind, or because it looked like a national honour. The clergy were probably not *prejudiced* against it, otherwise than as, being the best educated and

After dinner to-day, we talked of the extraordinary fact of Lady Grange's being sent to St. Kilda, and confined there for several years, without any means of relief [1]. Dr. Johnson said, if Macleod would let it be known that he had such a place for naughty ladies, he might make it a very profitable island. We had, in the course of our tour, heard of St. Kilda poetry.

most intelligent persons in those regions, they saw the absurdity of the fables on which the superstition was supported.—See General Macleod's *Memoirs*, as to Johnson's willingness to believe in the second-sight.—ED.]

[1] The true story of this lady, which happened in this century, is as frightfully romantic as if it had been the fiction of a gloomy fancy. She was the wife of one of the lords of session in Scotland, a man of the very first blood of his country. For some mysterious reasons, which have never been discovered, she was seized and carried off in the dark, she knew not by whom, and by nightly journeys was conveyed to the Highland shores, from whence she was transported by sea to the remote rock of St. Kilda, where she remained, amongst its few wild inhabitants, a forlorn prisoner, but had a constant supply of provisions, and a woman to wait on her. No inquiry was made after her, till she at last found means to convey a letter to a confidential friend, by the daughter of a Catechist, who concealed it in a clue of yarn. Information being thus obtained at Edinburgh, a ship was sent to bring her off; but intelligence of this being received, she was conveyed to Macleod's island of Herries, where she died; [but was buried, as Macleod informs the Editor, at Dunvegan.]—BOSWELL. [The story of Lady Grange is well known. I have seen her Journal. She had become privy to some of the jacobite intrigues, in which her husband, Lord Grange (brother of the Earl of Mar, and a lord of session), and his family were engaged. Being on indifferent terms with her husband, she is said to have thrown out hints that she knew as much as would cost him his life. The judge probably thought with Mrs. Peachum, that it is rather an awkward state of domestic affairs when the wife has it in her power to hang the husband. Lady Grange was the more to be dreaded, as she came of a vindictive race, being the grandchild of that Chicsley of Dalry, who assassinated Sir George Lockhart, the lord president. Many persons of importance in the Highlands were concerned in removing her testimony. The notorious Lovat, with a party of his men, were the direct agents in carrying her off (see *ante*, vol. i. p. 155); and St. Kilda, belonging then to Macleod, was selected as the place of confinement. The name by which she was spoken or written of was *Corpach*, an ominous distinction, corresponding to what is called *subject* in the lecture-room of an anatomist, or *shot* in the slang of the Westport murderers.—WALTER SCOTT.]

In "Carstares's State Papers," we find an authentick narrative of Connor, a catholick priest, who turned protestant, being seized by some of Lord Seaforth's people, and detained prisoner in the island of Harris several years: he was fed with bread and water, and lodged in a house where he was exposed to the rains and cold. Sir James Ogilvy writes, June 18, 1667, "that the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Advocate, and himself, were to meet next day, to take effectual methods to have this redressed. Connor was then still detained."—P. 310. This shows what private oppression might in the last century be practised in the Hebrides. In the same collection, the Earl of Argyle gives a picturesque account of an embassy from *the great M'Neil of Barra*, as that insular chief used to be denominated. "I received a letter yesterday from M'Neil of Barra, who lives very far off, sent by a gentleman in all formality, offering his service, which had made you laugh to see his entry. The style of his letter runs as if he were of another kingdom."—P. 643.—BOSWELL. [It was said of M'Neil of Barra, that when he dined, his bagpipes blew a particular strain, intimating that all the world might go to dinner.—WALTER SCOTT.]

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Dr. Johnson observed, "it must be very poor, because they have very few images." BOSWELL. "There may be a poetical genius shown in combining these, and in making poetry of them." JOHNSON. "Sir, a man cannot make fire but in proportion as he has fuel. He cannot coin guineas but in proportion as he has gold." At tea he talked of his intending to go to Italy in 1775. Macleod said, he would like Paris better. JOHNSON. "No, sir; there are none of the French literati now alive, to visit whom I would cross a sea. I can find in Buffon's book all that he can say [1]."

After supper he said, "I am sorry that prize-fighting is gone out; every art should be preserved, and the art of defence is surely important. It is absurd that our soldiers should have swords, and not be taught the use of them. Prize-fighting [2] made people accustomed not to be alarmed at seeing their own blood, or feeling a little pain from a wound. I think the heavy *claymore* was an ill-contrived weapon. A man could only strike once with it. It employed both his hands, and he must of course be soon fatigued with wielding it; so that if his antagonist could only keep playing awhile, he was sure of him. I would fight with a dirk against *Rorie More*'s sword. I could ward off a blow with a dirk, and then run in upon my enemy. When within that heavy sword, I have him; he is quite helpless, and I could stab him at my leisure, like a calf. It is thought by sensible

[1] I doubt the justice of my fellow-traveller's remark concerning the French literati, many of whom, I am told, have considerable merit in conversation, as well as in their writings. That of Monsieur de Buffon, in particular, I am well assured is highly instructive and entertaining.—BOSWELL.

[2] [Mrs. Piozzi says "Mr. Johnson was very conversant in the art of attack and defence by boxing, which science he had learned from this uncle Andrew, I believe; and I have heard him descant upon the age when people were received, and when rejected, in the schools once held for that brutal amusement, much to the admiration of those who had no expectation of his skill in such matters, from the sight of a figure which precluded all possibility of personal prowess."—*Anecdotes*, p. 4.—ED.]

military men, that the English do not enough avail themselves of their superior strength of body against the French; for that must always have a great advantage in pushing with bayonets. I have heard an officer say, that if women could be made to stand, they would do as well as men in a mere interchange of bullets from a distance; but, if a body of men should come close up to them, then to be sure they must be overcome: now," said he, "in the same manner the weaker-bodied French must be overcome by our strong soldiers." Tour to Hebrid.

The subject of duelling was introduced. JOHNSON. "There is no case in England where one or other of the combatants *must* die: if you have overcome your adversary by disarming him, that is sufficient, though you should not kill him; your honour, or the honour of your family, is restored, as much as it can be by a duel. It is cowardly to force your antagonist to renew the combat, when you know that you have the advantage of him by superior skill. You might just as well go and cut his throat while he is asleep in his bed. When a duel begins, it is supposed there may be an equality; because it is not always skill that prevails. It depends much on presence of mind; nay on accidents. The wind may be in a man's face. He may fall[1]. Many such things may decide the superiority. A man is sufficiently punished by being called out, and subjected to the risk that is in a duel." But on my suggesting that the injured person is equally subjected to risk, he fairly owned he could not explain the rationality of duelling.

Monday, 20th September.—When I awaked, the storm was higher still. It abated about nine, and the sun shone; but it rained again very soon, and it

[1] [Johnson considers duels as only fought with *swords*, a practice now wholly superseded by the use of pistols, a weapon which, generally speaking, is more equal than the sword could be.—ED.]

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was not a day for travelling. At breakfast, Dr. Johnson told us, "there was once a pretty good tavern in Catharine-street in the Strand, where very good company met in an evening, and each man called for his own half-pint of wine, or gill, if he pleased; they were frugal men, and nobody paid but for what he himself drank. The house furnished no supper; but a woman attended with mutton-pies, which any body might purchase. I was introduced to this company by Cumming the Quaker[1], and used to go there sometimes when I drank wine. In the last age, when my mother lived in London, there were two sets of people, those who gave the wall, and those who took it; the peaceable and the quarrelsome. When I returned to Lichfield, after having been in London, my mother asked me, whether I was one of those who gave the wall, or those who took it. Now, it is fixed that every man keeps to the right; or, if one is taking the wall, another yields it, and it is never a dispute." He was very severe on a lady, whose name was mentioned. He said, he

[1] [Thomas Cumming was a bold and busy man, who mistook his vocation when he turned quaker (for he was not born in that sect). He planned and almost commanded a military expedition to the coast of Africa, in 1758, which ended in the capture of Senegal. It and its author make a considerable figure in Smollett's History of England, vol. ii. p. 278, where the anomaly of a *quaker*'s heading an army is attempted to be excused by the event of the enemy's having surrendered without fighting; and a protest that Cumming would not have engaged in it had he not been assured, that against an overpowering force the enemy could not have resisted. This reminds us of another story of Cumming. During the rebellion of 1745, he was asked, whether the time was not come when even he, as a quaker, ought to take arms for the civil and religious liberties of his country? "*No*," said Cumming, "but I will drive an ammunition waggon." Yet this bustling man was, it seems, morbidly sensitive. Mrs. Piozzi says he died heart-broken by a libel in a periodical paper. "Dr. Johnson once told me that Cummings, the famous quaker, whose friendship he valued very highly, fell a sacrifice to the insults of the newspapers, having declared on his death-bed to Dr. Johnson, that the pain of an anonymous letter, written in some of the common prints of the day, fastened on his heart, and threw him into the slow fever of which he died."—*Piozzi's Anecdotes*, p. 143. Mr. Chalmers is in possession of one of those libels, found, as he believes, in the Town and Country Magazine, in which, by a *wooden cut*, and under the name of *Tomacumingo*, his person and principles are certainly severely handled, but nothing to die of. The date, however, of this paper, which Mr. Chalmers believes to have been published in 1774, the year in which Cumming died, gives some countenance to Johnson's anecdote.—ED.]

would have sent her to St. Kilda. That she was as bad as negative badness could be, and stood in the way of what was good: that insipid beauty would not go a great way; and that such a woman might be cut out of a cabbage, if there was a skilful artificer. Tour to Hebrid.

Macleod was too late in coming to breakfast. Dr. Johnson said, laziness was worse than the toothache. BOSWELL. "I cannot agree with you, sir; a basin of cold water, or a horsewhip, will cure laziness." JOHNSON. "No, sir; it will only put off the fit; it will not cure the disease. I have been trying to cure my laziness all my life, and could not do it." BOSWELL. "But if a man does in a shorter time what might be the labour of a life, there is nothing to be said against him." JOHNSON (perceiving at once that I alluded to him and his Dictionary). "Suppose that flattery to be true, the consequence would be, that the world would have no right to censure a man; but that will not justify him to himself."

After breakfast, he said to me, "A Highland chief should now endeavour to do every thing to raise his rents, by means of the industry of his people. Formerly, it was right for him to have his house full of idle fellows; they were his defenders, his servants, his dependants, his friends. Now they may be better employed. The system of things is now so much altered, that the family cannot have influence but by riches, because it has no longer the power of ancient feudal times. An individual of a family may have it; but it cannot now belong to a family, unless you could have a perpetuity of men with the same views. Macleod has four times the land that the Duke of Bedford has. I think, with his spirit, he may in time make himself the greatest man in the king's

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dominions; for land may always be improved to a certain degree. I would never have any man sell land, to throw money into the funds, as is often done, or to try any other species of trade. Depend upon it, this rage of trade will destroy itself. You and I shall not see it; but the time will come when there will be an end of it. Trade is like gaming. If a whole company are gamesters, play must cease; for there is nothing to be won. When all nations are traders, there is nothing to be gained by trade, and it will stop first where it is brought to the greatest perfection. Then the proprietors of land only will be the great men." I observed, it was hard that Macleod should find ingratitude in so many of his people. JOHNSON. "Sir, gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among gross people." I doubt of this. Nature seems to have implanted gratitude in all living creatures. The lion, mentioned by Aulus Gellius, had it[1]. It appears to me that culture, which brings luxury and selfishness with it, has a tendency rather to weaken than promote this affection.

Dr. Johnson said this morning, when talking of our setting out, that he was in the state in which Lord Bacon represents kings. He desired the end, but did not like the means. He wished much to get home, but was unwilling to travel in Sky. "You are like kings too in this, sir," said I, "that you must act under the direction of others."

Tuesday, 21st September.—The uncertainty of our present situation having prevented me from receiving any letters from home for some time, I could not help being uneasy. Dr. Johnson had an advantage over me in this respect, he having no wife or child to occasion anxious apprehensions in his mind.

[1] Aul. Gellius, lib. v. c. xiv.—BOSWELL.

It was a good morning; so we resolved to set out. But, before quitting this castle, where we have been so well entertained, let me give a short description of it. Tour to Hebrid.

Along the edge of the rock, there are the remains of a wall, which is now covered with ivy. A square court is formed by buildings of different ages, particularly some towers, said to be of great antiquity; and at one place there is a row of false cannon[1] of stone. There is a very large unfinished pile, four stories high, which we were told was here when Leod, the first of this family, came from the Isle of Man, married the heiress of the M'Crails, the ancient possessors of Dunvegan, and afterwards acquired by conquest as much land as he had got by marriage. He surpassed the house of Austria; for he was *felix* both *bella gerere* et *nubere*[2]. John *Breck*[3] Macleod, the grandfather of the late laird, began to repair the castle, or rather to complete it: but he did not live to finish his undertaking. Not doubting, however, that he should do it, he, like those who have had their epitaphs written before they died, ordered the following inscription, composed by the minister of the parish, to be cut upon a broad stone above one of the lower windows, where it still remains to celebrate what was not done, and to serve as a memento of the uncertainty of life, and the presumption of man[4]:

[1] [Dunvegan Castle is mounted with real cannon; not unnecessarily, for its situation might expose it in war time to be plundered by privateers.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [This is an allusion to a celebrated epigram, quoted with so much effect by the late Mr. Whitbread, in a speech in the house of commons (9th March, 1810), in allusion to the marriage of the Archduchess Maria Louisa with Buonaparte.

"Bella gerant alii; tu, felix Austria, nube;
Quæ dat Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus."—ED.]

[3] [*Breck* means marked with the small-pox.—ED.]

[4] [It is now finished, though not on so lofty a scale as was originally designed. —ED.]

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"Joannes Macleod Beganoduni Dominus gentis suæ Philarchus [1], Durinesiæ Haraiæ Vaternesiæ, &c. Baro D. Floræ Macdonald matrimoniali vinculo conjugatus turrem hanc Beganodunensem proavorum habitaculum longe vetustissimum diu penitus labefectatam Anno æræ vulgaris MDCLXXXVI instauravit.

"Quem stabilire juvat proavorum tecta vetusta,
Omne scelus fugiat, justitiamque colat.
Vertit in aerias turres magalia virtus,
Inque casas humiles tecta superba nefas."

Macleod and *Talisker* accompanied us. We passed by the parish church of Durinish. The churchyard is not enclosed, but a pretty murmuring brook runs along one side of it. In it is a pyramid erected to the memory of Thomas Lord Lovat, by his son Lord Simon, who suffered on Tower-hill. It is of freestone, and, I suppose, about thirty feet high. There is an inscription on a piece of white marble inserted in it, which I suspect to have been the composition of Lord Lovat himself, being much in his pompous style.

I have preserved this inscription [2], though of no great value, thinking it characteristical of a man who

[1] [The minister seems to have been no contemptible Latinist. Is not *Philarchus* a very happy term to express the paternal and kindly authority of the head of a clan? Macleod's titles run in English, "*Lord of Dunvegan, Chief of his Clan, Baron of Durinish, Harris, Waterness*," &c.—ED.]

[2] "This pyramid was erected by Simon Lord Fraser, of Lovat, in honour of Lord Thomas his father, a peer of Scotland, and chief of the great and ancient clan of the Frasers. Being attacked for his birthright by the family of Atholl, then in power and favour with King William, yet, by the valour and fidelity of his clan, and the assistance of the Campbells, the old friends and allies of his family, he defended his birthright with such greatness and fermety of soul, and such valour and activity, that he was an honour to his name, and a good pattern to all brave chiefs of clans. He died in the month of May, 1699, in the sixty-third year of his age, in Dunvegan, the house of the Laird of Macleod, whose sister he had married: by whom he had the above Simon Lord Fraser, and several other children. And, for the great love he bore to the family of Macleod, he desired to be buried near his wife's relations, in the place where two of her uncles lay. And his son Lord Simon, to show to posterity his great affection for his mother's kindred, the brave Macleods, chooses rather to leave his father's bones with them, than carry them to his own burial-place, near Lovat."

has made some noise in the world. Dr. Johnson said, it was poor stuff, such as Lord Lovat's butler might have written. Tour to Hebrid.

I observed, in this churchyard, a parcel of people assembled at a funeral, before the grave was dug. The coffin, with the corpse in it, was placed on the ground, while the people alternately assisted in making a grave. One man, at a little distance, was busy cutting a long turf for it, with the crooked spade[1] which is used in Sky; a very awkward instrument. The iron part of it is like a plough-coulter. It has a rude tree for a handle, in which a wooden pin is placed for the foot to press upon. A traveller might, without further inquiry, have set this down as the mode of burying in Sky. I was told, however, that the usual way is to have a grave previously dug.

I observed to-day, that the common way of carrying home their grain here is in loads on horseback. They have also a few sleds, or *cars*, as we call them in Ayrshire, clumsily made, and rarely used.

We got to Ulinish about six o'clock, and found a very good farm-house, of two stories. Mr. Macleod of Ulinish, the sheriff-substitute of the island, was a plain honest gentleman, a good deal like an English justice of peace; not much given to talk, but sufficiently sagacious, and somewhat droll. His daughter, though she was never out of Sky, was a very well-bred woman. Our reverend friend, Mr. Donald M'Queen, kept his appointment, and met us here.

Talking of Phipps's voyage to the North Pole, Dr. Johnson observed, that it "was conjectured that our former navigators have kept too near land, and so have found the sea frozen far north, because the land hinders the free motion of the tide; but, in the wide

[1] [An instrument somewhat like this (if not the same) is still in general use in Ireland.—Ed.]

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ocean, where the waves tumble at their full convenience, it is imagined that the frost does not take effect."

Wednesday, 22d September.—In the morning I walked out, and saw a ship, the Margaret of Clyde, pass by with a number of emigrants on board. It was a melancholy sight. After breakfast, we went to see what was called a subterraneous house, about a mile off. It was upon the side of a rising ground. It was discovered by a fox's having taken up his abode in it, and in chasing him, they dug into it. It was very narrow and low, and seemed about forty feet in length. Near it, we found the foundations of several small huts, built of stone. Mr. M'Queen, who is always for making every thing as ancient as possible, boasted that it was the dwelling of some of the first inhabitants of the island, and observed, what a curiosity it was to find here a specimen of the houses of the *aborigines*, which he believed could be found nowhere else; and it was plain that they lived without fire. Dr. Johnson remarked, that they who made this were not in the rudest state; for that it was more difficult to make *it* than to build a house; therefore certainly those who made it were in possession of houses, and had this only as a hiding-place. It appeared to me, that the vestiges of houses just by it confirmed Dr. Johnson's opinion.

From an old tower, near this place, is an extensive view of Loch-Braccadale, and, at a distance, of the isles of Barra and South Uist; and, on the land-side, the Cuillin [1], a prodigious range of mountains, capped with rocky pinnacles in a strange variety of shapes. They resemble the mountains near Corté,

[1] [These picturesque mountains of Sky take their name from the ancient hero, *Cuchullin*. The name is pronounced Quillen. I wonder that Boswell nowhere mentions *Macleod's Maidens*—two or three immense stacks of rock, like the Needles at the Isle of Wight; and *Macleod's Dining-Tables*—hills which derive their name from their elevated, steep sides, and flat tops.—WALTER SCOTT.]

in Corsica, of which there is a very good print. They make part of a great range for deer, which, though entirely devoid of trees, is in these countries called a *forest.* Tour to Hebrid.

In the afternoon, *Ulinish* carried us in his boat to an island possessed by him, where we saw an immense cave, much more deserving the title of *antrum immane* than that of the Sibyl described by Virgil, which I likewise have visited. It is one hundred and eighty feet long, about thirty feet broad, and at least thirty feet high. This cave, we were told, had a remarkable echo; but we found none. They said it was owing to the great rains having made it damp. Such are the excuses by which the exaggeration of Highland narratives is palliated. There is a plentiful garden at Ulinish (a great rarity in Sky), and several trees; and near the house is a hill, which has an Erse name, signifying "the hill of strife," where, Mr. M'Queen informed us, justice was of old administered. It is like the *mons placiti* of Scone, or those hills which are called *laws*, such as Kelly *law*, North-Berwick *law*, and several others. It is singular that this spot should happen now to be the sheriff's residence.

We had a very cheerful evening, and Dr. Johnson talked a good deal on the subject of literature. Speaking of the noble family of Boyle, he said, that all the Lord Orrerys, till the present, had been writers. The first wrote several plays; the second[1] was Bentley's antagonist; the third wrote the Life of Swift, and several other things; his son Hamilton

[1] [Dr. Johnson is not quite accurate in his enumeration. The first Lord Orrery wrote, as he says, several plays. It was him that Horace Walpole called "a man who never made a bad figure but as an author." Roger, the second, and Lionel, the third earls, are not known as authors. Charles, the fourth, was the antagonist of Bentley, and wrote a comedy; John, the fifth earl, was the friend of Swift and Johnson.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. wrote some papers in the Adventurer and World. He told us he was well acquainted with Swift's Lord Orrery. He said he was a feeble-minded man; that, on the publication of Dr. Delany's Remarks on his book, he was so much alarmed that he was afraid to read them. Dr. Johnson comforted him, by telling him they were both in the right; that Delany had seen most of the good side of Swift,—Lord Orrery most of the bad. Macleod asked, if it was not wrong in Orrery to expose the defects of a man with whom he lived in intimacy. JOHNSON. "Why no, sir, after the man is dead; for then it is done historically." He added, "If Lord Orrery had been rich, he would have been a very liberal patron[1]. His conversation was like his writings, neat and elegant, but without strength. He grasped at more than his abilities could reach; tried to pass for a better talker, a better writer, and a better thinker than he was[2]. There was a quarrel between him and his father, in which his father was to blame; because it arose from the son's not allowing his wife to keep company with his father's mistress. The old lord showed his resentment in his will[3],—leaving his library from his son,

[1] [Mr. Tyers, in reference to his opinion that Johnson expected *pecuniary* assistance from Lord Chesterfield, contrasts *his* patronage with that of Lord Orrery, and seems to believe that Lord Orrery had done Johnson some kindness of this sort, but not as much as *he would have done if he were richer*.—ED.]

[2] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 387.—ED.]

[3] [The young lord was married on the 8th May, 1728, and the father's will is dated the 6th Nov. following. "Having," says the testator, "with great expense and trouble, made a large collection of useful books and of mathematical instruments, machines and optical glasses of value, which I would have carefully preserved for the benefit of posterity; and having never observed that my son hath showed much taste or inclination, either for the entertainment or knowledge which study and learning afford, I give and bequeath all my books and mathematical instruments (except my Journals of the House of Lords, and except those books and instruments which, at the time of my death, shall be in and belonging to my houses at Marston and Britwell) to Christchurch College, in Oxford, &c.: my said son, within two years next after my decease, taking thereout, and which I do hereby give him for his sole use and benefit, such books relating to the English constitution and parliamentary affairs, as he shall think fit to make choice of."

The quarrel, however, was probably made up, as Earl John is represented

and assigning, as his reason, that he could not make use of it." Tour to Hebrid

I mentioned the affectation of Orrery, in ending all his letters on the Life of Swift in studied varieties of phrase, and never in the common mode of "I am," &c. an observation which I remember to have been made several years ago by old Mr. Sheridan. This species of affectation in writing, as a foreign lady of distinguished talents once remarked to me, is almost peculiar to the English. I took up a volume of Dryden, containing the Conquest of Granada, and several other plays, of which all the dedications had such studied conclusions. Dr. Johnson said, such conclusions were more elegant, and, in addressing persons of high rank (as when Dryden dedicated to the Duke of York), they were likewise more respectful [1]. I agreed that *there* it was much better: it was making his escape from the royal presence with a genteel sudden timidity, in place of having the resolution to stand still, and make a formal bow.

Lord Orrery's unkind treatment of his son in his will led us to talk of the dispositions a man should have when dying. I said, I did not see why a man should act differently with respect to those of whom he thought ill when in health, merely because he was dying. JOHNSON. "I should not scruple to speak against a party, when dying; but should not do it against an individual. It is told of Sixtus Quintus, that on his deathbed, in the intervals of his last pangs, he signed death-warrants." Mr. M'Queen

as being excessively grieved by the death of his father, and he himself, in an affectionate copy of verses on that loss, says,

"I weep a *father*, but I 've lost a *friend*."

And Theobald published a poetical epistle of condolence to the young lord on that same occasion, in terms which would have been too glaringly ridiculous if he had been on notorious bad terms with his father.—ED.]

[1] [Johnson himself sometimes used this form without the excuse he mentions.—See letter to Mr. Langton, 17th April, 1777.—ED.]

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said, he should not do so; he would have more tenderness of heart. JOHNSON. "I believe I should not either; but Mr. M'Queen and I are cowards. It would not be from tenderness of heart; for the heart is as tender when a man is in health as when he is sick, though his resolution may be stronger. Sixtus Quintus was a sovereign as well as a priest; and, if the criminals deserved death, he was doing his duty to the last. You would not think a judge died ill, who should be carried off by an apoplectick fit while pronouncing sentence of death. Consider a class of men whose business it is to distribute death:—soldiers, who die scattering bullets. Nobody thinks they die ill on that account."

Talking of biography, he said, he did not think that the life of any literary man in England had been well written. Beside the common incidents of life, it should tell us his studies, his mode of living, the means by which he attained to excellence, and his opinion of his own works. He told us he had sent Derrick to Dryden's relations, to gather materials for his life; and he believed Derrick had got all that he himself should have got; but it was nothing. He added, he had a kindness for Derrick[1], and was sorry he was dead.

His notion as to the poems published by Mr. M'Pherson, as the works of Ossian, was not shaken here. Mr. M'Queen always evaded the point of authenticity, saying only that Mr. M'Pherson's pieces fell far short of those he knew in Erse, which were said to be Ossian's. JOHNSON. "I hope they do. I am not disputing that you may have poetry of great merit; but that M'Pherson's is not a translation from ancient poetry. You do not believe it. I say before you, you do not believe it, though you are

[1] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 394.—ED.]

very willing that the world should believe it." Mr. M'Queen made no answer to this. Dr. Johnson proceeded: "I look upon M'Pherson's Fingal to be as gross an imposition as ever the world was troubled with. Had it been really an ancient work, a true specimen how men thought at that time, it would have been a curiosity of the first rate. As a modern production, it is nothing." He said he could never get the meaning of an Erse song explained to him. They told him the chorus was generally unmeaning. "I take it (said he), Erse songs are like a song which I remember: it was composed in Queen Elizabeth's time, on the Earl of Essex; and the burthen was Tour to Hebrid.

'Radaratoo, radarate, radara tadara tandore.'"

"But surely (said Mr. M'Queen), there were words to it which had meaning." JOHNSON. "Why, yes, sir; I recollect a stanza, and you shall have it:

'O! then bespoke the prentices all,
Living in London, both proper and tall,
For Essex's sake they would fight all.
Radaratoo, radarate, radara, tadara, tandore.'[1]"

When Mr. M'Queen began again to expatiate on the beauty of Ossian's poetry, Dr. Johnson entered into no further controversy, but, with a pleasant smile, only cried, "Ay, ay; *Radaratoo radarate.*"

Thursday, 23d September.—I took *Fingal* down

[1] This droll quotation, I have since found, was from a song in honour of the Earl of Essex, called "*Queen Elizabeth's Champion*," which is preserved in a collection of Old Ballads, in three volumes, published in London in different years, between 1720 and 1730. The full verse is as follows:

"Oh! then bespoke the prentices all,
Living in London, both proper and tall,
In a kind letter sent straight to the queen,
For Essex's sake they would fight all.
Raderer too, tandaro te,
Raderer, tandorer, tan do re."—BOSWELL.

[The old ballad here mentioned also occurs in Mr. Evans's collection of historical ballads, published as a Supplement to Percy's Reliques, under the inspection, I believe, of William Julius Mickle, who inserted many modern imitations of the heroick ballads of his own composing.—WALTER SCOTT.]

Tour to Hebrid. to the parlour in the morning, and tried a test proposed by Mr. Roderick Macleod, son to *Ulinish*. Mr. M'Queen had said he had some of the poem in the original. I desired him to mention any passage in the printed book, of which he could repeat the original. He pointed out one in page 50 of the quarto edition, and read the Erse, while Mr. Roderick Macleod and I looked on the English; and Mr. Macleod said that it was pretty like what Mr. M'Queen had recited. But when Mr. M'Queen read a description of Cuchullin's sword in Erse, together with a translation of it in English verse, by Sir James Foulis, Mr. M'Leod said, that was much more like than Mr. M'Pherson's translation of the former passage. Mr. M'Queen then repeated in Erse a description of one of the horses in Cuchullin's car. Mr. M'Leod said, Mr. M'Pherson's English was nothing like it.

When Dr. Johnson came down, I told him that I had now obtained some evidence concerning Fingal; for that Mr. M'Queen had repeated a passage in the original Erse, which Mr. M'Pherson's translation was pretty like[1]; and reminded him that he himself had once said, he did not require Mr. M'Pherson's Ossian to be more like the original than Pope's Homer. JOHNSON. "Well, sir, this is just what I always maintained. He has found names, and stories, and phrases, nay passages in old songs, and with them has blended his own compositions, and so made what he gives to the world as the translation of an ancient poem[2]." If this was the case, I observed, it

[1] [Mr. Boswell seems to have reported but half the evidence to Dr. Johnson. He tells him of the passage which was *something like* M'Pherson's version; but he does not appear to have noticed the other, which was *nothing like* it.—ED.]

[2] [This account of Ossian's Poems, as published by M'Pherson, is that at which most sensible people have arrived, though there may be some difference between the plus and minus of the ancient ingredients employed by the translator.—WALTER SCOTT.]

was wrong to publish it as a poem in six books. JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; and to ascribe it to a time too when the Highlanders knew nothing of *books*, and nothing of *six*; or perhaps were got the length of counting six. We have been told, by Condamine, of a nation that could count no more than four. This should be told to Monboddo; it would help him. There is as much charity in helping a man down-hill, as in helping him up-hill." BOSWELL. "I don't think there is as much charity." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, if his *tendency* be downwards. Till he is at the bottom, he flounders; get him once there, and he is quiet. Swift tells, that Stella had a trick, which she learned from Addison, of encouraging a man in absurdity, instead of endeavouring to extricate him." Tour to Hebrid.

Mr. M'Queen's answers to the inquiries concerning Ossian were so unsatisfactory, that I could not help observing, that, were he examined in a court of justice, he would find himself under a necessity of being more explicit. JOHNSON. "Sir, he has told Blair a little too much, which is published; and he sticks to it. He is so much at the head of things here, that he has never been accustomed to be closely examined; and so he goes on quite smoothly." BOSWELL. "He has never had any body to work him." JOHNSON. "No, sir; and a man is seldom disposed to work himself, though he ought to work himself, to be sure." Mr. M'Queen made no reply[1].

Having talked of the strictness with which witnesses are examined in courts of justice, Dr. Johnson told us, that Garrick, though accustomed to face multitudes, when produced as a witness in West-

[1] I think it but justice to say, that I believe Dr. Johnson meant to ascribe Mr. M'Queen's conduct to inaccuracy and enthusiasm, and did not mean any severe imputation against him.—BOSWELL.

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minster-hall, was so disconcerted by a new mode of publick appearance, that he could not understand what was asked. It was a cause where an actor claimed a free benefit, that is to say, a benefit without paying the expense of the house; but the meaning of the term was disputed. Garrick was asked, "Sir, have you a free benefit?" "Yes." "Upon what terms have you it?" "Upon—the terms—of —a free benefit." He was dismissed as one from whom no information could be obtained. Dr. Johnson is often too hard on our friend Mr. Garrick. When I asked him, why he did not mention him in the Preface to his Shakspeare, he said, "Garrick has been liberally paid for any thing he has done for Shakspeare. If I should praise him, I should much more praise the nation who paid him. He has not made Shakspeare better known [1]; he cannot illustrate Shakspeare: so I have reasons enough against mentioning him, were reasons necessary. There should be reasons *for* it." I spoke of Mrs. Montagu's very high praises of Garrick. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is fit she should say so much, and I should say nothing. Reynolds is fond of her book, and I wonder at it; for neither I, nor Beauclerk, nor Mrs. Thrale, could get through it [2]."

[1] It has been triumphantly asked, "Had not the plays of Shakspeare lain dormant for many years before the appearance of Mr. Garrick? Did he not exhibit the most excellent of them frequently for thirty years together, and render them extremely popular by his own inimitable performance?" He undoubtedly did. But Dr. Johnson's assertion has been misunderstood. Knowing as well as the objectors what has been just stated, he must necessarily have meant, that "Mr. Garrick did not, as a critick, make Shakspeare better known; he did not illustrate any one passage in any of his plays by acuteness of disquisition, or sagacity of conjecture:" and what had been done with any degree of excellence in *that* way was the proper and immediate subject of his preface. I may add in support of this explanation the following anecdote, related to me by one of the ablest commentators on Shakspeare, who knew much of Dr. Johnson: "Now I have quitted the theatre," cries Garrick, "I will sit down and read Shakspeare." "'Tis time you should," exclaimed Johnson, "for I much doubt if you ever examined one of his plays from the first scene to the last."—BOSWELL.

[2] No man has less inclination to controversy than I have, particularly with a lady. But as I have claimed, and am conscious of being entitled to, credit, for

Last night Dr. Johnson gave us an account of the whole process of tanning, and of the nature of milk, Tour to Hebrid.

the strictest fidelity, my respect for the publick obliges me to take notice of an insinuation which tends to impeach it.

Mrs. Piozzi (late Mrs. Thrale), to her "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson," added the following postscript:

"Naples, 10th Feb. 1786.

"Since the foregoing went to press, having seen a passage from Mr. Boswell's 'Tour to the Hebrides,' in which it is said, that *I could not get through Mrs. Montagu's* 'Essay on Shakspeare,' I do not delay a moment to declare, that, on the contrary, I have always commended it myself, and heard it commended by every one else; and few things would give me more concern than to be thought incapable of tasting, or unwilling to testify my opinion of its excellence."

It is remarkable, that this postscript is so expressed, as not to point out the person who said that Mrs. Thrale could not get through Mrs. Montagu's book; and, therefore, I think it necessary to remind Mrs. Piozzi, that the assertion concerning her was Dr. Johnson's, and not mine. The second observation that I shall make on this postscript is, that it does not deny the fact asserted, though I must acknowledge, from the praise it bestows on Mrs. Montagu's book, it may have been designed to convey that meaning.

What Mrs. Thrale's opinion is, or was, or what she may or may not have said to Dr. Johnson concerning Mrs. Montagu's book, it is not necessary for me to inquire. It is only incumbent on me to ascertain what Dr. Johnson said to me. I shall therefore confine myself to a very short state of the fact.

The unfavourable opinion of Mrs. Montagu's book, which Dr. Johnson is here reported to have given, is known to have been that which he uniformly expressed, as many of his friends well remember. So much for the authenticity of the paragraph, as far as it relates to his own sentiments. The words containing the assertion, to which Mrs. Piozzi objects, are printed from my manuscript Journal, and were taken down at the time. The Journal was read by Dr. Johnson, who pointed out some inaccuracies, which I corrected, but did not mention any inaccuracy in the paragraph in question: and what is still more material, and very flattering to me, a considerable part of my Journal, containing this paragraph, *was read several years ago by Mrs. Thrale herself*, who had it for some time in her possession, and returned it to me, without intimating that Dr. Johnson had mistaken her sentiments.

When the first edition of my Journal was passing through the press, it occurred to me, that a peculiar delicacy was necessary to be observed in reporting the opinion of one literary lady concerning the performance of another; and I had such scruples on that head, that, in the proof-sheet, I struck out the name of Mrs. Thrale from the above paragraph, and two or three hundred copies of my book were actually printed and published without it; of these Sir Joshua Reynolds's copy happened to be one. But while the sheet was working off, a friend, for whose opinion I have great respect, suggested that I had no right to deprive Mrs. Thrale of the high honour which Dr. Johnson had done her, by stating her opinion along with that of Mr. Beauclerk, as coinciding with, and, as it were, sanctioning his own. The observation appeared to me so weighty and conclusive, that I hastened to the printing-house, and, as a piece of justice, restored Mrs. Thrale to that place from which a too scrupulous delicacy had excluded her.

On this simple state of facts I shall make no observation whatever.—Boswell. [The fact of Mrs. Piozzi's having read his Journal, as we know she did, and made no objection, completely justifies Mr. Boswell, and throws some doubt over her own veracity. Yet it is *possible* that this lively lady may not have read every line of the manuscript, or, thinking it a mere private memorandum never likely to be published, may not have thought it worth while to contradict such an *obiter dictum* of Dr. Johnson's. Mrs. Montagu's Essay is

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and the various operations upon it, as making whey, &c. His variety of information is surprising[1]; and it gives one much satisfaction to find such a man bestowing his attention on the useful arts of life. *Ulinish* was much struck with his knowledge; and said, "He is a great orator, sir; it is musick to hear this man speak." A strange thought struck me, to try if he knew any thing of an art, or whatever it should be called, which is no doubt very useful in life, but which lies far out of the way of a philosopher and poet; I mean the trade of a butcher. I enticed him into the subject, by connecting it with the various researches into the manners and customs of uncivilized nations, that have been made by our late navigators into the South Seas. I began with observing, that Mr. (now Sir Joseph) Banks tells us, that the art of slaughtering animals was not known in Otaheite, for, instead of bleeding to death their dogs (a common food with them), they strangle them. This he told me himself; and I supposed that their hogs were killed in the same way. Dr. Johnson said, "This must be owing to their not having knives, though they have sharp stones with which they can cut a carcass in pieces tolerably." By degrees, he showed that he knew something even of butchery. "Different animals," said he, "are killed differently. An ox is knocked down, and a calf stunned; but a sheep has its throat cut, without any thing being done to stupify it. The butchers have no view to the ease of the animals, but only to make them quiet, for their own safety and convenience.

lively, and not long, and it would have been very strange if Mrs. Piozzi had *not* been able to read it through. Let it be recollected, that Johnson, who talked in this depreciating way *of* Mrs. Montagu, talked and wrote *to* her in a style of almost fulsome adulation. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 339, and vol. ii. p. 90 *n.* See also Miss Reynolds's *Recollections of Dr. Johnson.*—ED.]

[1] [We have already seen (vol. i. p. 7), that he had an early opportunity of learning the details of the art of tanning.—ED.]

A sheep can give them little trouble. Hales is of opinion that every animal should be blooded, without having any blow given to it, because it bleeds better." BOSWELL. "That would be cruel." JOHNSON. "No, sir; there is not much pain, if the jugular vein be properly cut." Pursuing the subject, he said, the kennels of Southwark ran with blood two or three days in the week; that he was afraid there were slaughter-houses in more streets in London than one supposes (speaking with a kind of horrour of butchering); and yet, he added, "any of us would kill a cow, rather than not have beef." I said we *could* not. "Yes," said he, "any one may. The business of a butcher is a trade indeed, that is to say, there is an apprenticeship served to it; but it may be learnt in a month." Tour to Hebrid.

I mentioned a club in London, at the Boar's-head in Eastcheap, the very tavern where Falstaff and his joyous companions met; the members of which all assume Shakspeare's characters. One is Falstaff, another Prince Henry, another Bardolph, and so on. JOHNSON. "Don't be of it, sir. Now that you have a name, you must be careful to avoid many things, not bad in themselves, but which will lessen your character[1]. This every man who has a name must observe. A man who is not publickly known may live in London as he pleases, without any notice being taken of him; but it is wonderful how a person of any consequence is watched. There was a member of parliament[2], who wanted to prepare himself to

[1] I do not see why I might not have been of this club without lessening my character. But Dr. Johnson's caution against supposing one's self concealed in London may be very useful to prevent some people from doing many things, not only foolish, but criminal.—BOSWELL.

[2] [The Editor suspects that Johnson's friend, Mr. William Fitzherbert, (see *ante*, vol. i. pp. 51. 353, and *post*, 15th Sept. 1777) was here meant. He sat in parliament from 1761 to his death, in 1772. In 1765 he was made a lord of Trade. No speech of his is preserved—a circumstance very natural, if Mrs. Cholmondeley alluded to an attempt of his.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

speak on a question that was to come on in the house; and he and I were to talk it over together. He did not wish it should be known that he talked with me; so he would not let me come to his house, but came to mine. Some time after he had made his speech in the house[1], Mrs. Cholmondeley, a very airy lady, told me, 'Well, you could make nothing of him!' naming the gentleman; which was a proof that he was watched. I had once some business[2] to do for government, and I went to Lord North's. Precaution was taken that it should not be known. It was dark before I went; yet a few days after I was told, 'Well, you have been with Lord North.' That the door of the prime minister should be watched is not strange; but that a member of parliament should be watched, or that my door should be watched, is wonderful."

We set out this morning on our way to Talisker, in *Ulinish*'s boat, having taken leave of him and his family. Mr. Donald M'Queen still favoured us with his company, for which we were much obliged to him. As we sailed along, Dr. Johnson got into one of his fits of railing at the Scots. He owned that they had been a very learned nation for a hundred years, from about 1550 to about 1650; but that they afforded the only instance of a people among whom the arts of civil life did not advance in proportion with learning; that they had hardly any trade, any money, or any elegance, before the Union; that it was strange that, with all the advantages possessed by other nations, they had not any of those conveniencies and embellishments which are the fruit of industry, till they came in contact with a civilized people. "We

[1] [Mrs. Cholmondeley was a younger sister of the celebrated Margaret Woffington. She married the Hon. and Rev. George Cholmondeley.—ED.]

[2] [No doubt about one of his political pamphlets; probably that respecting the Falkland Islands.—ED.]

have taught you," said he, "and we'll do the same in time to all barbarous nations, to the Cherokees, and at last to the Ouran-Outangs," laughing with as much glee as if Monboddo had been present. BOSWELL. "We had wine before the Union." JOHNSON. "No, sir; you had some weak stuff, the refuse of France, which would not make you drunk." BOSWELL. "I assure you, sir, there was a great deal of drunkenness." JOHNSON. "No, sir; there were people who died of dropsies, which they contracted in trying to get drunk." Tour to Hebrid.

I must here glean some of his conversation at Ulinish, which I have omitted. He repeated his remark, that a man in a ship was worse than a man in a jail. "The man in a jail," said he, "has more room, better food, and commonly better company, and is in safety." "Ay; but," said Mr. M'Queen, "the man in the ship has the pleasing hope of getting to shore." JOHNSON. "Sir, I am not talking of a man's getting to shore, but of a man while he is in a ship; and then, I say, he is worse than a man while he is in a jail. A man in a jail *may* have the '*pleasing hope*' of getting out. A man confined for only a limited time actually *has* it[1]." Macleod mentioned his schemes for carrying on fisheries with spirit, and that he would wish to understand the construction of boats. I suggested that he might go to a dock-yard and work, as Peter the Great did. JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, he need not work. Peter the Great had not the sense to see that the mere mechanical work may be done by any body, and that there is the same art in constructing a vessel, whether the boards are well or ill wrought. Sir Christopher Wren might as well have served his time to a bricklayer, and first, indeed, to a brickmaker."

[1] [See more on this subject, *post*, 16th March, 1776.—ED.]

There is a beautiful little island in the Loch of Dunvegan, called Isa. Macleod said, he would give it to Dr. Johnson, on condition of his residing on it three months in the year; nay one month. Dr. Johnson was highly amused with the fancy. I have seen him please himself with little things, even with mere ideas like the present. He talked a great deal of this island; how he would build a house there—how he would fortify it—how he would have cannon—how he would plant—how he would sally out, and *take* the Isle of Muck[1]; and then he laughed with uncommon glee, and could hardly leave off. I have seen him do so at a small matter that struck him, and was a sport to no one else[2]. Mr. Langton told me, that one night he did so while the company were all grave about him;—only Garrick, in his significant smart manner, darting his eyes around, exclaimed, "*Very* jocose, to be sure!" Macleod encouraged the fancy of Dr. Johnson's becoming owner of an island; told him, that it was the practice in this country to name every man by his lands; and begged leave to drink to him in that mode: "*Island Isa*, your health!" *Ulinish*, *Talisker*, Mr. M'Queen, and I, all joined in our different manners, while Dr. Johnson bowed to each, with much good humour.

We had good weather, and a fine sail this day. The shore was varied with hills, and rocks, and corn fields, and bushes, which are here dignified with the name of natural *wood*. We landed near the house of Ferneley, a farm possessed by another gentleman of the name of Macleod, who, expecting our arrival, was waiting on the shore, with a horse for Dr. John-

[1] [See *ante*, p. 246.—Ed.]

[2] [When Buonaparte first surveyed his new sovereignty of Elba, he talked jocularly of *taking* the little island of Pianosa. So natural to mankind seems to be the desire of conquest, that it was the first thought of the speculative moralist, as well as of the dethroned usurper.—Ed.]

son. The rest of us walked. At dinner, I expressed to Macleod the joy which I had in seeing him on such cordial terms with his clan. "Government," said he, "has deprived us of our ancient power; but it cannot deprive us of our domestick satisfactions. I would rather drink punch in one of their houses (meaning the houses of his people), than be enabled, by their hardships, to have claret in my own." This should be the sentiment of every chieftain. All that he can get by raising his rents is mere luxury in his own house. Is it not better to share the profits of his estate, to a certain degree, with his kinsmen, and thus have both social intercourse and patriarchal influence? Tour to Hebrid.

We had a very good ride, for about three miles, to Talisker, where Colonel Macleod introduced us to his lady. We found here Mr. Donald M'Lean, the young Laird of Col (nephew to *Talisker*), to whom I delivered the letter with which I had been favoured by his uncle, Professor Macleod, at Aberdeen. He was a little lively young man. We found he had been a good deal in England, studying farming, and was resolved to improve the value of his father's lands, without oppressing his tenants, or losing the ancient Highland fashions.

Talisker is a better place than one commonly finds in Sky. It is situated in a rich bottom. Before it is a wide expanse of sea, on each hand of which are immense rocks; and, at some distance in the sea, there are three columnal rocks rising to sharp points. The billows break with prodigious force and noise on the coast of Talisker. There are here a good many well-grown trees. Talisker is an extensive farm. The possessor of it has, for several generations, been the next heir to *Macleod*, as there has been but one son always in that family. The court before the

Tour to Hebrid.

house is most injudiciously paved with the round bluish-gray pebbles which are found upon the sea-shore; so that you walk as if upon cannon-balls driven into the ground.

After supper, I talked of the assiduity of the Scottish clergy, in visiting and privately instructing their parishioners, and observed how much in this they excelled the English clergy. Dr. Johnson would not let this pass. He tried to turn it off, by saying, "There are different ways of instructing. Our clergy pray and preach." Macleod and I pressed the subject, upon which he grew warm, and broke forth: "I do not believe your people are better instructed. If they are, it is the blind leading the blind; for your clergy are not instructed themselves." Thinking he had gone a little too far, he checked himself, and added, "When I talk of the ignorance of your clergy, I talk of them as a body: I do not mean that there are not individuals who are learned (looking at Mr. M'Queen). I suppose there are such among the clergy in Muscovy. The clergy of England have produced the most valuable books in support of religion, both in theory and practice. What have your clergy done, since you sunk into presbyterianism? Can you name one book of any value, on a religious subject, written by them?" We were silent. "I 'll help you. Forbes wrote very well; but I believe he wrote before episcopacy was quite extinguished." And then pausing a little, he said, "Yes, you have Wishart AGAINST Repentance[1]." Bos-

[1] This was a dexterous mode of description, for the purpose of his argument; for what he alluded to was, a sermon published by the learned Dr. William Wishart, formerly principal of the college at Edinburgh, to warn men *against* confiding in a *deathbed* repentance, of the inefficacy of which he entertained notions *very different from those of Dr. Johnson.*—BOSWELL. [Mr. Boswell seems here to have been betrayed by the personal or national offence which he took at Dr. Johnson's depreciation of the Scottish clergy, into making an uncharitable and, as it would seem, unfounded charge on his great friend's religious tenets. It does not—that the Editor is aware of—appear that Johnson ever expressed

WELL. "But, sir, we are not contending for the superior learning of our clergy, but for their superior assiduity." He bore us down again, with thundering against their ignorance, and said to me, "I see you have not been well taught; for you have not charity." He had been in some measure forced into this warmth, by the exulting air which I assumed; for, when he began, he said, "Since you *will* drive the nail!" He again thought of good Mr. M'Queen, and, taking him by the hand, said, "Sir, I did not mean any disrespect to you." Tour to Hebrid.

Here I must observe, that he conquered by deserting his ground, and not meeting the argument as I had put it. The assiduity of the Scottish clergy is certainly greater than that of the English. His taking up the topick of their not having so much learning, was, though ingenious, yet a fallacy in logick. It was as if there should be a dispute whether a man's hair is well dressed, and Dr. Johnson should say, "Sir, his hair cannot be well dressed; for he has a dirty shirt. No man who has not clean linen has his hair well dressed." When some days afterwards he read this passage, he said, "No, sir; I did not say that a man's hair could not be well dressed because he has not clean linen, but because he is bald."

He used one argument against the Scottish clergy being learned, which I doubt was not good. "As we believe a man dead till we know that he is alive; so we believe men ignorant till we know that they are learned." Now our maxim in law is, to presume a man alive, till we know he is dead. However,

any confidence in a *deathbed repentance;* on the contrary, his whole life was a practical contradiction of his entertaining any such belief. His *Prayers and Meditations* refute such an imputation in every page; and, in his conversations, Boswell himself records, in *numberless* instances, an *absolutely opposite* opinion. —ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

indeed, it may be answered, that we must first know he has lived; and that we have never known the learning of the Scottish clergy. Mr. M'Queen, though he was of opinion that Dr. Johnson had deserted the point really in dispute, was much pleased with what he said, and owned to me, he thought it very just; and Mrs. Macleod was so much captivated by his eloquence, that she told me, "I was a good advocate for a bad cause."

Friday, 24th September.—This was a good day. Dr. Johnson told us, at breakfast, that he rode harder at a fox chase than any body[1]. "The English," said he, "are the only nation who ride hard a-hunting. A Frenchman goes out upon a managed horse, and capers in the field, and no more thinks of leaping a hedge[2] than of mounting a breach. Lord Powerscourt[3] laid a wager, in France, that he would ride a great many miles in a certain short time. The French academicians set to work, and calculated that, from the resistance of the air, it was impossible. His lordship, however, performed it."

Our money being nearly exhausted, we sent a bill for thirty pounds, drawn on Sir William Forbes and Co., to Lochbraccadale, but our messenger found it very difficult to procure cash for it; at length, however, he got us value from the master of a vessel which was to carry away some emigrants. There is a great scarcity of specie in Sky[4]. Mr. M'Queen said he had the utmost difficulty to pay his servants'

[1] [This seems, again, to support the idea that Johnson, at one period of his life, *hunted habitually*.—See *ante*, vol. i. p. 512.—Ed.]

[2] [Because, in the greater part of France, there are no hedges; nor do they hunt, in the sense—in which we use that word—of *running down* the animal.—Ed.]

[3] [Probably Richard Wingfield, third viscount of the last creation, born in 1730, succeeded his brother in 1764, and died in 1788.—Ed.]

[4] [This scarcity of cash still exists on the islands, in several of which five-shilling notes are necessarily issued to have some circulating medium. If you insist on having change, you must purchase something at a shop.—Walter Scott.]

wages, or to pay for any little thing which he has to buy. The rents are paid in bills, which the drovers give. The people consume a vast deal of snuff and tobacco, for which they must pay ready money; and pedlars, who come about selling goods, as there is not a shop in the island, carry away the cash. If there were encouragement given to fisheries and manufactures, there might be a circulation of money introduced. I got one-and-twenty shillings in silver at Portree, which was thought a wonderful store. Tour to Hebrid.

Talisker, Mr. M'Queen, and I, walked out, and looked at no less than fifteen different waterfalls near the house, in the space of about a quarter of a mile. We also saw Cuchillin's well, said to have been the favourite spring of that ancient hero. I drank of it. The water is admirable. On the shore are many stones full of crystallizations in the heart.

Though our obliging friend, Mr. M'Lean, was but the young laird, he had the title of *Col* constantly given him. After dinner he and I walked to the top of Prieshwell, a very high rocky hill, from whence there is a view of Barra—the Long Island [1]—Bernera—the Loch of Dunvegan—part of Rum—part of Rasay, and a vast deal of the Isle of Sky. *Col*, though he had come into Sky with an intention to be at Dunvegan, and pass a considerable time in the island, most politely resolved first to conduct us to Mull, and then to return to Sky. This was a very fortunate circumstance; for he planned an expedition for us of more variety than merely going to Mull. He proposed we should see the islands of Egg, Muck, Col, and Tyr-yi. In all these islands he could show us every thing worth seeing; and in Mull he said he should be as if at home, his father having lands there, and he at a farm.

[1] [A series of islands; the two Uists, Benbecula, and some others, are called by the general name of *Long Island*.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid.

Dr. Johnson did not talk much to-day, but seemed intent in listening to the schemes of future excursion, planned by *Col.* Dr. Birch, however, being mentioned, he said, he had more anecdotes than any man. I said, Percy had a great many; that he flowed with them like one of the brooks here. JOHNSON. "If Percy is like one of the brooks here, Birch was like the river Thames. Birch excelled Percy in that, as much as Percy excels Goldsmith." I mentioned Lord Hailes as a man of anecdote. He was not pleased with him, for publishing only such memorials and letters as were unfavourable for the Stuart family. "If," said he, "a man fairly warns you, 'I am to give all the ill—do you find the good,' he may; but if the object which he professes be to give a view of a reign, let him tell all the truth. I would tell truth of the two Georges, or of that scoundrel, King William. Granger's "Biographical History" is full of curious anecdote, but might have been better done. The dog is a whig. I do not like much to see a whig in any dress; but I hate to see a whig in a parson's gown."

Saturday, 25th September.—It was resolved that we should set out, in order to return to Slate, to be in readiness to take boat whenever there should be a fair wind. Dr. Johnson remained in his chamber writing a letter, and it was long before we could get him into motion. He did not come to breakfast, but had it sent to him. When he had finished his letter, it was twelve o'clock, and we should have set out at ten. When I went up to him, he said to me, "Do you remember a song which begins[1],

[1] [The song *begins*

"Welcome, welcome, brother debtor,
To this poor but merry place."

The stanza quoted by Johnson is the sixth. See *Ritson's Songs*, v. ii. p. 105. —ED.]

'Every island is a prison
Strongly guarded by the sea;
Kings and princes, for that reason,
Prisoners are, as well as we?'"

I suppose he had been thinking of our confined situation. He would fain have got in a boat from hence, instead of riding back to Slate. A scheme for it was proposed. He said, "We'll not be driven tamely from it:" but it proved impracticable.

We took leave of Macleod and *Talisker*, from whom we parted with regret. *Talisker*, having been bred to physick, had a tincture of scholarship in his conversation, which pleased Dr. Johnson, and he had some very good books; and being a colonel in the Dutch service, he and his lady, in consequence of having lived abroad, had introduced the ease and politeness of the continent into this rude region.

Young *Col* was now our leader. Mr. M'Queen was to accompany us half a day more. We stopped at a little hut, where we saw an old woman grinding with the *quern*, the ancient Highland instrument, which it is said was used by the Romans; but which, being very slow in its operation, is almost entirely gone into disuse.

The walls of the cottages in Sky, instead of being one compacted mass of stones, are often formed by two exterior surfaces of stone, filled up with earth in the middle, which makes them very warm. The roof is generally bad. They are thatched, sometimes with straw, sometimes with heath, sometimes with fern. The thatch is secured by ropes of straw, or of heath; and, to fix the ropes, there is a stone tied to the end of each. These stones hang round the bottom of the roof, and make it look like a lady's hair in papers; but I should think that, when there is wind, they would come down, and knock people on the head.

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We dined at the inn at Sconser, where I had the pleasure to find a letter from my wife. Here we parted from our learned companion, Mr. Donald M'Queen. Dr. Johnson took leave of him very affectionately, saying, "Dear sir, do not forget me!" We settled, that he should write an account of the Isle of Sky, which Dr. Johnson promised to revise. He said, Mr. M'Queen should tell all that he could; distinguishing what he himself knew, what was traditional, and what conjectural.

We sent our horses round a point of land, that we might shun some very bad road; and resolved to go forward by sea. It was seven o'clock when we got into our boat. We had many showers, and it soon grew pretty dark. Dr. Johnson sat silent and patient. Once he said, as he looked on the black coast of Sky,—black, as being composed of rocks seen in the dusk,—"This is very solemn." Our boatmen were rude singers, and seemed so like wild Indians, that a very little imagination was necessary to give one an impression of being upon an American river. We landed at Strolimus, from whence we got a guide to walk before us, for two miles, to Corrichatachin. Not being able to procure a horse for our baggage, I took one portmanteau before me, and Joseph another. We had but a single star to light us on our way. It was about eleven when we arrived. We were most hospitably received by the master and mistress, who were just going to bed, but, with unaffected ready kindness, made a good fire, and at twelve o'clock at night had supper on the table.

James Macdonald, of Knockow, *Kingsburgh*'s brother, whom we had seen at Kingsburgh, was there. He showed me a bond granted by the late Sir James Macdonald, to old *Kingsburgh*, the preamble of which does so much honour to the feelings of that

much-lamented gentleman, that I thought it worth transcribing. It was as follows: Tour to Hebrid.

"I, Sir James Macdonald, of Macdonald, baronet, now, after arriving at my perfect age, from the friendship I bear to Alexander Macdonald, of Kingsburgh, and in return for the long and faithful services done and performed by him to my deceased father, and to myself during my minority, when he was one of my tutors and curators; being resolved, now that the said Alexander Macdonald is advanced in years, to contribute my endeavours for making his old age placid and comfortable,"—therefore he grants him an annuity of fifty pounds sterling[1].

Dr. Johnson went to bed soon. When one bowl of punch was finished, I rose, and was near the door, in my way up stairs to bed; but *Corrichatachin* said it was the first time *Col* had been in his house, and he should have his bowl;—and would not I join in drinking it? The heartiness of my honest landlord, and the desire of doing social honour to our very obliging conductor, induced me to sit down again. *Col*'s bowl was finished; and by that time we were well warmed. A third bowl was soon made, and that too was finished. We were cordial, and merry to a high degree; but of what passed I have no recollection, with any accuracy. I remember calling *Corrichatachin* by the familiar appellation of *Corri*, which his friends do. A fourth bowl was made, by which time *Col*, and young M'Kinnon, *Corrichatachin*'s son, slipped away to bed. I continued a little with *Corri* and *Knockow*; but at last I left them. It was near five in the morning when I got to bed.

Sunday, 26th September.—I awaked at noon, with

[1] [The *preamble* is well enough, but one is inclined to say, "O lame and impotent conclusion!" It surely was a paltry sum for such an occasion, and between such parties.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid. a severe headache. I was much vexed that I should have been guilty of such a riot, and afraid of a reproof from Dr. Johnson. I thought it very inconsistent with that conduct which I ought to maintain, while the companion of the *Rambler*. About one he came into my room, and accosted me, "What, drunk yet?" His tone of voice was not that of severe upbraiding; so I was relieved a little. "Sir (said I), they kept me up." He answered, "No, you kept them up, you drunken dog." This he said with good-humoured English pleasantry. Soon afterwards, *Corrichatachin*, *Col*, and other friends, assembled round my bed. *Corri* had a brandy-bottle and glass with him, and insisted I should take a dram. "Ay (said Dr. Johnson), fill him drunk again. Do it in the morning, that we may laugh at him all day. It is a poor thing for a fellow to get drunk at night, and sculk to bed, and let his friends have no sport." Finding him thus jocular, I became quite easy; and when I offered to get up, he very good-naturedly said, "You need be in no such hurry now[1]." I took my host's advice, and drank some brandy, which I found an effectual cure for my headache. When I rose, I went into Dr. Johnson's room, and taking up Mrs. M'Kinnon's Prayer-book, I opened it at the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, in the epistle for which I read, "And be not drunk with wine, wherein

[1] My ingenuously relating this occasional instance of intemperance has I find been made the subject both of serious criticism and ludicrous banter. With the banterers I shall not trouble myself, but I wonder that those who pretend to the appellation of serious criticks should not have had sagacity enough to perceive that here, as in every other part of the present work, my principal object was to delineate Dr. Johnson's manners and character. In justice to him I would not omit an anecdote, which, though in some degree to my own disadvantage, exhibits in so strong a light the indulgence and good humour with which he could treat those excesses in his friends, of which he highly disapproved.

In some other instances, the criticks have been equally wrong as to the true motive of my recording particulars, the objections to which I saw as clearly as they. But it would be an endless task for an authour to point out upon every occasion the precise object he has in view. Contenting himself with the approbation of readers of discernment and taste, he ought not to complain that some are found who cannot or will not understand him.—BOSWELL.

there is excess." Some would have taken this as a divine interposition. Tour to Hebrid.

Mrs. M'Kinnon told us at dinner, that old *Kingsburgh*, her father, was examined at Mugstot, by General Campbell [1], as to the particulars of the dress of the person who had come to his house in woman's clothes, along with Miss Flora M'Donald; as the general had received intelligence of that disguise. The particulars were taken down in writing, that it might be seen how far they agreed with the dress of the *Irish girl* who went with Miss Flora from the Long Island. *Kingsburgh*, she said, had but one song, which he always sung when he was merry over a glass. She dictated the words to me, which are foolish enough:

"Green sleeves and pudding pies,
Tell me where my mistress lies,
And I 'll be with her before she rise,
Fiddle and aw' together.

"May our affairs abroad succeed,
And may our king come home with speed,
And all pretenders shake for dread,
And let *his* health go round.

"To all our injured friends in need,
This side and beyond the Tweed!—
Let all pretenders shake for dread,
And let *his* health go round.
Green sleeves [2]," &c.

While the examination was going on, the present *Talisker*, who was there as one of Macleod's militia [3], could not resist the pleasantry of asking *Kingsburgh*, in allusion to his only song, "Had she *green sleeves?*" *Kingsburgh* gave him no answer. Lady Margaret

[1] [General Campbell, it seems, was accompanied by Captain Fergussone, of the *Furnace*, part of whose share in this examination we have already seen, *ante*, p. 418.—Ed.]

[2] ["*Green sleeves*," however, is a song, a great deal older than the Revolution. "His disposition and words no more adhere and keep pace together, than the hundredth psalm and the tune of *Green sleeves*," says *Mrs. Ford*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.—Ed.]

[3] [Macleod and Macdonald, after some hesitation, which the jacobites called treachery, took part with the Hanoverian monarch, and arrayed their clans on that side. *Talisker*, who commanded a body of Macleod's people, seems to have been the person who actually arrested Flora Macdonald. (*Ascanius.*) But he probably did so, to prevent her falling into ruder hands.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid.

M'Donald[1] was very angry at *Talisker* for joking on such a serious occasion, as *Kingsburgh* was really in danger of his life. Mrs. M'Kinnon added, that Lady Margaret was quite adored in Sky. That when she travelled through the island, the people ran in crowds before her, and took the stones off the road, lest her horse should stumble and she be hurt[2]. Her husband, Sir Alexander, is also remembered with great regard. We were told that every week a hogshead of claret was drunk at his table.

This was another day of wind and rain; but good cheer and good society helped to beguile the time. I felt myself comfortable enough in the afternoon. I then thought that my last night's riot was no more than such a social excess as may happen without much moral blame; and recollected that some physicians maintained, that a fever produced by it was, upon the whole, good for health: so different are our reflections on the same subject, at different periods; and such the excuses with which we palliate what we know to be wrong.

Monday, 27th September.—Mr. Donald Macleod, our original guide, who had parted from us at Dunvegan, joined us again to-day. The weather was still so bad that we could not travel. I found a closet here, with a good many books, beside those that were lying about. Dr. Johnson told me, he found a library in his room at Talisker; and observed, that it was one of the remarkable things of Sky, that there were so many books in it.

Though we had here great abundance of provisions, it is remarkable that *Corrichatachin* has literally no garden: not even a turnip, a carrot, or a cabbage. After dinner, we talked of the crooked spade used in

[1] [Lady Margaret was the daughter of the ninth Earl of Eglintoun, and died in March, 1799.—Ed.]

[2] [Johnson made a compliment on this subject to Lady M. Macdonald, when he afterwards met her, at dinner, in London. See 8th April, 1779.—Ed.]

Sky, already described, and they maintained that it was better than the usual garden-spade, and that there was an art in tossing it, by which those who were accustomed to it could work very easily with it. "Nay," said Dr. Johnson, "it may be useful in land where there are many stones to raise; but it certainly is not a good instrument for digging good land. A man may toss it, to be sure; but he will toss a light spade much better: its weight makes it an incumbrance. A man *may* dig any land with it; but he has no occasion for such a weight in digging good land. You may take a field-piece to shoot sparrows; but all the sparrows you can bring home will not be worth the charge." He was quite social and easy amongst them; and, though he drank no fermented liquor, toasted Highland beauties with great readiness. His conviviality engaged them so much, that they seemed eager to show their attention to him, and vied with each other in crying out, with a strong Celtick pronunciation, "Toctor Shonson, Toctor Shonson, your health!" Tour to Hebrid.

This evening one of our married ladies, a lively, pretty little woman, good-humouredly sat down upon Dr. Johnson's knee, and, being encouraged by some of the company, put her hands round his neck, and kissed him. "Do it again," said he, "and let us see who will tire first." He kept her on his knee some time, while he and she drank tea. He was now like a *buck* indeed. All the company were much entertained to find him so easy and pleasant. To me it was highly comick, to see the grave philosopher—the Rambler—toying with a Highland beauty! But what could he do? He must have been surly, and weak too, had he not behaved as he did. He would have been laughed at, and not more respected, though less loved.

Tour to Hebrid.

He read to-night to himself, as he sat in company, a great deal of my Journal, and said to me, "The more I read of this, I think the more highly of you[1]." The gentlemen sat a long time at their punch, after he and I had retired to our chambers. The manner in which they were attended struck me as singular. The bell being broken, a smart lad lay on a table in the corner of the room, ready to spring up and bring the kettle, whenever it was wanted. They continued drinking, and singing Erse songs, till near five in the morning, when they all came into my room, where some of them had beds. Unluckily for me, they found a bottle of punch in a corner, which they drank; and *Corrichatachin* went for another, which they also drank. They made many apologies for disturbing me. I told them, that, having been kept awake by their mirth, I had once thoughts of getting up and joining them again. Honest *Corrichatachin* said, "To have had you done so, I would have given a cow."

Tuesday, 28th September.—The weather was worse than yesterday. I felt as if imprisoned. Dr. Johnson said, it was irksome to be detained thus: yet he seemed to have less uneasiness, or more patience, than I had. What made our situation worse here was, that we had no rooms that we could command; for the good people had no notion that a man could have any occasion but for a mere sleeping-place; so, during the day, the bed-chambers were common to all the house. Servants eat in Dr. Johnson's, and mine was a kind of general rendezvous of all under the roof, children and dogs not excepted. As the gentlemen occupied the parlour, the ladies had no place to sit in, during the day, but Dr. Johnson's room. I had always some quiet time for writing in it, before he was up; and, by degrees, I accustomed

[1] [Of *you!*—Ed.]

the ladies to let me sit in it after breakfast, at my Journal, without minding me. Tour to Hebrid.

Dr. Johnson was this morning for going to see as many islands as we could, not recollecting the uncertainty of the season, which might detain us in one place for many weeks. He said to me, "I have more the spirit of adventure than you." For my part, I was anxious to get to Mull, from whence we might almost any day reach the main land.

Dr. Johnson mentioned, that the few ancient Irish gentlemen yet remaining have the highest pride of family; that Mr. Sandford, a friend of his, whose mother was Irish, told him, that O'Hara (who was true Irish, both by father and mother) and he, and Mr. Ponsonby, son to the Earl of Besborough, the greatest man of the three, but of an English family, went to see one of those ancient Irish, and that he distinguished them thus: "O'Hara, you are welcome! Mr. Sandford, your mother's son is welcome! Mr. Ponsonby, you may sit down!"

He talked both of threshing and thatching. He said it was very difficult to determine how to agree with a thresher. "If you pay him by the day's wages, he will thresh no more than he pleases: though, to be sure, the negligence of a thresher is more easily detected than that of most labourers, because he must always make a sound while he works. If you pay him by the piece, by the quantity of grain which he produces, he will thresh only while the grain comes freely, and, though he leaves a good deal in the ear, it is not worth while to thresh the straw over again; nor can you fix him to do it sufficiently, because it is so difficult to prove how much less a man threshes than he ought to do. Here then is a dilemma: but, for my part, I would engage him by the day; I would rather trust his

Tour to Hebrid. idleness than his fraud." He said, a roof thatched with Lincolnshire reeds would last seventy years, as he was informed when in that county; and that he told this in London to a great thatcher, who said, he believed it might be true. Such are the pains that Dr. Johnson takes to get the best information on every subject.

He proceeded: "It is difficult for a farmer in England to find day-labourers, because the lowest manufacturers can always get more than a day-labourer. It is of no consequence how high the wages of manufacturers are; but it would be of very bad consequence to raise the wages of those who procure the immediate necessaries of life, for that would raise the price of provisions. Here then is a problem for politicians. It is not reasonable that the most useful body of men should be the worst paid; yet it does not appear how it can be ordered otherwise. It were to be wished, that a mode for its being otherwise were found out. In the mean time, it is better to give temporary assistance by charitable contributions to poor labourers, at times when provisions are high, than to raise their wages, because, if wages are once raised, they will never get down again."

Happily the weather cleared up between one and two o'clock, and we got ready to depart; but our kind host and hostess would not let us go without taking a *snatch*, as they called it; which was in truth a very good dinner. While the punch went round, Dr. Johnson kept a close whispering conference with Mrs. M'Kinnon, which, however, was loud enough to let us hear that the subject of it was the particulars of Prince Charles's escape[1]. The company were en-

[1] [It must be remembered that Mrs. M'Kinnon was old *Kingsburgh*'s daughter, and was in the house when the Pretender was there in woman's clothes. *Ascanius* relates an anecdote of her being alarmed (she was then very young) with the masculine manners and bold strides of the "*muckle woman*" in the hall. Mrs. M'Kinnon was the maternal grandmother of my friend Major-General Macdonald, now Deputy-Adjutant-General.—ED.]

tertained and pleased to observe it. Upon that subject, there was something congenial between the soul of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and that of an Isle of Sky farmer's wife. It is curious to see people, how far soever removed from each other in the general system of their lives, come close together on a particular point which is common to each. We were merry with *Corrichatachin*, on Dr. Johnson's whispering with his wife. She, perceiving this, humorously cried, "I am in love with him. What is it to live and not to love?" Upon her saying something, which I did not hear, or cannot recollect, he seized her hand eagerly, and kissed it. Tour to Hebrid.

As we were going, the Scottish phrase of "*honest man!*" which is an expression of kindness and regard, was again and again applied by the company to Dr. Johnson. I was also treated with much civility; and I must take some merit from my assiduous attention to him, and from my contriving that he shall be easy wherever he goes, that he shall not be asked twice to eat or drink any thing (which always disgusts him), that he shall be provided with water at his meals, and many such little things, which, if not attended to, would fret him. I also may be allowed to claim some merit in leading the conversation: I do not mean leading, as in an orchestra, by playing the first fiddle; but leading as one does in examining a witness—starting topics, and making him pursue them. He appears to me like a great mill, into which a subject is thrown to be ground. It requires, indeed, fertile minds to furnish materials for this mill. I regret whenever I see it unemployed; but sometimes I feel myself quite barren, and having nothing to throw in. I know not if this mill be a good figure; though Pope makes his mind a mill for turning verses.

We set out about four. Young *Corrichatachin*

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went with us. We had a fine evening, and arrived in good time at Ostig, the residence of Mr. Martin M'Pherson, minister of Slate. It is a pretty good house, built by his father, upon a farm near the church. We were received here with much kindness by Mr. and Mrs. M'Pherson, and his sister, Miss M'Pherson, who pleased Dr. Johnson much by singing Erse songs, and playing on the guitar. He afterwards sent her a present of his "Rasselas." In his bed-chamber was a press stored with books, Greek, Latin, French, and English, most of which had belonged to the father of our host, the learned Dr. M'Pherson; who, though his "Dissertations" have been mentioned in a former page as unsatisfactory, was a man of distinguished talents. Dr. Johnson looked at a Latin paraphrase of the song of Moses, written by him, and published in the "Scots Magazine" for 1747, and said, "It does him honour; he has a great deal of Latin, and good Latin." Dr. M'Pherson published also in the same Magazine, June, 1739, an original Latin ode, which he wrote from the Isle of Barra, where he was minister for some years. It is very poetical, and exhibits a striking proof how much all things depend upon comparison: for Barra, it seems, appeared to him so much worse than Sky, his *natale solum*, that he languished for its "blessed mountains," and thought himself buried alive amongst barbarians where he was. My readers will probably not be displeased to have a specimen of this ode:

"Hei mihi! quantos patior dolores,
Dum procul specto juga ter beata,
Dum feræ Barræ steriles arenas
Solus oberro.

"Ingemo, indignor, crucior, quod inter
Barbaros Thulen lateam colentes;
Torpeo languens, morior sepultus
Carcere cœco."

After wishing for wings to fly over to his dear country, which was in his view, from what he calls Thule, as being the most western isle of Scotland, except St. Kilda; after describing the pleasures of society, and the miseries of solitude, he at last, with becoming propriety, has recourse to the only sure relief of thinking men,—*Sursum corda*,—the hope of a better world, and disposes his mind to resignation: Tour to Hebrid.

"Interim, fiat tua, rex, voluntas:
Erigor sursum quoties subit spes
Certa migrandi Solymam supernam
Numinis aulam."

He concludes in a noble strain of orthodox piety:

"Vita tum demum vocitanda vita est.
Tum licet gratos socios habere,
Seraphim et sanctos TRIADEM verendam
Concelebrantes."

[From Ostig he addressed the following letter to Macleod:

"DR. JOHNSON TO MACLEOD[1].

"Ostig, 28th Sept. 1773.

"DEAR SIR,—We are now on the margin of the sea, waiting for a boat and a wind. Boswell grows impatient; but the kind treatment which I find wherever I go, makes me leave, with some heaviness of heart, an island which I am not very likely to see again. Having now gone as far as horses can carry us, we thankfully return them. My steed will, I hope, be received with kindness;—he has borne me, heavy as I am, over ground both rough and steep, with great fidelity; and for the use of him, as for your other favours, I hope you will believe me thankful, and willing, at whatever distance we may be placed, to show my sense of your kindness, by any offices of friendship that may fall within my power.

"Lady Macleod and the young ladies have, by their hospitality and politeness, made an impression on my mind, which will not easily be effaced. Be pleased to tell them, that I re-

[1] [For this letter the editor is indebted to the present Macleod.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. member them with great tenderness, and great respect.—I am, sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"P.S.—We passed two days at Talisker very happily, both by the pleasantness of the place and elegance of our reception."]

Wednesday, 29th September.—After a very good sleep, I rose more refreshed than I had been for some nights. We were now at but a little distance from the shore, and saw the sea from our windows, which made our voyage seem nearer. Mr. M'Pherson's manners and address pleased us much. He appeared to be a man of such intelligence and taste as to be sensible of the extraordinary powers of his illustrious guest. He said to me, "Dr. Johnson is an honour to mankind, and, if the expression may be used, is an honour to religion."

Col, who had gone yesterday to pay a visit at Camuscross, joined us this morning at breakfast. Some other gentlemen also came to enjoy the entertainment of Dr. Johnson's conversation. The day was windy and rainy, so that we had just seized a happy interval for our journey last night. We had good entertainment here, better accommodation than at Corrichatachin, and time enough to ourselves. The hours slipped along imperceptibly. We talked of Shenstone. Dr. Johnson said, he was a good layer-out of land, but would not allow him to approach excellence as a poet. He said, he believed he had tried to read all his "Love Pastorals," but did not get through them. I repeated the stanza,

"She gazed as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return."

He said, "That seems to be pretty." I observed that Shenstone, from his short maxims in prose, appeared to have some power of thinking; but Dr. Johnson

would not allow him that merit. He agreed, however, with Shenstone, that it was wrong in the brother of one of his correspondents to burn his letters; "for," said he, "Shenstone was a man whose correspondence was an honour." He was this afternoon full of critical severity, and dealt about his censures on all sides. He said, Hammond's "Love Elegies" were poor things. He spoke contemptuously of our lively and elegant, though too licentious lyrick bard, Hanbury Williams, and said, "he had no fame, but from boys who drank with him." Tour to Hebrid.

While he was in this mood, I was unfortunate enough, simply perhaps, but I could not help thinking, undeservedly, to come within "the whiff and wind of his fell sword." I asked him, if he had ever been accustomed to wear a night-cap. He said "No." I asked, if it was best not to wear one. JOHNSON. "Sir, I had this custom by chance, and perhaps no man shall ever know whether it is best to sleep with or without a night-cap." Soon afterwards he was laughing at some deficiency in the Highlands, and said, "One might as well go without shoes and stockings." Thinking to have a little hit at his own deficiency, I ventured to add, "or without a night-cap, sir." But I had better have been silent, for he retorted directly, "I do not see the connexion there (laughing). Nobody before was ever foolish enough to ask whether it was best to wear a night-cap or not. This comes of being a little wrong-headed." He carried the company along with him: and yet the truth is, that if he had always worn a night-cap, as is the common practice, and found the Highlanders did not wear one, he would have wondered at their barbarity; so that my hit was fair enough.

Thursday, 30th September.—There was as great a storm of wind and rain as I have almost ever seen,

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which necessarily confined us to the house; but we were fully compensated by Dr. Johnson's conversation. He said, he did not grudge Burke's being the first man in the house of commons, for he was the first man every where; but he grudged that a fellow who makes no figure in company, and has a mind as narrow as the neck of a vinegar cruet, should make a figure in the house of commons, merely by having the knowledge of a few forms, and being furnished with a little occasional information[1]. He told us, the first time he saw Dr. Young was at the house of Mr. Richardson, the author of "Clarissa." He was sent for, that the doctor might read to him his "Conjectures on Original Composition," which he did, and Dr. Johnson made his remarks; and he was surprised to find Young receive as novelties, what he thought very common maxims. He said, he believed Young was not a great scholar, nor had studied regularly the art of writing; that there were very fine things in his "Night Thoughts," though you could not find twenty lines together without some extravagance. He repeated two passages from his "Love of Fame,"—the characters of Brunetta and Stella, which he praised highly. He said Young pressed him much to come to Wellwyn. He always intended it, but never went. He was sorry when Young died. The cause of quarrel between Young and his son, he told us, was, that his son insisted Young should turn away a clergyman's widow, who lived with him, and who, having acquired great influence over the father, was saucy to the son. Dr. Johnson said, she could not conceal her resentment at him, for saying to Young, that "an old man should not resign himself to the management of any body." I asked him

[1] He did not mention the name of any particular person; but those who are conversant with the political world will probably recollect more persons than one to whom this observation may be applied.—BOSWELL.

if there was any improper connexion between them. "No, sir, no more than between two statues. He was past fourscore, and she a very coarse woman. She read to him, and, I suppose, made his coffee, and frothed his chocolate, and did such things as an old man wishes to have done for him." Tour to Hebrid.

Dr. Doddridge[1] being mentioned, he observed that "he was author of one of the finest epigrams in the English language. It is in Orton's Life of him. The subject is his family motto, *Dum vivimus, vivamus*, which, in its primary signification, is, to be sure, not very suitable to a Christian divine; but he paraphrased it thus:

'Live while you live, the *epicure* would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live, while you live, the sacred *preacher* cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in *pleasure*, when I live to *thee*.'"

I asked if it was not strange that government should permit so many infidel writings to pass without censure. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is mighty foolish. It is for want of knowing their own power. The present family on the throne came to the crown against the will of nine-tenths of the people. Whether those nine-tenths were right or wrong, it is not our business now to inquire. But such being the situation of the royal family, they were glad to encourage all who would be their friends. Now you know every bad man is a whig; every man who has loose notions. The church was all against this family. They were, as I say, glad to encourage any friends; and, therefore, since their accession, there is no instance of any man being kept back on account of his bad principles; and hence this inundation of

[1] [Dr. Phillip Doddridge, an eminent dissenting divine, born in 1702, died at Lisbon (whither he had gone for the recovery of his health) in 1751. Some of his letters have been recently published, with no great advantage to his fame.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. impiety." I observed that Mr. Hume, some of whose writings were very unfavourable to religion, was, however, a tory. JOHNSON. "Sir, Hume is a tory by chance, as being a Scotchman; but not upon a principle of duty, for he has no principle. If he is any thing, he is a Hobbist."

There was something not quite serene in his humour to-night, after supper; for he spoke of hastening away to London, without stopping much at Edinburgh. I reminded him, that he had General Oughton, and many others, to see. JOHNSON. "Nay, I shall neither go in jest, nor stay in jest. I shall do what is fit." BOSWELL. "Ay, sir, but all I desire is, that you will let me tell you when it is fit." JOHNSON. "Sir, I shall not consult you." BOSWELL. "If you are to run away from us, as soon as you get loose, we will keep you confined in an island." He was, however, on the whole, very good company. Mr. Donald Macleod expressed very well the gradual impression made by Dr. Johnson on those who are so fortunate as to obtain his acquaintance. "When you see him first, you are struck with awful reverence; then you admire him; and then you love him cordially."

I read this evening some part of Voltaire's "History of the War in 1741," and of Lord Kames against "Hereditary Indefeasible Right." This is a very slight circumstance, with which I should not trouble my reader, but for the sake of observing, that every man should keep minutes of whatever he reads. Every circumstance of his studies should be recorded; what books he has consulted; how much of them he has read; at what times; how often the same authors; and what opinions he formed of them, at different periods of his life. Such an account would much illustrate the history of his mind.

Friday, 1st October.—I showed to Dr. Johnson verses in a magazine, on his Dictionary, composed of uncommon words taken from it; Tour to Hebrid.

"Little of *Anthropopathy* has he," &c.

He read a few of them, and said, "I am not answerable for all the words in my Dictionary." I told him, that Garrick kept a book of all who had either praised or abused him. On the subject of his own reputation, he said, "Now that I see it has been so current a topick, I wish I had done so too; but it could not well be done now, as so many things are scattered in newspapers." He said he was angry at a boy of Oxford[1], who wrote in his defence against Kenrick; because it was doing him hurt to answer Kenrick. He was told afterwards, the boy was to come to him to ask a favour. He first thought to treat him rudely, on account of his meddling in that business; but then he considered he had meant to do him all the service in his power, and he took another resolution: he told him he would do what he could for him, and did so; and the boy was satisfied. He said, he did not know how his pamphlet was done, as he had read very little of it. The boy made a good figure at Oxford, but died. He remarked, that attacks on authors did them much service. "A man who tells me my play is very bad, is less my enemy than he who lets it die in silence. A man, whose business it is to be talked of, is much helped by being attacked." Garrick, I observed, had been often so helped. JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; though Garrick had more opportunities than almost any man, to keep the publick in mind of him, by exhibiting himself to such numbers, he would not have had so much reputation, had he

[1] [Mr. Barclay.—See *ante*, v. i. 517. Johnson's desire to express his contempt of Kenrick is shown by his perseverance in representing this young gentleman as a *boy*; as if to say, it was too much honour for Kenrick that even a *boy* should answer him.—ED.]

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not been so much attacked. Every attack produces a defence; and so attention is engaged. There is no sport in mere praise, when people are all of a mind." BOSWELL. "Then Hume is not the worse for Beattie's attack?" JOHNSON. "He is, because Beattie has confuted him. I do not say, but that there may be some attacks which will hurt an author. Though Hume suffered from Beattie, he was the better for other attacks." (He certainly could not include in that number those of Dr. Adams and Mr. Tytler[1].) BOSWELL. "Goldsmith is the better for attacks." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; but he does not think so yet. When Goldsmith and I published, each of us something, at the same time, we were given to understand that we might review each other. Goldsmith was for accepting the offer. I said, no; set reviewers at defiance. It was said to old Bentley, upon the attacks against him, 'Why, they 'll write you down.' 'No, sir,' he replied; 'depend upon it, no man was ever written down but by himself.'" He observed to me afterwards, that the advantages authors derived from attacks were chiefly in subjects of taste, where you cannot confute, as so much may be said on either side. He told me he did not know who was the author of the "Adventures of a Guinea[2];" but that the bookseller had sent the first volume to him in manuscript, to have his opinion if it should be printed; and he thought it should.

The weather being now somewhat better, Mr.

[1] [Mr. Boswell adds this parenthesis, probably, because the gentlemen alluded to were friends of his; but if Dr. Johnson "did *not* mean to include *them*," *whom* did he mean? for *they* were certainly (after Beattie) Hume's most prominent antagonists.—ED.]

[2] [It is strange that Johnson should not have known that the "Adventures of a Guinea" was written by a namesake of his own, Charles Johnson. Being disqualified for the bar, which was his profession, by a supervening deafness, he went to India and made some fortune, which he enjoyed at home.—WALTER SCOTT. He must not be confounded with another Charles Johnson, also bred to the bar, but who became a very voluminous dramatic writer, and died about 1744.—ED.]

James M'Donald, factor to Sir Alexander M'Donald, in Slate, insisted that all the company at Ostig should go to the house at Armidale, which Sir Alexander had left, having gone with his lady to Edinburgh, and be his guests, till we had an opportunity of sailing to Mull. We accordingly got there to dinner; and passed our day very cheerfully, being no less than fourteen in number. Tour to Hebrid.

Saturday, 2d October.—Dr. Johnson said, that "a chief and his lady should make their house like a court. They should have a certain number of the gentlemen's daughters to receive their education in the family, to learn pastry and such things from the housekeeper, and manners from my lady. That was the way in the great families in Wales; at Lady Salisbury's, Mrs. Thrale's grandmother, and at Lady Philips's. I distinguish the families by the ladies, as I speak of what was properly their province. There were always six young ladies at Sir John Philips's; when one was married, her place was filled up. There was a large school-room, where they learnt needlework and other things." I observed, that, at some courts in Germany, there were academies for the pages, who are the sons of gentlemen, and receive their education without any expense to their parents. Dr. Johnson said, that manners were best learnt at those courts. "You are admitted with great facility to the prince's company, and yet must treat him with much respect. At a great court, you are at such a distance that you get no good." I said, "Very true: a man sees the court of Versailles, as if he saw it on a theatre." He said, "The best book that ever was written upon good breeding, "Il Corteggiano," by Castiglione, grew up at the little court of Urbino, and you should read it." I am glad always to have his opinion of books. At Mr. Macpherson's, he commended "Whitby's Commentary,"

T Hebrid. and said, he had heard him called rather lax; but he did not perceive it. He had looked at a novel, called "The Man of the World," at Rasay, but thought there was nothing in it[1]. He said to-day, while reading my journal, "This will be a great treasure to us some years hence."

Talking of a very penurious gentleman[2] of our acquaintance, he observed, that he exceeded L'Avare in the play. I concurred with him, and remarked that he would do well, if introduced in one of Foote's farces; that the best way to get it done would be to bring Foote to be entertained at his house for a week, and then it would be *facit indignatio*. JOHNSON. "Sir, I wish he had him. I, who have eaten his bread, will not give him to him; but I should be glad he came honestly by him."

He said, he was angry at Thrale, for sitting at General Oglethorpe's without speaking. He censured a man for degrading himself to a non-entity. I observed, that Goldsmith was on the other extreme; for he spoke at all ventures. JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; Goldsmith, rather than not speak, will talk of what he knows himself to be ignorant, which can only end in exposing him." "I wonder," said I, "if he feels that he exposes himself. If he was with two tailors" ——"Or with two founders," said Dr. Johnson, interrupting me, "he would fall a talking on the method of making cannon, though both of them would soon see that he did not know what metal a cannon is made of." We were very social and merry in his room this forenoon. In the evening the company danced as usual. We performed, with much activity, a dance which, I suppose, the emigration from Sky has occasioned. They call it *America*. Each of the couples, after the com-

[1] [Though not, perhaps, so popular as the "Man of Feeling" of the same amiable author, the "Man of the World" is a very pathetic tale.—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [No doubt Sir Alexander Macdonald.—ED.]

mon *involutions* and *evolutions*, successively whirls round in a circle, till all are in motion; and the dance seems intended to show how emigration catches, till a whole neighbourhood is set afloat. Mrs. M'Kinnon told me, that last year when a ship sailed from Portree for America, the people on shore were almost distracted when they saw their relations go off; they lay down on the ground, tumbled, and tore the grass with their teeth. This year there was not a tear shed. The people on shore seemed to think that they would soon follow. This indifference is a mortal sign for the country. Tour to Hebrid.

We danced to-night to the musick of the bagpipe, which made us beat the ground with prodigious force. I thought it better to endeavour to conciliate the kindness of the people of Sky, by joining heartily in their amusements, than to play the abstract scholar. I looked on this tour to the Hebrides as a copartnership between Dr. Johnson and me. Each was to do all he could to promote its success; and I have some reason to flatter myself, that my gayer exertions were of service to us. Dr. Johnson's immense fund of knowledge and wit was a wonderful source of admiration and delight to them; but they had it only at times; and they required to have the intervals agreeably filled up, and even little elucidations of his learned text. I was also fortunate enough frequently to draw him forth to talk, when he would otherwise have been silent. The fountain was at times locked up, till I opened the spring. It was curious to hear the Hebridians, when any dispute happened while he was out of the room, saying "Stay till Dr. Johnson comes; say that to *him!*"

Yesterday, Dr. Johnson said, "I cannot but laugh, to think of myself roving among the Hebrides at sixty. I wonder where I shall rove at fourscore!"

Tour to Hebrid.

This evening he disputed the truth of what is said, as to the people of St. Kilda catching cold whenever strangers come[1]. "How can there," said he, "be a physical effect without a physical cause?" He added, laughing, "the arrival of a ship full of strangers would kill them; for, if one stranger gives them one cold, two strangers must give them two colds; and so in proportion." I wondered to hear him ridicule this, as he had praised M'Aulay for putting it in his book; saying, that it was manly in him to tell a fact, however strange, if he himself believed it. He said, the evidence was not adequate to the improbability of the thing; that if a physician, rather disposed to be incredulous, should go to St. Kilda, and report the fact, then he would begin to look about him. They said, it was annually proved by Macleod's steward, on whose arrival all the inhabitants caught cold. He jocularly remarked, "the steward always comes to demand something from them; and so they fall a coughing. I suppose the people in Sky all take a cold when —— (naming a certain person[2]) comes." They said, he came only in summer. JOHNSON. "That is out of tenderness to you. Bad weather and he, at the same time, would be too much."

Sunday, 3d October.—Joseph reported that the wind was still against us. Dr. Johnson said, "A wind, or not a wind? that is the question;" for he can amuse himself at times with a little play of words, or rather sentences. I remember when he turned his cup at Aberbrothick, where we drank tea, he muttered, *Claudite jam rivos, pueri.* I must again and again apologize to fastidious readers, for recording such minute particulars. They prove the scru-

[1] [See *ante*, p. 53, an, at least, ingenious solution of this enigma.—ED.]
[2] [Sir Alexander Macdonald.—ED.]

pulous fidelity of my Journal. Dr. Johnson said it was a very exact picture of a portion of his life. Tour to Hebrid

While we were chatting in the indolent style of men who were to stay here all this day at least, we were suddenly roused at being told that the wind was fair, that a little fleet of herring-busses was passing by for Mull, and that Mr. Simpson's vessel was about to sail. Hugh M'Donald, the skipper, came to us, and was impatient that we should get ready, which we soon did. Dr. Johnson, with composure and solemnity, repeated the observation of Epictetus, that, "as man has the voyage of death before him, —whatever may be his employment, he should be ready at the master's call; and an old man should never be far from the shore, lest he should not be able to get himself ready." He rode, and I and the other gentlemen walked, about an English mile to the shore, where the vessel lay. Dr. Johnson said he should never forget Sky, and returned thanks for all civilities. We were carried to the vessel in a small boat which she had, and we set sail very briskly about one o'clock. I was much pleased with the motion for many hours. Dr. Johnson grew sick, and retired under cover, as it rained a good deal. I kept above, that I might have fresh air, and finding myself not affected by the motion of the vessel, I exulted in being a stout seaman, while Dr. Johnson was quite in a state of annihilation. But I was soon humbled; for after imagining that I could go with ease to America or the East Indies, I became very sick, but kept above board, though it rained hard.

As we had been detained so long in Sky by bad weather, we gave up the scheme that *Col* had planned for us of visiting several islands, and contented ourselves with the prospect of seeing Mull, and Icolmkill and Inchkenneth, which lie near to it.

Tour to Hebrid.

Mr. Simpson was sanguine in his hopes for awhile, the wind being fair for us. He said he would land us at Icolmkill that night. But when the wind failed, it was resolved we should make for the Sound of Mull, and land in the harbour of Tobermorie. We kept near the five herring vessels for some time; but afterwards four of them got before us, and one little wherry fell behind us. When we got in full view of the point of Ardnamurchan, the wind changed, and was directly against our getting into the Sound. We were then obliged to tack, and get forward in that tedious manner. As we advanced, the storm grew greater, and the sea very rough. *Col* then began to talk of making for Egg, or Canna, or his own island. Our skipper said, he would get us into the Sound. Having struggled for this a good while in vain, he said, he would push forward till we were near the land of Mull, where we might cast anchor, and lie till the morning; for although, before this, there had been a good moon, and I had pretty distinctly seen not only the land of Mull, but up the Sound, and the country of Morven as at one end of it, the night was now grown very dark. Our crew consisted of one M'Donald, our skipper, and two sailors, one of whom had but one eye; Mr. Simpson himself, *Col*, and Hugh M'Donald his servant, all helped. Simpson said, he would willingly go for Col, if young *Col* or his servant would undertake to pilot us to a harbour; but, as the island is low land, it was dangerous to run upon it in the dark. *Col* and his servant appeared a little dubious. The scheme of running for Canna seemed then to be embraced; but Canna was ten leagues off, all out of our way; and they were afraid to attempt the harbour of Egg. All these different plans were successively in agitation. The old skipper still tried to make for

the land of Mull; but then it was considered that there was no place there where we could anchor in safety. Much time was lost in striving against the storm. At last it became so rough, and threatened to be so much worse, that *Col* and his servant took more courage, and said they would undertake to hit one of the harbours in Col. "Then let us run for it in God's name," said the skipper; and instantly we turned towards it. The little wherry which had fallen behind us had hard work. The master [had] begged that, if we made for Col, we should put out a light to him. Accordingly one of the sailors waved a glowing peat for some time. The various difficulties that were started gave me a good deal of apprehension, from which I was relieved, when I found we were to run for a harbour before the wind. But my relief was but of short duration; for I soon heard that our sails were very bad, and were in danger of being torn in pieces, in which case we should be driven upon the rocky shore of Col. It was very dark, and there was a heavy and incessant rain. The sparks of the burning peat flew so much about, that I dreaded the vessel might take fire. Then, as *Col* was a sportsman, and had powder on board, I figured that we might be blown up. Simpson and he appeared a little frightened, which made me more so; and the perpetual talking, or rather shouting, which was carried on in Erse, alarmed me still more. A man is always suspicious of what is saying in an unknown tongue; and, if fear be his passion at the time, he grows more afraid. Our vessel often lay so much on one side, that I trembled lest she should be overset, and indeed they told me afterwards, that they had run her sometimes to within an inch of the water, so anxious were they to make what haste they could before the night should be worse. I now saw

Tour to Hebrid.

Tour to Hebrid.

what I never saw before, a prodigious sea, with immense billows coming upon a vessel, so as that it seemed hardly possible to escape. There was something grandly horrible in the sight. I am glad I have seen it once. Amidst all these terrifying circumstances, I endeavoured to compose my mind. It was not easy to do it; for all the stories that I had heard of the dangerous sailing among the Hebrides, which is proverbial, came full upon my recollection. When I thought of those who were dearest to me, and would suffer severely, should I be lost, I upbraided myself, as not having a sufficient cause for putting myself in such danger. Piety afforded me comfort; yet I was disturbed by the objections that have been made against a particular providence, and by the arguments of those who maintain that it is in vain to hope that the petitions of an individual, or even of congregations, can have any influence with the Deity; objections which have been often made, and which Dr. Hawkesworth[1] has lately revived, in his Preface to the Voyages to the South Seas; but Dr. Ogden's excellent doctrine on the efficacy of intercession prevailed.

It was half an hour after eleven before we set our-

[1] ["The general disapprobation with which the doctrines unhappily advanced by Hawkesworth in this preface were received deprived him," says the Biographical Dictionary, "of peace of mind and of *life itself;*" and Mrs. Piozzi says, (*Anecdotes*, p. 143) "Hawkesworth, the pious, the virtuous, and the wise, fell a lamented sacrifice to newspaper abuse;" and Mr. Malone, in a MS. note on that passage, in his copy of Piozzi's Anecdotes, (which Mr. Markland has been so good as to communicate to the Editor), states, that "after Hawkesworth had published Cooke's first voyage, he was attacked severely in the newspapers, by a writer who signed himself *A Christian*, for some tenets in that work, which so preyed on his spirits that he put an end to his life by a large dose of opium." There is reason, however, to hope that these accounts—both of the public indignation, and of Dr. Hawkesworth's consequent distress of mind—were exaggerated; for he was, between the publication of his preface in spring 1773, and his death in the November of the same year, elected a *Director of the East India Company*,—a distinction which, if the accounts beforementioned were true, it is not likely that he should have either solicited or obtained. One is anxious to believe that a life like Hawkesworth's, spent in advocating the interests of morality and religion, was not so miserably clouded at its very close.—ED.]

selves in the course for Col. As I saw them all busy doing something, I asked *Col*, with much earnestness, what I could do. He, with a happy readiness, put into my hand a rope, which was fixed to the top of one of the masts, and told me to hold it till he bade me pull. If I had considered the matter, I might have seen that this could not be of the least service; but his object was to keep me out of the way of those who were busy working the vessel, and at the same time to divert my fear, by employing me, and making me think that I was of use. Thus did I stand firm to my post, while the wind and rain beat upon me, always expecting a call to pull my rope. Tour t Hebrid

The man with one eye steered; old M'Donald, and *Col* and his servant, lay upon the forecastle, looking sharp out for the harbour. It was necessary to carry much *cloth*, as they termed it, that is to say, much sail, in order to keep the vessel off the shore of Col. This made violent plunging in a rough sea. At last they spied the harbour of Lochiern, and *Col* cried, "Thank God, we are safe!" We ran up till we were opposite to it, and soon afterwards we got into it, and cast anchor.

Dr. Johnson had all this time been quiet and unconcerned. He had lain down on one of the beds, and having got free from sickness, was satisfied. The truth is, he knew nothing of the danger we were in[1]; but, fearless and unconcerned, might have said,

[1] [He at least made light of it, in his letters to Mrs. Thrale. "After having been detained by storms many days at Skie, we left it, as we thought, with a fair wind; but a violent gust, which Boswell had a great mind to call a tempest, forced us into *Col*, an obscure island; on which—'nulla campis arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ.'"—*Letters*, vol. i. p. 167.—ED. Their risque, in a sea full of islands, was very considerable. Indeed the whole expedition was highly perilous, considering the season of the year, the precarious chance of getting seaworthy boats, and the ignorance of the Hebrideans, who, notwithstanding the opportunities, I may say the *necessities* of their situation, are very careless and unskilful sailors.—WALTER SCOTT.]

Tour to Hebrid. in the words which he has chosen for the motto to his "Rambler."

Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes[1].

Once, during the doubtful consultations, he asked whither we were going; and upon being told that it was not certain whether to Mull or Col, he cried, "Col for my money!" I now went down, with *Col* and Mr. Simpson, to visit him. He was lying in philosophick tranquillity with a greyhound of *Col*'s at his back, keeping him warm. *Col* is quite the *Juvenis qui gaudet canibus.* He had, when we left Talisker, two greyhounds, two terriers, a pointer, and a large Newfoundland water-dog. He lost one of his terriers by the road, but had still five dogs with him. I was very ill, and very desirous to get to shore. When I was told that we could not land that night, as the storm had now increased, I looked so miserably, as *Col* afterwards informed me, that what Shakspeare has made the Frenchman say of the English soldiers, when scantily dieted, "Piteous they will look, like drowned mice!" might, I believe, have been well applied to me. There was in the harbour, before us, a Campbell-town vessel, the *Betty*, Kenneth Morison master, taking in kelp, and bound for Ireland. We sent our boat to beg beds for two gentlemen, and that the master would send his boat, which was larger than ours. He accordingly did so, and *Col* and I were accommodated in his vessel till the morning.

Monday, 4th October.—About eight o'clock we went in the boat to Mr. Simpson's vessel, and took in Dr. Johnson. He was quite well, though he had tasted nothing but a dish of tea since Saturday night. On our expressing some surprise at this, he said, that

[1] For as the tempest drives, I shape my way.—FRANCIS.

" when he lodged in the Temple, and had no regular system of life, he had fasted for two days at a time, during which he had gone about visiting, though not at the hours of dinner or supper; that he had drunk tea, but eaten no bread; that this was no intentional fasting[1], but happened just in the course of a literary life." Tour to Hebrid.

There was a little miserable publick-house close upon the shore, to which we should have gone, had we landed last night: but this morning *Col* resolved to take us directly to the house of Captain Lauchlan M'Lean, a descendant of his family, who had acquired a fortune in the East Indies, and taken a farm in Col. We had about an English mile to go to it. *Col* and Joseph, and some others, ran to some little horses, called here *shelties*, that were running wild on a heath, and catched one of them. We had a saddle with us, which was clapped upon it, and a straw halter was put on its head. Dr. Johnson was then mounted, and Joseph very slowly and gravely led the horse. I said to Dr. Johnson, " I wish, sir, *the Club* saw you in this attitude[2]."

It was a very heavy rain, and I was wet to the skin. Captain M'Lean had but a poor temporary house, or rather hut; however, it was a very good haven to us. There was a blazing peat fire, and

[1] [This was probably the same kind of *unintentional fasting*, as that which suggested to him, at an earlier period, the affecting epithet *impransus*, (*ante*, vol. i. p. 107.)—WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] This curious exhibition may perhaps remind some of my readers of the ludicrous lines made, during Sir Robert Walpole's administration, on Mr. George (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton, though the figures of the two personages must be allowed to be very different:

" But who is this astride the pony,
So long, so lean, so lank, so bony?
Dat be de great orátor, Littletony."—BOSWELL.

[These lines are part of a song printed under a political caricature print, levelled against Sir Robert Walpole, called *The Motion*, which represents a chariot drawn by six spirited horses, in and about which are the chiefs of the opposition of the day, Lords Chesterfield and Carteret, Duke of Argyll, Mr. Sandys, &c.—*Nich. Anec.* vol. iv. p. 465.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid. Mrs. M'Lean, daughter of the minister of the parish, got us tea. I felt still the motion of the sea. Dr. Johnson said, it was not in imagination, but a continuation of motion on the fluids, like that of the sea itself after the storm is over.

There were some books on the board which served as a chimney-piece. Dr. Johnson took up "Burnet's History of his own Times." He said, "The first part of it is one of the most entertaining books in the English language; it is quite dramatick: while he went about every where, saw every where, and heard every where. By the first part, I mean so far as it appears that Burnet himself was actually engaged in what he has told; and this may be easily distinguished." Captain M'Lean censured Burnet, for his high praise of Lauderdale in a dedication, when he shows him in his history to have been so bad a man. JOHNSON. "I do not think myself that a man should say in a dedication[1] what he could not say in a history. However, allowance should be made; for there is a great difference. The known style of a dedication is flattery: it professes to flatter. There is the same difference between what a man says in a dedication, and what he says in a history, as between a lawyer's pleading a cause, and reporting it."

The day passed away pleasantly enough. The wind became fair for Mull in the evening, and Mr. Simpson resolved to sail next morning; but having been thrown into the island of Col, we were unwilling to leave it unexamined, especially as we considered that the Campbell-town vessel would sail for Mull in a day or two, and therefore we determined to stay.

Tuesday, 5th October.—I rose, and wrote my Journal till about nine, and then went to Dr. Johnson, who sat up in bed and talked and laughed. I

[1] [See *ante*, p. 26, *n.*—ED.]

said, it was curious to look back ten years, to the time when we first thought of visiting the Hebrides. How distant and improbable the scheme then appeared! Yet here we were actually among them. "Sir," said he, "people may come to do any thing almost, by talking of it. I really believe I could talk myself into building a house upon island Isa, though I should probably never come back again to see it. I could easily persuade Reynolds to do it; and there would be no great sin in persuading him to do it. Sir, he would reason thus: 'What will it cost me to be there once in two or three summers? Why, perhaps, five hundred pounds; and what is that, in comparison of having a fine retreat, to which a man can go, or to which he can send a friend?' He would never find out that he may have this within twenty miles of London. Then I would tell him, that he may marry one of the Miss Macleods, a lady of great family. Sir, it is surprising how people will go to a distance for what they may have at home. I knew a lady[1] who came up from Lincolnshire to Knightsbridge with one of her daughters, and gave five guineas a week for a lodging and a warm bath; that is, mere warm water. *That*, you know, could not be had in *Lincolnshire!* She said, it was made either too hot or too cold there." Tour to Hebrid.

After breakfast, Dr. Johnson and I, and Joseph, mounted horses, and *Col* and the captain walked with us about a short mile across the island. We paid a visit to the Rev. Mr. Hector M'Lean. His parish consists of the islands of Col and Tyr-yi. He was about seventy-seven years of age, a decent ecclesiastick, dressed in a full suit of black clothes, and a black wig. He appeared like a Dutch pastor, or one of the "*Assembly of Divines*" at Westminster. Dr.

[1] [Mrs. Langton, the mother of his friend.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid.

Johnson observed to me afterwards, "that he was a fine old man, and was as well-dressed, and had as much dignity in his appearance, as the dean of a cathedral." We were told that he had a valuable library, though but poor accommodation for it, being obliged to keep his books in large chests. It was curious to see him and Dr. Johnson together. Neither of them heard very distinctly; so each of them talked in his own way, and at the same time. Mr. M'Lean said, he had a confutation of Bayle, by Leibnitz. JOHNSON. "A confutation of Bayle, sir! What part of Bayle do you mean? The greatest part of his writings is not confutable: it is historical and critical." Mr. M'Lean said, "the irreligious part;" and proceeded to talk of Leibnitz's controversy with Clarke, calling Leibnitz a great man. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, Leibnitz persisted in affirming that Newton called space *sensorium numinis*, notwithstanding he was corrected, and desired to observe that Newton's words were QUASI *sensorium numinis*. No, sir; Leibnitz was as paltry a fellow as I know. Out of respect to Queen Caroline, who patronised him, Clarke treated him too well."

During the time that Dr. Johnson was thus going on, the old minister was standing with his back to the fire, cresting up erect, pulling down the front of his periwig, and talking what a great man Leibnitz was. To give an idea of the scene would require a page with two columns; but it ought rather to be represented by two good players. The old gentleman said, Clarke was very wicked, for going so much into the Arian system. "I will not say he was wicked," said Dr. Johnson; "he might be mistaken." M'LEAN. "He was wicked, to shut his eyes against the Scriptures; and worthy men in England have since confuted him to all intents and purposes." JOHNSON.

"I know not *who* has confuted him to *all intents and purposes*." Here again there was a double talking, each continuing to maintain his own argument, without hearing exactly what the other said. Tour to Hebrid.

I regretted that Dr. Johnson did not practise the art of accommodating himself to different sorts of people. Had he been softer with this venerable old man, we might have had more conversation; but his forcible spirit, and impetuosity of manner, may be said to spare neither sex nor age[1]. I have seen even Mrs. Thrale stunned; but I have often maintained, that it is better he should retain his own manner. Pliability of address I conceive to be inconsistent with that majestick power of mind which he possesses, and which produces such noble effects. A lofty oak will not bend like a supple willow.

He told me afterwards, he liked firmness in an old man, and was pleased to see Mr. M'Lean so orthodox. "At his age, it is too late for a man to be asking himself questions as to his belief."

We rode to the northern part of the island, where we saw the ruins of a church or chapel. We then proceeded to a place called Grissipol, or the rough pool.

At Grissipol we found a good farm-house, belonging to the Laird of Col, and possessed by Mr. M'Sweyn. On the beach here there is a singular variety of curious stones. I picked up one very like a small cucumber. By the by, Dr. Johnson told me, that Gay's line in the "Beggar's Opera," "As men should serve a cucumber," &c. has no waggish meaning, with reference to men flinging away cucumbers as too *cooling*, which some have thought; for it has

[1] [If Dr. Johnson had not been in the habit of reading the Journal, we should, instead of this remonstrance aimed indirectly at him, have here had the details of the harshness which Boswell regrets, and which must have been pretty severe to remind Boswell that his violence "spared neither age nor sex."—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid.

been a common saying of physicians in England, that a cucumber should be well sliced, and dressed with pepper and vinegar, and then thrown out, as good for nothing. Mr. M'Sweyn's predecessors had been in Sky from a very remote period, upon the estate belonging to Macleod; probably before Macleod had it. The name is certainly Norwegian[1], from *Sueno*, King of Norway. The present Mr. M'Sweyn left Sky upon the late Macleod's raising his rents. He then got this farm from *Col.*

He appeared to be near fourscore; but looked as fresh, and was as strong as a man of fifty. His son Hugh looked older; and, as Dr. Johnson observed, had more the manners of an old man than he. I had often heard of such instances, but never saw one before. Mrs. M'Sweyn was a decent old gentlewoman. She was dressed in tartan, and could speak nothing but Erse. She said, she taught Sir James M'Donald Erse, and would teach me soon. I could now sing a verse of the song *Hatyin foam'eri*[2], made

[1] [M'Swyne has an awkward sound, but the name is held to be of high antiquity, both in the Hebrides and the north of Ireland.—WALTER SCOTT. In the county of Donegal, in the north of Ireland, a singular hole in a cliff, communicating with a cave below, through which, in certain circumstances of the sea and wind, the spray is driven up with great force, is called *M'Swine*'s (for M'Sweyn's) *gun*. The name, no doubt, was originally Scandinavian, but it was established in England before the Conquest. "In Ferleiâ (Fernely, Yorkshire) Goduin et *Suen* habuerunt, &c. ubi nunc habet Ilbertus de Lacy." —*Doomsday-book.*—ED.]

[2] [*Hatyin foam*, (see *ante*, p. 393). A very popular air in the Hebrides, written to the praise and glory of Allan of Muidartach, or Allan of Muidart, a chief of the Clanranald family. The following is a translation of it by a fair friend of mine:

I.

Come, here's a pledge to young and old,
We quaff the blood-red wine;
A health to Allan Muidart bold,
The dearest love of mine.

CHORUS.

Along, along, then haste along,
For here no more I 'll stay;
I 'll braid and bind my tresses long,
And o'er the hills away.

in honour of Allan, the famous captain of Clanranald, who fell at Sherrif-muir; whose servant, who lay on the field watching his master's dead body, being asked next day who that was, answered, "He was a man yesterday." Tour to Hebrid.

We were entertained here with a primitive heartiness. Whisky was served round in a shell, according to the ancient Highland custom. Dr. Johnson would not partake of it; but, being desirous to do honour to the modes "of other times," drank some water out of the shell.

In the forenoon Dr. Johnson said, "it would require great resignation to live in one of these islands." BOSWELL. "I don't know, sir; I have felt myself at times in a state of almost mere physical existence, satisfied to eat, drink, and sleep, and walk about, and enjoy my own thoughts; and I can figure a continuation of this." JOHNSON. "Ay, sir; but if you

II.

When waves blow gurly off the strand,
And none the bark may steer;
The grasp of Allan's strong right hand
Compels her home to veer.
Along, along, &c.

III.

And when to old Kilphedar* came
Such troops of damsels gay;
Say, came they there for Allan's fame,
Or came they there to pray?
Along, along, &c.

IV.

And when these dames of beauty rare
Were dancing in the hall,
On some were gems and jewels rare,
And cambric coifs on all.

Along, along, then haste away,
For here no more we'll stay;
I'll braid and bind my tresses long,
And o'er the hills away.—WALTER SCOTT.]

* [St. Peter's, a church in Sky.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

were shut up here, your own thoughts would torment you: you would think of Edinburgh or of London, and that you could not be there."

We set out after dinner for Breacacha, the family seat of the Laird of Col, accompanied by the young laird, who had now got a horse, and by the younger Mr. M'Sweyn, whose wife had gone thither before us, to prepare every thing for our reception, the laird and his family being absent at Aberdeen. It is called Breacacha, or the Spotted Field, because in summer it is enamelled with clover and daisies, as young *Col* told me. We passed by a place where there is a very large stone, I may call it a *rock*; "a vast weight for Ajax." The tradition is, that a giant threw such another stone at his mistress, up to the top of a hill, at a small distance; and that she, in return, threw this mass down to him. It was all in sport.

"Malo me petit lasciva puella."

As we advanced, we came to a large extent of plain ground. I had not seen such a place for a long time. *Col* and I took a gallop upon it by way of race. It was very refreshing to me, after having been so long taking short steps in hilly countries. It was like stretching a man's legs after being cramped in a short bed. We also passed close by a large extent of sand-hills, near two miles square. Dr. Johnson said, "he never had the image before. It was horrible, if barrenness and danger could be so." I heard him, after we were in the house of Breacacha, repeating to himself, as he walked about the room,

"And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies."

Probably he had been thinking of the whole of the simile in Cato, of which that is the concluding line; the sandy desert had struck him so strongly. The

sand has of late been blown over a good deal of meadow; and the people of the island say, that their fathers remembered much of the space which is now covered with sand to have been under tillage. *Col*'s house is situated on a bay called Breacacha Bay. We found here a neat new-built gentleman's house, better than any we had been in since we were at Lord Errol's. Dr. Johnson relished it much at first, but soon remarked to me, that "there was nothing becoming a chief[1] about it: it was a mere tradesman's box." He seemed quite at home, and no longer found any difficulty in using the Highland address; for as soon as we arrived, he said, with a spirited familiarity, "Now, *Col*, if you could get us a dish of tea." Dr. Johnson and I had each an excellent bedchamber. We had a dispute which of us had the best curtains. His were rather the best, being of linen; but I insisted that my bed had the best posts, which was undeniable. "Well," said he, "if you *have* the best *posts*, we will have you tied to them and whipped." I mention this slight circumstance, only to show how ready he is, even in mere trifles, to get the better of his antagonist, by placing him in a ludicrous view. I have known him sometimes use the same art, when hard pressed in serious disputation[2]. Tour to Hebrid.

Wednesday, 6th October.—After a sufficiency of sleep, we assembled at breakfast We were just as if in barracks. Every body was master. We went and viewed the old castle of Col, which is not far from the present house, near the shore, and founded

[1] [*Col*, though a gentleman of landed estate, could hardly be called a *chief*; and it was assuredly a mark of good sense to suit the character of his house to the state and times in which he lived.—ED.]

[2] [Here followed Goldsmith's application of a lively saying in one of Cibber's comedies, already told, *ante*, p. 101.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

on a rock. It has never been a large feudal residence, and has nothing about it that requires a particular description. Like other old inconvenient buildings of the same age, it exemplified Gray's picturesque lines,

> "Huge[1] windows that exclude the light,
> And passages that lead to nothing."

It may, however, be worth mentioning, that on the second story we saw a vault, which was, and still is, the family prison. There was a woman put into it by the laird, for theft, within these ten years; and any offender would be confined there yet; for, from the necessity of the thing, as the island is remote from any power established by law, the laird must exercise his jurisdiction to a certain degree.

We were shown, in a corner of this vault, a hole, into which *Col* said greater criminals used to be put. It was now filled up with rubbish of different kinds. He said, it was of a great depth. "Ay," said Dr. Johnson, smiling, "all such places that *are filled up* were of a great depth." He is very quick in showing that he does not give credit to careless or exaggerated accounts of things. After seeing the castle, we looked at a small hut near it. It is called *Teigh Franchich, i. e.* the Frenchman's House. *Col* could not tell us the history of it. A poor man with a wife and children now lived in it. We went into it, and Dr. Johnson gave them some charity. There was but one bed for all the family, and the hut was very smoky. When he came out, he said to me, "*Et hoc secundum sententiam philosophorum est esse beatus.*" BOSWELL. "The philosophers, when they placed happiness in a cottage, supposed cleanliness

[1] [*Rich.*—ED.]

and no smoke." JOHNSON. "Sir, they did not think about either." Tour to Hebrid.

We walked a little in the laird's garden, in which endeavours have been used to rear some trees; but, as soon as they got above the surrounding wall, they died. Dr. Johnson recommended sowing the seeds of hardy trees, instead of planting.

Col and I rode out this morning, and viewed a part of the island. In the course of our ride, we saw a turnip-field, which he had hoed with his own hands. He first introduced this kind of husbandry into the Western islands. We also looked at an appearance of lead, which seemed very promising. It has been long known; for I found letters to the late laird, from Sir John Areskine and Sir Alexander Murray, respecting it.

After dinner came Mr. M'Lean, of Corneck, brother to *Isle-of-Muck*, who is a cadet of the family of *Col.* He possesses the two ends of Col, which belong to the Duke of Argyll. *Corneck* had lately taken a lease of them at a very advanced rent, rather than let the Campbells get a footing in the island, one of whom had offered nearly as much as he. Dr. Johnson well observed, that "landlords err much when they calculate merely what their land *may* yield. The rent must be in a proportionate ratio of what the land may yield, and of the power of the tenant to make it yield. A tenant cannot make by his land, but according to the corn and cattle which he has. Suppose you should give him twice as much land as he has, it does him no good, unless he gets also more stock. It is clear then, that the Highland landlords, who let their substantial tenants leave them, are infatuated; for the poor small tenants cannot give them good rents, from the very nature of things. They have not the means of raising more

Tour to Hebrid.

from their farms." *Corneck*, Dr. Johnson said, was the most distinct man that he had met with in these isles; he did not shut his eyes, or put his finger in his ears, which he seemed to think was a good deal the mode with most of the people whom we have seen of late.

Thursday, 7th October.—Captain M'Lean joined us this morning at breakfast. There came on a dreadful storm of wind and rain, which continued all day, and rather increased at night. The wind was directly against our getting to Mull. We were in a strange state of abstraction from the world: we could neither hear from our friends, nor write to them. *Col* had brought Daille "on the Fathers," Lucas "on Happiness," and More's "Dialogues," from the Reverend Mr. M'Lean's, and Burnet's "History of his Own Times" from Captain M'Lean's; and he had of his own some books of farming, and Gregory's "Geometry." Dr. Johnson read a good deal of Burnet, and of Gregory, and I observed he made some geometrical notes in the end of his pocket-book. I read a little of Young's "Six Weeks' Tour through the Southern Counties," and Ovid's "Epistles," which I had bought at Inverness, and which helped to solace many a weary hour.

We were to have gone with Dr. Johnson this morning to see the mine, but were prevented by the storm. While it was raging, he said, "We may be glad we are not *damnati ad metalla*[1]."

Friday, 8th October.—Dr. Johnson appeared to-day very weary of our present confined situation. He said, "I want to be on the main land, and go on with existence. This is a waste of life."

I shall here insert, without regard to chronology, some of his conversation at different times.

[1] [*Condemned to the mines.*—Ed.]

" There was a man some time ago, who was well received for two years, among the gentlemen of Northamptonshire, by calling himself my brother. At last he grew so impudent, as by his influence to get tenants turned out of their farms. Allen the printer[1], who is of that county, came to me, asking, with much appearance of doubtfulness, if I had a brother; and upon being assured I had none alive, he told me of the imposition, and immediately wrote to the country, and the fellow was dismissed. It pleased me to hear that so much was got by using my name. It is not every name that can carry double; do both for a man's self and his brother (laughing). I should be glad to see the fellow. However, I could have done nothing against him. A man can have no redress for his name being used, or ridiculous stories being told of him in the newspapers, except he can show that he has suffered damage. Some years ago a foolish piece was published, said to be written 'by S. Johnson.' Some of my friends wanted me to be very angry about this. I said, it would be in vain; for the answer would be, 'S. Johnson may be Simon Johnson, or Simeon Johnson, or Solomon Johnson;' and even if the full name, Samuel Johnson, had been used, it might be said, 'it is not you; it is a much cleverer fellow[2].'" Tour to Hebrid.

" Beauclerk, and I, and Langton, and Lady Sydney Beauclerk, mother to our friend, were one day driving in a coach by Cuper's Gardens[3], which were then un-

[1] [Edmund Allen, a worthy and reputable printer in Bolt-court. He was for many years Johnson's neighbour, landlord, and friend (*ante*, vol. i. p. 481). He was the son of the Rev. Thomas Allen, a pious and learned man, who for forty years was rector of Kettering, in Northamptonshire, and died while reading the evening service there on Sunday, 31st May, 1755, æt. 74.—*Nich. Anec.* vol. iii. p. 799.—Ed.]

[2] [The eccentric author of Hurlo Thrumbo was named *Samuel Johnson*. He was originally a dancing-master, but went on the stage, where his acting was as extravagant as his pieces. He died in this very year, 1773, and was probably one of the persons whose death is alluded to, *post*, 17th April, 1778.—Ed.]

[3] [An inferior place of popular amusement, over the site of which the southern approach to Waterloo-bridge now passes.—Ed.]

Tour to Hebrid.

occupied. I, in sport, proposed that Beauclerk, and Langton, and myself should take them; and we amused ourselves with scheming how we should all do our parts. Lady Sydney grew angry, and said, 'an old man should not put such things in young people's heads.' She had no notion of a joke, sir; had come late into life, and had a mighty unpliable understanding[1].

"Carte's 'Life of the Duke of Ormond' is considered as a book of authority; but it is ill-written. The matter is diffused in too many words; there is no animation, no compression, no vigour. Two good volumes in duodecimo might be made out of the two in folio."

Talking of our confinement here, I observed, that our discontent and impatience could not be considered as very unreasonable; for that we were just in the state of which Seneca complains so grievously, while in exile in Corsica. "Yes," said Dr. Johnson; "and he was not farther from home than we are." The truth is, he was much nearer[2].

There was a good deal of rain to-day, and the wind was still contrary. *Corneck* attended me, while I amused myself in examining a collection of papers belonging to the family of *Col*. The first laird was a younger son of the chieftain M'Lean, and got the middle part of Col for his patrimony. Dr. Johnson having given a very particular account [which is subjoined[3]] of the connexion between this family

[1] [She was Mary, daughter of Thomas Norris, esq. of Speke, in Lancashire. She married Lord Sydney in 1736.—Ed.]

[2] [Corsica is about one hundred and fifty miles from Rome. Col is from London upwards of four hundred.—Ed.]

[3] "Very near the house of Maclean stands the castle of Col, which was the mansion of the laird, till the house was built. It is built upon a rock, as Mr. Boswell remarked, that it might not be mined. It is very strong, and having been not long uninhabited, is yet in repair. On the wall was, not long ago, a stone with an inscription, importing, that 'if any man of the clan of Maclonich shall appear before this castle, though he come at midnight, with a man's head in his hand, he shall there find safety and protection against all but the king.'

and a branch of the family of Camerons, called M'Lonich, I shall only insert the following document (which I found in *Col*'s cabinet), as a proof of its continuance, even to a late period: Tour to Hebrid.

"TO THE LAIRD OF COL,

"Strone, 11th March, 1737.

"DEAR SIR,—The long-standing tract of firm affectionate friendship 'twixt your worthy predecessors and ours affords us such assurance, as that we may have full relyance on your favour and undoubted friendship, in recommending the bearer, Ewen Cameron, our cousin, son to the deceast Dugall M'Connill of Innermaillie, sometime in Glenpean, to your favour and conduct, who is a man of undoubted honesty and discretion, only that he has the misfortune of being alledged to have been accessory to the killing of one of M'Martin's family about fourteen years ago, upon which alledgeance the M'Martins are now so sanguine on revenging, that they are fully resolved for the deprivation of his life; to the preventing of which you are relyed on by us, as the only fit instrument, and a most capable person. Therefore your favour and protection is expected and intreated, during his good behaviour; and failing of which behaviour, you 'll please to use him as a most insignificant person deserves.

"Sir, he had, upon the alledgeance foresaid, been transported, at Lochiel's desire, to France, to gratify the M'Martins, and, upon his return home, about five years ago, married. But now

"This is an old Highland treaty made upon a very memorable occasion. Maclean, the son of John *Gerves* [one of the ancient lairds], who recovered Col, and conquered Barra, had obtained, it is said, from James the Second, a grant of the lands of Lochiel, forfeited, I suppose, by some offence against the state.

"Forfeited estates were not in those days quietly resigned; Maclean, therefore, went with an armed force to seize his new possessions, and I know not for what reason, took his wife with him. The Camerons rose in defence of their chief, and a battle was fought at the head of Loch Ness, near the place where Fort Augustus now stands, in which Lochiel obtained the victory, and Maclean, with his followers, was defeated and destroyed.

"The lady fell into the hands of the conquerors, and being found pregnant was placed in the custody of Maclonich, one of a tribe or family branched from Cameron, with orders, if she brought a boy, to destroy him, if a girl, to spare her.

"Maclonich's wife, who was with child likewise, had a girl about the same time at which Lady Maclean brought a boy, and Maclonich, with more generosity to his captive than fidelity to his trust, contrived that the children should be changed.

"Maclean being thus preserved from death, in time recovered his original patrimony; and, in gratitude to his friend, made his castle a place of refuge to any of the clan that should think himself in danger; and, as a proof of reciprocal confidence, Maclean took upon himself and his posterity the care of educating the heir of Maclonich."—*Journey*, *Works*, vol. viii. p. 376.

Tour to Hebrid.

he is so much threatened by the M'Martins, that he is not secure enough to stay where he is, being Ardmurchan, which occasions this trouble to you. Wishing prosperity and happiness to attend still yourself, worthy lady, and good family, we are, in the most affectionate manner, dear sir, your most obliged, affectionate, and most humble servants,

"DUGALL CAMERON, of Strone,
"DUGALL CAMERON, of Barr,
"DUGALL CAMERON, of Inveriskvouilline,
"DUGALL CAMERON, of Invinvalie."

Ewen Cameron *was* protected, and his son has now a farm from the Laird of Col, in Mull.

The family of *Col* was very loyal in the time of the great Montrose[1], from whom I found two letters in his own handwriting. The first is as follows:

"FOR MY VERY LOVING FRIEND, THE LAIRD OF COALL.

"Strethearne, 20th Jan. 1646.

"SIR,—I must heartily thank you for all your willingness and good affection to his majesty's service, and particularly the sending alongs of your son, to who I will heave ane particular respect, hopeing also that you will still continue ane goode instrument for the advanceing ther of the king's service, for which, and all your former loyal carriages, be confident you shall find the effects of his ma's favour, as they can be witnessed you by your very faithful friende, "MONTROSE."

The other is,

"FOR THE LAIRD OF COL.

"Petty, 17th April, 1646.

"SIR,—Having occasion to write to your fields, I cannot be forgetful of your willingness and good affection to his majesty's service. I acknowledge to you, and thank you heartily for it, assuring, that in what lies in my power, you shall find the good. Meanwhile, I shall expect that you will continue your loyal endeavours, in wishing those slack people that are about you, to appear more obedient than they do, and loyal in their prince's service; whereby I assure you, you shall find me ever your faithful friend, "MONTROSE[2]."

[1] [The third earl and first marquis, born in 1612, beheaded at Edinburgh, 21st May, 1650.—ED.]

[2] It is observable that men of the first rank spelt very ill in the last century. In the first of these letters I have preserved the original spelling.—BOSWELL.

I found some uncouth lines on the death of the present laird's father, entitled "Nature's Elegy upon the Death of Donald Maclean of Col." They are not worth insertion. I shall only give what is called his epitaph, which Dr. Johnson said "was not so very bad." Tour to Hebrid.

"Nature's minion, Virtue's wonder,
Art's corrective here lyes under."

I asked, what "Art's corrective" meant. "Why, sir," said he, "that the laird was so exquisite, that he set Art right, when she was wrong."

I found several letters to the late *Col*, from my father's old companion at Paris, Sir Hector M'Lean, one of which was written at the time of settling the colony in Georgia. It dissuades *Col* from letting people go there, and assures him there will soon be an opportunity of employing them better at home[1]. Hence it appears that emigration from the Highlands, though not in such numbers at a time as of late, has always been practised. Dr. Johnson observed, that "The lairds, instead of improving their country, diminished their people."

There are several districts of sandy desert in Col. There are forty-eight lochs of fresh water; but many of them are very small—mere pools. About one half of them, however, have trout and eel. There is a great number of horses in the island, mostly of a small size. Being overstocked, they sell some in Tir-yi, and on the main land. Their black cattle, which are chiefly rough-haired, are reckoned remarkably good. The climate being very mild in winter, they never put their beasts in any house. The lakes are never frozen so as to bear a man; and snow never

[1] [This was obviously written previous to, and in expectation of the rebellion of 1745.—Ed.].

Tour to Hebrid. lies above a few hours. They have a good many sheep, which they eat mostly themselves, and sell but a few. They have goats in several places. There are no foxes; no serpents, toads, or frogs, nor any venomous creature. They have otters and mice here; but had no rats till lately that an American vessel brought them. There is a rabbit-warren on the north-east of the island, belonging to the Duke of Argyle. Young *Col* intends to get some hares, of which there are none at present. There are no black-cock, muir-fowl, nor partridges; but there are snipe, wild-duck, wild-geese, and swans, in winter; wild-pigeons, plover, and great numbers of starlings; of which I shot some, and found them pretty good eating. Woodcocks come hither, though there is not a tree upon the island. There are no rivers in Col; but only some brooks, in which there is a great variety of fish. In the whole isle there are but three hills, and none of them considerable, for a Highland country. The people are very industrious. Every man can tan. They get oak, and birch-bark, and lime, from the main land. Some have pits; but they commonly use tubs. I saw brogues very well tanned; and every man can make them. They all make candles of the tallow of their beasts, both moulded and dipped; and they all make oil of the livers of fish. The little fish called cuddies produce a great deal. They sell some oil out of the island, and they use it much for light in their houses, in little iron lamps, most of which they have from England; but of late their own blacksmith makes them. He is a good workman; but he has no employment in shoeing horses, for they all go unshod here, except some of a better kind belonging to young *Col*, which were now in Mull. There are two carpenters in Col; but most of the inhabitants can do something as boat-carpenters.

Tour to Hebrid.

They can all dye. Heath is used for yellow; and for red, a moss which grows on stones. They make broad-cloth, and tartan, and linen, of their own wool and flax, sufficient for their own use; as also stockings. Their bonnets come from the main land. Hardware and several small articles are brought annually from Greenock, and sold in the only shop in the island, which is kept near the house, or rather hut, used for publick worship, there being no church in the island. The inhabitants of Col have increased considerably within these thirty years, as appears from the parish registers. There are but three considerable tacksmen on *Col*'s part of the island: the rest is let to small tenants, some of whom pay so low a rent as four, three, or even two guineas. The highest is seven pounds, paid by a farmer, whose son[1] goes yearly on foot to Aberdeen for education, and in summer returns, and acts as a schoolmaster in Col. Dr. Johnson said, "There is something noble in a young man's walking two hundred miles and back again, every year, for the sake of learning."

This day a number of people came to *Col*, with complaints of each other's trespasses. *Corneck*, to prevent their being troublesome, told them, that the lawyer from Edinburgh was here, and if they did not agree, he would take them to task. They were alarmed at this; said, they had never been used to go to law, and hoped *Col* would settle matters himself. In the evening *Corneck* left us.

Saturday, 9th October.—As, in our present confinement, any thing that had even the name of cu-

[1] [Dr. Johnson relates this fact with a pomp which created a false opinion that the young *Laird* of Col was himself this peripatetic. "Col is more enlightened than some other islands, for the deficiency [of instruction] is supplied by a *young gentleman*, who, for his own improvement, travels every year over the Highlands to the session of Aberdeen, and at his return, during the vacation, teaches to read and write in his native island."—*Journey*, *Works*, vol. viii. 338.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.. rious was an object of attention, I proposed that *Col* should show me the great stone, mentioned in a former page, as having been thrown by a giant to the top of a mountain. Dr. Johnson, who did not like to be left alone, said he would accompany us as far as riding was practicable. We ascended a part of the hill on horseback, and *Col* and I scrambled up the rest. A servant held our horses, and Dr. Johnson placed himself on the ground, with his back against a large fragment of rock. The wind being high, he let down the cocks of his hat, and tied it with his handkerchief under his chin. While we were employed in examining the stone, which did not repay our trouble in getting to it, he amused himself with reading "Gataker on Lots and on the Christian Watch," a very learned book, of the last age, which had been found in the garret of *Col*'s house, and which he said was a treasure here. When we descried him from above, he had a most eremitical appearance; and on our return told us, he had been so much engaged by Gataker, that he had never missed us. His avidity for variety of books, while we were in Col, was frequently expressed; and he often complained that so few were within his reach. Upon which I observed to him, that it was strange he should complain of want of books, when he could at any time make such good ones.

We next proceeded to the lead mine. In our way we came to a strand of some extent, where we were glad to take a gallop, in which my learned friend joined with great alacrity. Dr. Johnson, mounted on a large bay mare without shoes, and followed by a foal, which had some difficulty in keeping up with him, was a singular spectacle.

After examining the mine, we returned through a very uncouth district, full of sand-hills; down which

though apparent precipices, our horses carried us with safety, the sand always gently sliding away from their feet. Vestiges of houses were pointed out to us, which *Col*, and two others who had joined us, asserted had been overwhelmed with sand blown over them. But, on going close to one of them, Dr. Johnson showed the absurdity of the notion, by remarking, that "it was evidently only a house abandoned, the stones of which had been taken away for other purposes; for the large stones, which form the lower part of the walls, were still standing higher than the sand. If *they* were not blown over, it was clear nothing higher than they could be blown over." This was quite convincing to me; but it made not the least impression on *Col* and the others, who were not to be argued out of a Highland tradition. Tour to Hebrid.

We did not sit down to dinner till between six and seven. We lived plentifully here, and had a true welcome. In such a season, good firing was of no small importance. The peats were excellent, and burned cheerfully. Those at Dunvegan, which were damp, Dr. Johnson called "a sullen fuel." Here a Scottish phrase was singularly applied to him. One of the company having remarked that he had gone out on a stormy evening, and brought in a supply of peats from the stack, old Mr. M'Sweyn said, "that was *main honest!*"

Blenheim being occasionally mentioned, he told me he had never seen it: he had not gone formerly; and he would not go now, just as a common spectator, for his money: he would not put it in the power of some man about the Duke of Marlborough to say, "Johnson was here; I knew him, but I took no notice of him." He said, he should be very glad to see it, if properly invited, which in all probability would never be the case, as it was not worth his

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while to seek for it. I observed, that he might be easily introduced there by a common friend of ours[1], nearly related to the duke. He answered, with an uncommon attention to delicacy of feeling. "I doubt whether our friend be on such a footing with the duke as to carry any body there; and I would not give him the uneasiness of seeing that I knew he was not, or even of being himself reminded of it."

Sunday, 10th October.—There was this day the most terrible storm of wind and rain that I ever remember. It made such an awful impression on us all, as to produce, for some time, a kind of dismal quietness in the house. The day was passed without much conversation: only, upon my observing that there must be something bad in a man's mind, who does not like to give leases to his tenants, but wishes to keep them in a perpetual wretched dependence on his will, Dr. Johnson said, "You are right: it is a man's duty to extend comfort and security among as many people as he can. He should not wish to have his tenants mere *ephemeræ*,—mere beings of an hour." BOSWELL. "But, sir, if they have leases, is there not some danger that they may grow insolent? I remember you yourself once told me, an English tenant was so independent, that, if provoked, he would *throw* his rent at his landlord." JOHNSON. "Depend upon it, sir, it is the landlord's own fault, if it is thrown at him. A man may always keep his tenants in dependence enough, though they have leases. He must be a good tenant indeed, who will not fall behind in his rent, if his landlord will let him; and if he does fall behind, his landlord has him at his mercy. Indeed, the poor man is always much at the mercy of the rich; no matter whether

[1] [Mr. Beauclerk, who had married the duke's sister, but under circumstances which might well justify Johnson's suspicion that he might not be on the most satisfactory terms with his grace.—See *ante*, p. 230, *n.*—ED.]

landlord or tenant. If the tenant lets his landlord have a little rent beforehand, or has lent him money, then the landlord is in his power. There cannot be a greater man than a tenant who has lent money to his landlord; for he has under subjection the very man to whom he should be subjected." Tour to Hebrid.

Monday, 11*th October*.—We had some days ago engaged the Campbell-town vessel to carry us to Mull, from the harbour where she lay. The morning was fine, and the wind fair and moderate; so we hoped at length to get away.

Mrs. M'Sweyn, who officiated as our landlady here, had never been on the main land. On hearing this, Dr. Johnson said to me, before her, "That is rather being behind-hand with life. I would at least go and see Glenelg." BOSWELL. "You yourself, sir, have never seen, till now, any thing but your native island." JOHNSON. "But, sir, by seeing London, I have seen as much of life as the world can show." BOSWELL. "You have not seen Pekin." JOHNSON. "What is Pekin? Ten thousand Londoners would *drive* all the people of Pekin: they would drive them like deer."

We set out about eleven for the harbour; but, before we reached it, so violent a storm came on, that we were obliged again to take shelter in the house of Captain M'Lean, where we dined, and passed the night.

Tuesday, 12*th October*.—After breakfast, we made a second attempt to get to the harbour; but another storm soon convinced us that it would be in vain. Captain M'Lean's house being in some confusion, on account of Mrs. M'Lean being expected to lie-in, we resolved to go to Mr. M'Sweyn's, where we arrived very wet, fatigued, and hungry. In this situation, we were somewhat disconcerted by being told that

Tour to Hebrid. we should have no dinner till late in the evening; but should have tea in the mean time. Dr. Johnson opposed this arrangement; but they persisted, and he took the tea very readily. He said to me afterwards, "You must consider, sir, a dinner here is a matter of great consequence. It is a thing to be first planned, and then executed. I suppose the mutton was brought some miles off, from some place where they knew there was a sheep killed."

Talking of the good people with whom we were, he said, "Life has not got at all forward by a generation in M'Sweyn's family; for the son is exactly formed upon the father. What the father says, the son says; and what the father looks, the son looks."

There being little conversation to-night, I must endeavour to recollect what I may have omitted on former occasions. When I boasted, at Rasay, of my independency of spirit, and that I could not be bribed, he said, "Yes, you may be bribed by flattery." At the Reverend Mr. M'Lean's, Dr. Johnson asked him if the people of Col had any superstitions. He said, "No." The cutting peats at the increase of the moon was mentioned as one; but he would not allow it, saying it was not a superstition, but a whim. Dr. Johnson would not admit the distinction. There were many superstitions, he maintained, not connected with religion; and this was one of them. On Monday we had a dispute at the Captain's, whether sand-hills could be fixed down by art. Dr. Johnson said, "How *the devil* can you do it[1]?" but instantly corrected himself, "How can you do it?" I never before heard him use a phrase of that nature.

He has particularities which it is impossible to explain. He never wears a night-cap, as I have

[1] [The question which Johnson asked with such unusual warmth might have been answered "by sowing the bent, or couch-grass."—WALTER SCOTT.]

already mentioned; but he puts a handkerchief on his head in the night. The day that we left Talisker, he bade us ride on. He then turned the head of his horse back towards Talisker, stopped for some time; then wheeled round to the same direction with ours, and then came briskly after us. He sets open a window in the coldest day or night, and stands before it. 'It may do with his constitution'; but most people, among whom I am one, would say, with the frogs in the fable, "This may be sport to you; but it is death to us." It is in vain to try to find a meaning in every one of his particularities, which, I suppose, are mere habits, contracted by chance; of which every man has some that are more or less remarkable. His speaking to himself, or rather repeating, is a common habit with studious men accustomed to deep thinking; and, in consequence of their being thus rapt, they will even laugh by themselves, if the subject which they are musing on is a merry one. Dr. Johnson is often uttering pious ejaculations, when he appears to be talking to himself; for sometimes his voice grows stronger, and parts of the Lord's Prayer are heard. I have sat beside him with more than ordinary reverence on such occasions[1]. Tour to Hebrid.

In our tour, I observed that he was disgusted whenever he met with coarse manners. He said to me, "I know not how it is, but I cannot bear low life; and I find others, who have as good a right as I to be fastidious, bear it better, by having mixed more with different sorts of men. You would think that I have mixed pretty well too."

He read this day a good deal of my journal, written in a small book with which he had supplied me, and

[1] It is remarkable, that Dr. Johnson should have read this account of some of his own peculiar habits, without saying any thing on the subject, which I hoped he would have done.—BOSWELL. [See *ante*, v. i. p. 496, and *post*, Miss Reynolds's *Recollections*.—ED.]

Tour to Hebrid.

was pleased, for he said, "I wish thy books were twice as big." He helped me to fill up blanks which I had left in first writing it, when I was not quite sure of what he had said, and he corrected any mistakes that I had made. "They call me a scholar," said he, "and yet how very little literature is there in my conversation." BOSWELL. "That, sir, must be according to your company. You would not give literature to those who cannot taste it. Stay till we meet Lord Elibank."

We had at last a good dinner, or rather supper, and were very well satisfied with our entertainment.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

[LETTER from Dr. Johnson to Mr. (now Sir Francis) Barnard, librarian to the King, when employed on a mission to the continent for increasing his Majesty's library,—*referred to in page* 34.]

"SIR,—It is natural for a scholar to interest himself in an expedition, undertaken, like yours, for the importation of literature; and therefore, though having never travelled myself, I am very little qualified to give advice to a traveller; yet, that I may not seem inattentive to a design so worthy of regard, I will try whether the present state of my health will suffer me to lay before you what observation or report have suggested to me, that may direct your inquiries, or facilitate your success. Things of which the mere rarity makes the value, and which are prized at a high rate by a wantonness rather than by use, are always passing from poorer to richer countries, and therefore, though Germany and Italy were principally productive of typographical curiosities, I do not much imagine, that they are now to be found there in great abundance. An eagerness for scarce books and early editions, which prevailed among the English about half a century ago, filled our shops with all the splendour and nicety of literature, and when the Harleian Catalogue was published, many of the books were bought for the library of the King of France.

"I believe, however, that by the diligence with which you have enlarged the library under your care, the present stock is so nearly exhausted, that till new purchases supply the booksellers with new stores, you will not be able to do much more than glean up single books, as accident shall produce them; this, therefore, is the time for visiting the continent.

"What addition you can hope to make by ransacking other countries we will now consider. English literature you will not seek in any place but in England. Classical learning is diffused every where, and is not, except by accident, more copious in one part of the polite

world than in another. But every country has literature of its own, which may be best gathered in its native soil. The studies of the learned are influenced by forms of government and modes of religion, and, therefore, those books are necessary and common in some places, which, where different opinions or different manners prevail, are of little use, and for that reason rarely to be found.

"Thus in Italy you may expect to meet with canonists and scholastic divines, in Germany with writers on the feudal laws, and in Holland with civilians. The schoolmen and canonists must not be neglected, for they are useful to many purposes, nor too anxiously sought, for their influence among us is much lessened by the reformation. Of the canonists at least a few eminent writers may be sufficient. The schoolmen are of more general value. But the feudal and civil law I cannot but wish to see complete. The feudal constitution is the original of the law of property, over all the civilized part of Europe; and the civil law, as it is generally understood to include the law of nations, may be called with great propriety a regal study. Of these books, which have been often published, and diversified by various modes of impression, a royal library should have at least the most curious edition, the most splendid, and the most useful. The most curious edition is commonly the first, and the most useful may be expected among the last. Thus of Tully's Offices, the edition of Fust is the most curious, and that of Grævius the most useful. The most splendid the eye will discern. With the old printers you are now become well acquainted; if you can find any collection of their productions to be sold, you will undoubtedly buy it; but this can scarcely be hoped, and you must catch up single volumes where you can find them. In every place things often occur where they are least expected. I was shown a Welsh grammar written in Welsh, and printed at Milan, I believe, before any grammar of that language had been printed here. Of purchasing entire libraries, I know not whether the inconvenience may not overbalance the advantage. Of libraries collected with general views, one will have many books in common with another. When you have bought two collections, you will find that you have bought many books twice over, and many in each which you have left at home, and, therefore, did not want; and when you have selected a small number, you will have the rest to sell at a great loss, or to transport hither at perhaps a greater. It will generally be more commodious to buy the few that you want, at a price somewhat advanced, than to encumber yourself with useless books. But libraries collected for particular studies will be very valuable acquisitions. The collection of an eminent civilian, feudist, or mathematician, will perhaps have very few superfluities. Topography or local history prevail much in many parts of the continent. I have been told that scarcely a village of Italy wants its historian.

These books may be generally neglected, but some will deserve attention by the celebrity of the place, the eminence of the authors, or the beauty of the sculptures. Sculpture has always been more cultivated among other nations than among us. The old art of cutting on wood, which decorated the books of ancient impression, was never carried here to any excellence; and the practice of engraving on copper, which succeeded, has never been much employed among us in adorning books. The old books with wooden cuts are to be diligently sought; the designs were often made by great masters, and the prints are such as cannot be made by any artist now living. It will be of great use to collect in every place maps of the adjacent country, and plans of towns, buildings, and gardens. By this care you will form a more valuable body of geography than can otherwise be had. Many countries have been very exactly surveyed, but it must not be expected that the exactness of actual mensuration will be preserved, when the maps are reduced by a contracted scale, and incorporated into a general system.

"The king of Sardinia's Italian dominions are not large, yet the maps made of them in the reign of Victor fill two Atlantic folios. This part of your design will deserve particular regard, because, in this, your success will always be proportionate to your diligence. You are too well acquainted with literary history not to know, that many books derive their value from the reputation of the printers. Of the celebrated printers you do not need to be informed, and if you did, might consult Baillet Jugemens des Sçavans. The productions of Aldus are enumerated in the Bibliotheca Græca, so that you may know when you have them all; which is always of use, as it prevents needless search. The great ornaments of a library, furnished for magnificence as well as use, are the first editions, of which, therefore, I would not willingly neglect the mention. You know, sir, that the annals of typography begin with the Codex, 1457; but there is great reason to believe, that there are latent, in obscure corners, books printed before it. The secular feast, in memory of the invention of printing, is celebrated in the fortieth year of the century; if this tradition, therefore, is right, the art had in 1457 been already exercised nineteen years.

"There prevails among typographical antiquaries a vague opinion, that the Bible had been printed three times before the edition of 1462, which Calmet calls 'La premiere edition bien averée.' One of these editions has been lately discovered in a convent, and transplanted into the French king's library. Another copy has likewise been found, but I know not whether of the same impression, or another. These discoveries are sufficient to raise hope and instigate inquiry. In the purchase of old books, let me recommend to you to inquire with great caution, whether they are perfect. In the first edition the loss

of a leaf is not easily observed. You remember how near we both were to purchasing a mutilated Missal at a high price.

"All this perhaps you know already, and, therefore, my letter may be of no use. I am, however, desirous to show you, that I wish prosperity to your undertaking. One advice more I will give, of more importance than all the rest, of which I, therefore, hope you will have still less need. You are going into a part of the world divided, as it is said, between bigotry and atheism: such representations are always hyperbolical, but there is certainly enough of both to alarm any mind solicitous for piety and truth; let not the contempt of superstition precipitate you into infidelity, or the horror of infidelity ensnare you in superstition[1].—I sincerely wish you successful and happy, for I am, sir, your affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"May 28, 1768.

"To F. A. Barnard, Esq."

No. II.

[ARGUMENT in behalf of Hastie, the schoolmaster, prosecuted for undue severity,—*referred to (sub 11th April, 1772) p. 179.*]

"The charge is, that he has used immoderate and cruel correction. Correction in itself is not cruel; children, being not reasonable, can be governed only by fear. To impress this fear is, therefore, one of the first duties of those who have the care of children. It is the duty of a parent; and has never been thought inconsistent with parental tenderness. It is the duty of a master, who is in his highest exaltation when he is *loco parentis*. Yet, as good things become evil by excess, correction, by being immoderate, may become cruel. But when is correction immoderate? When it is more frequent or more severe than is required *ad monendum et docendum*, for reformation and instruction. No severity is cruel which obstinacy makes necessary; for the greatest cruelty would be, to desist, and leave the scholar too careless for instruction, and too much hardened for reproof. Locke, in his treatise of education, mentions a mother, with applause, who whipped an infant eight times before she subdued it; for had she stopped at the seventh act of correction, her daughter, says he, would have been ruined. The degrees of obstinacy in young minds are very different: as different must be the degrees of persevering severity.

[1] [See *ante*, vol. i. p. 214.—ED.]

A stubborn scholar must be corrected till he is subdued. The discipline of a school is military. There must be either unbounded licence or absolute authority. The master, who punishes, not only consults the future happiness of him who is the immediate subject of correction, but he propagates obedience through the whole school; and establishes regularity by exemplary justice. The victorious obstinacy of a single boy would make his future endeavours of reformation or instruction totally ineffectual. Obstinacy, therefore, must never be victorious. Yet, it is well known, that there sometimes occurs a sullen and hardy resolution, that laughs at all common punishment, and bids defiance to all common degrees of pain. Correction must be proportionate to occasions. The flexible will be reformed by gentle discipline, and the refractory must be subdued by harsher methods. The degrees of scholastick, as of military punishment, no stated rules can ascertain. It must be enforced till it overpowers temptation; till stubbornness becomes flexible, and perverseness regular. Custom and reason have, indeed, set some bounds to scholastick penalties. The schoolmaster inflicts no capital punishments; nor enforces his edicts by either death or mutilation. The civil law has wisely determined, that a master who strikes at a scholar's eye shall be considered as criminal. But punishments, however severe, that produce no lasting evil, may be just and reasonable, because they may be necessary. Such have been the punishments used by the respondent. No scholar has gone from him either blind or lame, or with any of his limbs or powers injured or impaired. They were irregular, and he punished them: they were obstinate, and he enforced his punishment. But however provoked, he never exceeded the limits of moderation, for he inflicted nothing beyond present pain; and how much of that was required, no man is so little able to determine as those who have determined against him—the parents of the offenders. It has been said, that he used unprecedented and improper instruments of correction. Of this accusation the meaning is not very easy to be found. No instrument of correction is more proper than another, but as it is better adapted to produce present pain without lasting mischief. Whatever were his instruments, no lasting mischief has ensued; and therefore, however unusual, in hands so cautious they were proper. It has been objected, that the respondent admits the charge of cruelty by producing no evidence to confute it. Let it be considered, that his scholars are either dispersed at large in the world, or continue to inhabit the place in which they were bred. Those who are dispersed cannot be found; those who remain are the sons of his prosecutors, and are not likely to support a man to whom their fathers are enemies. If it be supposed that the enmity of their fathers proves the justness of the charge, it must be considered how often experience shows us, that men who are angry on one ground

will accuse on another; with how little kindness, in a town of low trade, a man who lives by learning is regarded; and how implicitly, where the inhabitants are not very rich, a rich man is hearkened to and followed. In a place like Campbell-town, it is easy for one of the principal inhabitants to make a party. It is easy for that party to heat themselves with imaginary grievances. It is easy for them to oppress a man poorer than themselves; and natural to assert the dignity of riches, by persisting in oppression. The argument which attempts to prove the impropriety of restoring him to the school, by alleging that he has lost the confidence of the people, is not the subject of juridical consideration; for he is to suffer, if he must suffer, not for their judgment, but for his own actions. It may be convenient for them to have another master; but it is a convenience of their own making. It would be likewise convenient for him to find another school; but this convenience he cannot obtain. The question is not what is now convenient, but what is generally right. If the people of Campbell-town be distressed by the restoration of the respondent, they are distressed only by their own fault; by turbulent passions and unreasonable desires; by tyranny, which law has defeated, and by malice, which virtue has surmounted."

No. III.

[ARGUMENT, by Dr. Johnson, in favour of the Scottish law doctrine of "Vicious Intromission,"—*referred to (sub 9th May*, 1772), *p.* 289.]

"This, we are told, is a law which has its force only from the long practice of the court; and may, therefore, be suspended or modified as the court shall think proper.

"Concerning the power of the court to make or to suspend a law, we have no intention to inquire. It is sufficient for our purpose that every just law is dictated by reason; and that the practice of every legal court is regulated by equity. It is the quality of reason to be invariable and constant; and of equity, to give to one man what, in the same case, is given to another. The advantage which humanity derives from law is this; that the law gives every man a rule of action, and prescribes a mode of conduct which shall entitle him to the support and protection of society. That the law may be a rule of action, it is necessary that it be known; it is necessary that it be

permanent and stable. The law is the measure of civil right; but if the measure be changeable, the extent of the thing measured never can be settled.

"To permit a law to be modified at discretion, is to leave the community without law. It is to withdraw the direction of that publick wisdom, by which the deficiencies of private understanding are to be supplied. It is to suffer the rash and ignorant to act at discretion, and then to depend for the legality of that action on the sentence of the judge. He that is thus governed lives not by law, but by opinion: not by a certain rule to which he can apply his intention before he acts, but by an uncertain and variable opinion, which he can never know but after he has committed the act on which that opinion shall be passed. He lives by a law (if a law it be), which he can never know before he has offended it. To this case may be justly applied that important principle, *misera est servitus ubi jus est aut incognitum aut vagum.* If intromission be not criminal till it exceeds a certain point, and that point be unsettled, and consequently different in different minds, the right of intromission, and the right of the creditor arising from it, are all *jura vaga*, and, by consequence, are *jura incognita;* and the result can be no other than a *misera servitus*, an uncertainty concerning the event of action, a servile dependence on private opinion.

"It may be urged, and with great plausibility, that there may be intromission without fraud; which, however true, will by no means justify an occasional and arbitrary relaxation of the law. The end of law is protection as well as vengeance. Indeed, vengeance is never used but to strengthen protection. That society only is well governed, where life is freed from danger, and from suspicion; where possession is so sheltered by salutary prohibitions, that violation is prevented more frequently than punished. Such a prohibition was this, while it operated with its original force. The creditor of the deceased was not only without loss, but without fear. He was not to seek a remedy for an injury suffered; for injury was warded off.

"As the law has been sometimes administered, it lays us open to wounds, because it is imagined to have the power of healing. To punish fraud when it is detected is the proper art of vindictive justice; but to prevent frauds, and make punishment unnecessary, is the great employment of legislative wisdom. To permit intromission, and to punish fraud, is to make law no better than a pitfall. To tread upon the brink is safe; but to come a step further is destruction. But, surely, it is better to enclose the gulf, and hinder all access, than by encouraging us to advance a little, to entice us afterwards a little further, and let us perceive our folly only by our destruction.

"As law supplies the weak with adventitious strength, it likewise

enlightens the ignorant with extrinsick understanding. Law teaches us to know when we commit injury and when we suffer it. It fixes certain marks upon actions, by which we are admonished to do or to forbear them. *Qui sibi bene temperat in licitis*, says one of the fathers, *nunquam cadet in illicita.* He who never intromits at all, will never intromit with fraudulent intentions.

"The relaxation of the law against vicious intromission has been very favourably represented by a great master of jurisprudence[1], whose words have been exhibited with unnecessary pomp, and seem to be considered as irresistibly decisive. The great moment of his authority makes it necessary to examine his position. 'Some ages ago (says he), before the ferocity of the inhabitants of this part of the island was subdued, the utmost severity of the civil law was necessary, to restrain individuals from plundering each other. Thus, the man who intermeddled irregularly with the moveables of a person deceased was subjected to all the debts of the deceased without limitation. This makes a branch of the law of Scotland, known by the name of *vicious intromission;* and so rigidly was this regulation applied in our courts of law, that the most trifling moveable abstracted *malâ fide*, subjected the intermeddler to the foregoing consequences, which proved in many instances a most rigorous punishment. But this severity was necessary, in order to subdue the undisciplined nature of our people. It is extremely remarkable, that in proportion to our improvement in manners, this regulation has been gradually softened and applied by our sovereign court with a sparing hand.'

"I find myself under a necessity of observing, that this learned and judicious writer has not accurately distinguished the deficiencies and demands of the different conditions of human life, which, from a degree of savageness and independence, in which all laws are vain, passes or may pass, by innumerable gradations, to a state of reciprocal benignity, in which laws shall be no longer necessary. Men are first wild and unsocial, living each man to himself, taking from the weak and losing to the strong. In their first coalitions of society, much of this original savageness is retained. Of general happiness, the product of general confidence, there is yet no thought. Men continue to prosecute their own advantages by the nearest way; and the utmost severity of the civil law is necessary to restrain individuals from plundering each other. The restraints then necessary are restraints from plunder, from acts of public violence, and undisguised oppression. The ferocity of our ancestors, as of all other nations, produced not fraud, but rapine. They had not yet learned to cheat, and attempted only to rob. As manners grow more polished, with the knowledge of good, men attain likewise dexterity in evil. Open rapine becomes

[1] Lord Kames, in his "*Historical Law Tracts.*"—BOSWELL.

less frequent, and violence gives way to cunning. Those who before invaded pastures and stormed houses, now begin to enrich themselves by unequal contracts and fraudulent intromissions. It is not against the violence of ferocity, but the circumventions of deceit, that this law was framed; and I am afraid the increase of commerce, and the incessant struggle for riches which commerce excites, give us no prospect of an end speedily to be expected of artifice and fraud. It therefore seems to be no very conclusive reasoning, which connects those two propositions:—'the nation is become less ferocious, and therefore the laws against fraud and *covin* shall be relaxed.'

"Whatever reason may have influenced the judges to a relaxation of the law, it was not that the nation was grown less fierce; and, I am afraid, it cannot be affirmed, that it is grown less fraudulent.

"Since this law has been represented as rigorously and unreasonably penal, it seems not improper to consider what are the conditions and qualities that make the justice or propriety of a penal law.

"To make a penal law reasonable and just, two conditions are necessary, and two proper. It is necessary that the law should be adequate to its end; that, if it be observed, it shall prevent the evil against which it is directed. It is, secondly, necessary that the end of the law be of such importance as to deserve the security of a penal sanction. The other conditions of a penal law, which, though not absolutely necessary, are to a very high degree fit, are, that to the moral violation of the law there are many temptations, and that of the physical observance there is great facility.

"All these conditions apparently concur to justify the law which we are now considering. Its end is the security of property; and property very often of great value. The method by which it effects the security is efficacious, because it admits, in its original rigour, no gradations of injury; but keeps guilt and innocence apart, by a distinct and definite limitation. He that intromits, is criminal; he that intromits not, is innocent. Of the two secondary considerations it cannot be denied that both are in our favour. The temptation to intromit is frequent and strong; so strong and so frequent, as to require the utmost activity of justice, and vigilance of caution, to withstand its prevalence; and the method by which a man may entitle himself to legal intromission is so open and so facile, that to neglect it is a proof of fraudulent intention; for why should a man omit to do (but for reasons which he will not confess) that which he can do so easily, and that which he knows to be required by the law? If temptation were rare, a penal law might be deemed unnecessary. If the duty enjoined by the law were of difficult performance, omission, though it could not be justified, might be pitied. But in the present case neither equity nor compassion operate against it. A useful, a necessary law is broken, not only without a reasonable motive, but

with all the inducements to obedience that can be derived from safety and facility.

"I therefore return to my original position, that a law, to have its effects, must be permanent and stable. It may be said in the language of the schools, *Lex non recipit majus et minus*,—we may have a law, or we may have no law, but we cannot have half a law. We must either have a rule of action, or be permitted to act by discretion and by chance. Deviations from the law must be uniformly punished, or no man can be certain when he shall be safe.

"That from the rigour of the original institution this court has sometimes departed cannot be denied. But, as it is evident that such deviations, as they make law uncertain, make life unsafe, I hope, that of departing from it there will now be an end; that the wisdom of our ancestors will be treated with due reverence; and that consistent and steady decisions will furnish the people with a rule of action, and leave fraud and fraudulent intromissions no future hope of impunity or escape."

No. IV.

[ARGUMENT by Dr. Johnson in defence of lay patronage,—*referred to* (*sub* 1*st May*, 1773), *p.* 230.]

"Against the right of patrons is commonly opposed, by the inferior judicatures, the plea of conscience. Their conscience tells them that the people ought to choose their pastor; their conscience tells them that they ought not to impose upon a congregation a minister ungrateful and unacceptable to his auditors. Conscience is nothing more than a conviction felt by ourselves of something to be done, or something to be avoided; and in questions of simple unperplexed morality, conscience is very often a guide that may be trusted. But before conscience can determine, the state of the question is supposed to be completely known. In questions of law, or of fact, conscience is very often confounded with opinion. No man's conscience can tell him the rights of another man; they must be known by rational investigation or historical inquiry. Opinion, which he that holds it may call his conscience, may teach some men that religion would be promoted, and quiet preserved, by granting to the people universally the choice of their ministers. But it is a conscience very ill informed that violates the rights of one man for the convenience of another.

Religion cannot be promoted by injustice; and it was never yet found that a popular election was very quietly transacted.

"That justice would be violated by transferring to the people the right of patronage is apparent to all who know whence that right had its original. The right of patronage was not at first a privilege torn by power from unresisting poverty. It is not an authority at first usurped in times of ignorance, and established only by succession and by precedents. It is not a grant capriciously made from a higher tyrant to a lower. It is a right dearly purchased by the first possessors, and justly inherited by those that succeeded them. When Christianity was established in this island, a regular mode of public worship was prescribed. Public worship requires a public place; and the proprietors of lands, as they were converted, built churches for their families and their vassals. For the maintenance of ministers, they settled a certain portion of their lands; and a district, through which each minister was required to extend his care, was, by that circumscription, constituted a parish. This is a position so generally received in England, that the extent of a manor and of a parish are regularly received for each other. The churches which the proprietors of lands had thus built and thus endowed, they justly thought themselves entitled to provide with ministers; and where the episcopal government prevails, the bishop has no power to reject a man nominated by the patron, but for some crime that might exclude him from the priesthood. For the endowment of the church being the gift of the landlord, he was consequently at liberty to give it, according to his choice, to any man capable of performing the holy offices. The people did not choose him, because the people did not pay him.

"We hear it sometimes urged, that this original right is passed out of memory, and is obliterated and obscured by many translations of property and changes of government; that scarce any church is now in the hands of the heirs of the builders; and that the present persons have entered subsequently upon the pretended rights by a thousand accidental and unknown causes. Much of this, perhaps, is true. But how is the right of patronage extinguished? If the right followed the lands, it is possessed by the same equity by which the lands are possessed. It is, in effect, part of the manor, and protected by the same laws with every other privilege. Let us suppose an estate forfeited by treason, and granted by the crown to a new family. With the lands were forfeited all the rights appendant to those lands; by the same power that grants the lands, the rights also are granted. The right lost to the patron falls not to the people, but is either retained by the crown, or, what to the people is the same thing, is by the crown given away. Let it change hands ever so often, it is possessed by him that receives it with the same right as it was conveyed. It may, indeed, like all our possessions, be forcibly

seized or fraudulently obtained. But no injury is still done to the people; for what they never had, they have never lost. Caius may usurp the right of Titius, but neither Caius nor Titius injure the people; and no man's conscience, however tender or however active, can prompt him to restore what may be proved to have been never taken away. Supposing, what I think cannot be proved, that a popular election of ministers were to be desired, our desires are not the measure of equity. It were to be desired that power should be only in the hands of the merciful, and riches in the possession of the generous; but the law must leave both riches and power where it finds them; and must often leave riches with the covetous, and power with the cruel. Convenience may be a rule in little things, where no other rule has been established. But as the great end of government is to give every man his own, no inconvenience is greater than that of making right uncertain. Nor is any man more an enemy to public peace, than he who fills weak heads with imaginary claims, and breaks the series of civil subordination, by inciting the lower classes of mankind to encroach upon the higher.

"Having thus shown that the right of patronage, being originally purchased, may be legally transferred, and that it is now in the hands of lawful possessors, at least as certainly as any other right;—we have left to the advocates of the people no other plea than that of convenience. Let us, therefore, now consider what the people would really gain by a general abolition of the right of patronage. What is most to be desired by such a change is, that the country should be supplied with better ministers. But why should we suppose that the parish will make a wiser choice than the patron? If we suppose mankind actuated by interest, the patron is more likely to choose with caution, because he will suffer more by choosing wrong. By the deficiencies of his minister, or by his vices, he is equally offended with the rest of the congregation; but he will have this reason more to lament them, that they will be imputed to his absurdity or corruption. The qualifications of a minister are well known to be learning and piety. Of his learning the patron is probably the only judge in the parish; and of his piety not less a judge than others; and is more likely to inquire minutely and diligently before he gives a presentation, than one of the parochial rabble, who can give nothing but a vote. It may be urged, that though the parish might not choose better ministers, they would at least choose ministers whom they like better, and who would therefore officiate with greater efficacy. That ignorance and perverseness should always obtain what they like was never considered as the end of government; of which it is the great and standing benefit, that the wise see for the simple, and the regular act for the capricious. But that this argument supposes the people capable of judging, and resolute to act

according to their best judgments, though this be sufficiently absurd, it is not all its absurdity. It supposes not only wisdom, but unanimity in those, who upon no other occasions are unanimous or wise. If by some strange concurrence all the voices of a parish should unite in the choice of any single man, though I could not charge the patron with injustice for presenting a minister, I should censure him as unkind and injudicious. But, it is evident, that as in all other popular elections there will be contrariety of judgment and acrimony of passion, a parish upon every vacancy would break into factions, and the contest for the choice of a minister would set neighbours at variance, and bring discord into families. The minister would be taught all the arts of a candidate, would flatter some, and bribe others; and the electors, as in all other cases, would call for holidays and ale, and break the heads of each other during the jollity of the canvass. The time must, however, come at last, when one of the factions must prevail, and one of the ministers get possession of the church. On what terms does he enter upon his ministry but those of enmity with half his parish? By what prudence or what diligence can he hope to conciliate the affections of that party by whose defeat he has obtained his living? Every man who voted against him will enter the church with hanging head and downcast eyes, afraid to encounter that neighbour by whose vote and influence he has been overpowered. He will hate his neighbour for opposing him, and his minister for having prospered by the opposition; and as he will never see him but with pain, he will never see him but with hatred. Of a minister presented by the patron, the parish has seldom any thing worse to say than that they do not know him. Of a minister chosen by a popular contest, all those who do not favour him have nursed up in their bosoms principles of hatred and reasons of rejection. Anger is excited principally by pride. The pride of a common man is very little exasperated by the supposed usurpation of an acknowledged superiour. He bears only his little share of a general evil, and suffers in common with the whole parish: but when the contest is between equals, the defeat has many aggravations; and he that is defeated by his next neighbour is seldom satisfied without some revenge: and it is hard to say what bitterness of malignity would prevail in a parish where these elections should happen to be frequent, and the enmity of opposition should be rekindled before it had cooled."

No. V.

THE following verses, written by Sir Alexander (now Lord) Macdonald, and addressed and presented to Dr. Johnson, at Armidale, in the Isle of Sky, should have appeared in the proper place, if the authour of this Journal had been possessed of them; but this edition was almost printed off when he was accidentally furnished with a copy by a friend.—BOSWELL. [These are the verses referred to in p. 381. They have not been removed to the text, because Mr. Boswell did not think proper to do so in his subsequent editions, and because the Editor really does not profess to understand them. It seems hard to guess what Sir Alexander could have meant by presenting Dr. Johnson with such lines.—ED.]

Viator, o qui nostra per æquora
Visurus agros Skiaticos venis,
  En te salutantes tributim
    Undique conglomerantur oris

Donaldiani,—quotquot in insulis
Compescit arctis limitibus mare;
  Alitque jamdudum, ac alendos
    Piscibus indigenas fovebit.

Ciere fluctus siste, Procelliger,
Nec tu laborans perge, precor, ratis,
  Ne conjugem plangat marita,
    Ne doleat soboles parentem.

Nec te vicissim pæniteat virum
Luxisse;—vestro scimus ut æstuant
  In corde luctantes dolores,
    Cum feriant inopina corpus.

Quidni! peremptum clade tuentibus
Plus semper illo qui moritur pati
  Datur, doloris dum profundos
    Pervia mens aperit recessus.

Valete luctus;—hinc lacrymabiles
Arcete visus:—ibimus, ibimus
Superbienti qua theatro
Fingaliæ memorantur aulæ.

Illustris hospes! mox spatiabere
Qua mens ruinæ ducta meatibus
Gaudebit explorare cœtus
Buccina qua cecinit triumphos.

Audin? resurgens spirat anhelitu
Dux usitato, suscitat efficax
Poeta manes, ingruitque
Vi solitâ redivivus horror.

Ahæna quassans tela gravi manu
Sic ibat atrox Ossiani pater:
Quiescat urnâ, stet fidelis
'Phersonius vigil ad favillam.

No. VI.

[INSCRIPTION on the monument of Sir James Macdonald, Bart., in the church of Slate, and two letters from that young gentleman to his mother,—*referred to in p.* 384.]

To the memory
Of SIR JAMES MACDONALD, Bart.
Who, in the flower of youth,
Had attained to so eminent a degree of knowledge
In mathematics, philosophy, languages,
And in every other branch of useful and polite learning,
As few have acquired in a long life
Wholly devoted to study:
Yet to this erudition he joined,
What can rarely be found with it,
Great talents for business,
Great propriety of behaviour,
Great politeness of manners!
His eloquence was sweet, correct, and flowing;
His memory vast and exact;

His judgment strong and acute;
All which endowments, united
With the most amiable temper
And every private virtue,
Procured him, not only in his own country,
But also from foreign nations,
The highest marks of esteem.
In the year of our Lord
1766,
The 25th of his life,
After a long and extremely painful illness,
Which he supported with admirable patience and fortitude,
He died at Rome,
Where, notwithstanding the difference of religion,
Such extraordinary honours were paid to his memory,
As had never graced that of any other British subject,
Since the death of Sir Philip Sydney.
The fame he left behind him is the best consolation
To his afflicted family,
And to his countrymen in this isle,
For whose benefit he had planned
Many useful improvements,
Which his fruitful genius suggested,
And his active spirit promoted,
Under the sober direction
Of a clear and enlightened understanding.
Reader, bewail our loss,
And that of all Britain.
In testimony of her love,
And as the best return she can make
To her departed son,
For the constant tenderness and affection
Which, even to his last moments,
He showed for her,
His much afflicted mother,
The LADY MARGARET MACDONALD,
Daughter to the Earl of Eglintoune,
Erected this monument,
A. D. 1768.

This extraordinary young man, whom I had the pleasure of knowing intimately, having been deeply regretted by his country, the most minute particulars concerning him must be interesting to many. I shall therefore insert his two last letters to his mother, Lady Margaret Macdonald, which her ladyship has been pleased to communicate to me.

SIR JAMES MACDONALD TO LADY MARGARET.

"Rome, 9th July, 1766.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Yesterday's post brought me your answer to the first letter in which I acquainted you of my illness. Your tenderness and concern upon that account are the same I have always experienced, and to which I have often owed my life. Indeed it never was in so great danger as it has been lately; and though it would have been a very great comfort to me to have had you near me, yet perhaps I ought to rejoice, on your account, that you had not the pain of such a spectacle. I have been now a week in Rome, and wish I could continue to give you the same good accounts of my recovery as I did in my last; but I must own that, for three days past, I have been in a very weak and miserable state, which however seems to give no uneasiness to my physician. My stomach has been greatly out of order, without any visible cause; and the palpitation does not decrease. I am told that my stomach will soon recover its tone, and that the palpitation must cease in time. So I am willing to believe; and with this hope support the little remains of spirits which I can be supposed to have, on the forty-seventh day of such an illness. Do not imagine I have relapsed; I only recover slower than I expected. If my letter is shorter than usual, the cause of it is a dose of physic, which has weakened me so much to-day, that I am not able to write a long letter. I will make up for it next post, and remain always your most sincerely affectionate son, "J. MACDONALD."

He grew, however, gradually worse; and on the night before his death he wrote as follows from Frescati:

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Though I did not mean to deceive you in my last letter from Rome, yet certainly you would have very little reason to conclude of the very great and constant danger I have gone through ever since that time. My life, which is still almost entirely desperate, did not at that time appear to me so, otherwise I should have represented, in its true colours, a fact which acquires very little horror by that means, and comes with redoubled force by deception. There is no circumstance of danger and pain of which I have not had the experience, for a continued series of above a fortnight; during which time I have settled my affairs, after my death, with as much distinctness as the hurry and the nature of the thing could admit of. In case of the worst, the Abbé Grant will be my executor in this part of the world, and Mr. Mackenzie in Scotland, where my object has been to make you and my younger brother as independent of the eldest as possible."—BOSWELL.

No. VII.

[MEMOIRS of his own Life, by the late General Macleod,—*referred to in p.* 409, *and several subsequent notes.*]

[1785.]

"Having often been highly entertained and instructed by the perusal of memoirs of men who have lived in an interesting period, and who have borne some part in the transactions of their time, a thought has for some time possessed me of leaving to my family and friends an account of myself, and of those affairs in which I have been, or may hereafter be, engaged. My chief design, if I shall live to execute it, is to make my son acquainted with his father, to inform him of the rank and situation in which I found the family, which he should think himself born to raise and advance, and to encourage him, by my example, to persevere in the design of acquiring that station in the state to which our blood entitles him; but to which the local position of our ancestors has yet hindered us from attaining.

"My family is derived from the ancient royal stock of Denmark. In those unhappy times, when heroism was little better than piracy, and when the Danes first infested and then subdued England, my ancestor was invested with the tributary sovereignty of the Isle of Man. His history, the succession, or the share these princes of Man had in the predatory wars of that rude age, are lost in dark and vague tradition. The first fact, which seems clearly ascertained, is, that Leod, the son of the King of Man, on the conquest of that island by the English, in , under the Earl of Derby, fled with his followers to the Hebrides. He probably found his countrymen there; and either by conquest, agreement, or alliance, possessed himself of that part of these isles now called Lewes and Harries.

"Leod had two sons, Tormod and Torquil. The first married the daughter of a powerful chief in the Isle of Skye; he was a warrior, and of great prowess; his father gave or left to him Harries; and, by dint of his valour and marriage, he possessed himself of a large domain in Skye; which, together with Harries, I, his lineal successor, inherited; Torquil and his posterity possessed Lewes; which, with other acquisitions, they have since lost, and that family is now represented by Macleod of Rasay. From Leod, whose name is held in high traditional veneration, all his descendants, and many of his fol-

lowers, have taken the patronymic of Macleod. My ancestors, whose family-seat has always been at Dunvegan, seem to have lived, for some centuries, as might be expected from men who had gained their lands by their swords, and who were placed in islands of no easy access. They had frequent wars and alliances with their neighbours in Skye, by which it appears they neither gained nor lost; they frequently attacked or assisted the petty kings in Ireland, or the chiefs on the coast of Scotland, but they neither increased nor diminished their own possessions. In the reign of King David of Scotland, they at last took a charter for their lands, from which time they seem long to have practised the patriarchal life, beloved by their people, unconnected with the government of Scotland, and undisturbed by it. When James the Sixth was about to take possession of the throne of England, Macleod, called *Roderick More*, from his great size and strength[1], went to Edinburgh to pay his homage. It is remarkable, that this chieftain was an adept in Latin, had travelled on the Continent, and spoke French with fluency, but could neither utter nor understand the Scottish or English dialect. Two younger sons of Roderick led a body of Macleods to the assistance of Charles the Second, who knighted them, and they, like their unfortunate sovereign, escaped, with the loss of their followers, from the fatal field of Worcester. From John, their elder brother, I am descended, his son being an orphan minor, when his uncles led the clan to battle. It is singular, that my great grandfather, by his marriage with , descended from the family of Athol, has mixed with the blood of Leod and that of the Earl of Derby, who drove him from Man; and that I am thus, probably, the descendant of the invading earl and the expelled prince.

"My grandfather, *Norman*, was an only and posthumous son; by the frugality of his ancestors, and the savings of his minority, he found our ancient inheritance in the most prosperous condition. I knew him in his advanced age; and from himself, and many other friends, have heard much of the transactions of his life. With a body singularly well made and active, he possessed very lively parts. The circumstances of the times introduced him to the public with great advantage; and, till the unfortunate 1745, he was much considered. An attachment to the race of Stuart then prevailed in Scotland; and many of the leading men in England still favoured it. His independent fortune and promising character early obtained him the representation in parliament of Invernesshire, his native county. The numbers and fidelity of his clan, and his influence with his neighbours, were known; and I have reason to believe that many allurements were held out to seduce him into engagements, which

[1] [Mr. Boswell states, *ante*, p. 428, that he was so called, not from his size, but his spirit.—Ed.]

were then considered only as dangerous, but neither guilty nor dishonourable.

"It would be neither pleasing nor useful to inquire how deeply he was concerned in the preludes to the rebellion; nor, indeed, have I been able to learn. It is certain that, in the year 1746, he raised a company of his vassals to serve under my father, his only son, in Lord Loudon's regiment, and afterwards appeared, with six hundred of his clan, in defence of the present royal family. From this period he was unfortunate; the jacobites treated him as an apostate, and the successful party did not reward his loyalty. The former course of his life had been expensive; his temper was convivial and hospitable; and he continued to impair his fortune till his death, in 1772. He was the first of our family who was led, by the change of manners, to leave the patriarchal government of his clan, and to mix in the pursuits and ambition of the world. It was not then common to see the representatives of the Highland tribes endeavouring to raise themselves to eminence in the nation by the arts of eloquence, or regular military gradation; they were contented with their private opulence and local dignity, or trusted their rank in the state to the antiquity of their families, or their provincial influence. Had Norman felt in his youth the necessity of professional or parliamentary exertions, and had he received a suitable education, he would not have left his family in distress; but the excellence of his parts and the vigour of his mind would have attained a station more advantageous for the flight of his successors.

"I was born on the 4th day of March, 1754, at Brodie-house, the seat of my maternal grandfather, Brodie of Brodie, Lyon King at Arms. When I attained the age of eleven, my father, with his family, went to reside at Beverley, in Yorkshire, where, in the year following, he died, and was buried in the minster. I was placed under the care of Mr. George Stuart, one of the professors in the college of Edinburgh; and the abilities, care, and maternal love of my surviving parent left me no other reason to regret my father, than that which nature dictates for a brave, worthy, and so near relation.

"Under Mr. Stuart, and in the sight of my grandfather, who lived near Edinburgh, I continued to pursue an excellent and classical education for near five years; in this time I obtained a competent knowledge of Latin and French; and I acquired a taste for reading, and a desire of general knowledge which has never left me. I was permitted to pay a visit to my mother, who had settled in Hampshire, for the education of her daughters; after which I was summoned to the University of St. Andrew's by my grandfather, who had taken a house in the neighbourhood. Here, for one year, I attended the lectures of Dr. Watson (author of the History of Philip the Second) on logic, rhetoric, and belles lettres, and those of Dr. Wilkie, author

of the Epigoniad, on Natural Philosophy; I also read Italian. Next summer I again visited my mother; and was sent in the winter to University College, in Oxford. My tutor, Mr. George Strahan, zealously endeavoured to supply my deficiency in Greek, and I made some progress; but approaching now to manhood, having got a tincture of more entertaining and pleasing knowledge, and a taste for the Latin, French, and English classics, I could never sufficiently labour again as a schoolboy, which I now and will for ever lament.

"I have no title to impose myself on my son as a learned man; my reading has been general and diffuse; a scholar would very justly call it superficial; but if superficial knowledge has contributed so much to my happiness, how fondly should I recommend larger and more solid attainments to *my future self!*

"In the year 1771, a strange passion for emigrating to America seized many of the middling and poorer sort of Highlanders. The change of manners in their chieftains, since 1745, produced effects which were evidently the proximate cause of this unnatural dereliction of their own, and appetite for a foreign, country. The laws which deprived the Highlanders of their arms and garb would certainly have destroyed the feudal military powers of the chieftains; but the fond attachment of the people to their patriarchs would have yielded to no laws. They were themselves the destroyers of that pleasing influence. Sucked into the vortex of the nation, and allured to the capitals, they degenerated from patriarchs and chieftains to landlords; and they became as anxious for increase of rent as the new-made lairds—the *novi homines*—the mercantile purchasers of the Lowlands. Many tenants, whose fathers, for generations, had enjoyed their little spots, were removed for higher bidders. Those who agreed, at any price, for their ancient *lares*, were forced to pay an increased rent, without being taught any new method to increase their produce. In the Hebrides, especially, this change was not gradual, but sudden,—and sudden and baleful were its effects. The people, freed by the laws from the power of the chieftains, and loosened by the chieftains themselves from the bonds of affection, turned their eyes and their hearts to new scenes. America seemed to open its arms to receive every discontented Briton. To those possessed of very small sums of money, it offered large possessions of uncultivated but excellent land, in a preferable climate;—to the poor, it held out high wages for labour;—to all, it promised property and independence. Many artful emissaries, who had an interest in the transportation or settlement of emigrants, industriously displayed these temptations; and the desire of leaving their country, for the new land of promise, became furious and epidemic. Like all other popular furies, it infected not only those who had reason to complain of their situation or injuries, but those who were most favoured and most comfortably settled. In the beginning of 1772,

my grandfather, who had always been a most beneficent and beloved chieftain, but whose necessities had lately induced him to raise his rents, became much alarmed by this new spirit which had reached his clan. Aged and infirm, he was unable to apply the remedy in person;—he devolved the task on me; and gave me for an assistant our nearest male relation, Colonel Macleod, of Talisker. The duty imposed on us was difficult: the estate was loaded with debt, incumbered with a numerous issue from himself and my father, and charged with some jointures. His tenants had lost, in that severe winter, above a third of their cattle, which constituted their substance; their spirits were soured by their losses, and the late augmentations of rent; and their ideas of America were inflamed by the strongest representations, and the example of their neighbouring clans. My friend and I were empowered to grant such deductions in the rents as might seem necessary and reasonable; but we found it terrible to decide between the justice to creditors, the necessities of an ancient family which we ourselves represented, and the claims and distresses of an impoverished tenantry. To God I owe, and I trust will ever pay, the most fervent thanks that this terrible task enabled us to lay the foundation of circumstances (though then unlooked for) that I hope will prove the means not only of the rescue, but of the aggrandisement of our family. I was young, and had the warmth of the liberal passions natural to that age; I called the people of the different districts of our estate together; I laid before them the situation of our family—its debts, its burthens, its distress; I acknowledged the hardships under which they laboured; I described and reminded them of the manner in which they and their ancestors had lived with mine; I combated their passion for America by a real account of the dangers and hardships they might encounter there; I besought them to love their young chieftain, and to renew with him the ancient manners; I promised to live among them; I threw myself upon them; I recalled to their remembrance an ancestor who had also found his estate in ruin, and whose memory was held in the highest veneration; I desired every district to point out some of their oldest and most respected men, to settle with me every claim; and I promised to do every thing for their relief which in reason I could. My worthy relation ably seconded me, and our labour was not in vain. We gave considerable abatements in the rents; few emigrated; and the clan conceived the most lively attachment to me, which they most effectually manifested, as will be seen in the course of these memoirs. When we were engaged in these affairs, my grandfather died, and was buried at St. Andrew's. I returned to Hampshire, and easily prevailed with my excellent mother and sisters to repair, in performance of my promise, to my clan, to Dunvegan. In my first visit to Skye, Mr. Pennant arrived there; and he has kindly noticed in his tour the exertions we then made.

"I remained at home with my family and clan till the end of 1774; but I confess that I consider this as the most gloomy period of my life. Educated in a liberal manner, fired with ambition, fond of society, I found myself in confinement in a remote corner of the world; without any hope of extinguishing the debts of my family, or of ever emerging from poverty and obscurity. A long life of painful economy seemed my only method to perform the duty I owed to my ancestors and posterity; and the burden was so heavy, that only partial relief could be hoped even from that melancholy sacrifice. I had also the torment of seeing my mother and sisters, who were fitted for better scenes, immured with me; and their affectionate patience only added to my sufferings.

"In 1774[1] Dr. Samuel Johnson, with his companion, Mr. Boswell, visited our dreary regions: it was my good fortune to be enabled to practise the virtue of hospitality on this occasion. The learned traveller spent a fortnight at Dunvegan; and indeed amply repaid our cares to please him by the most instructive and entertaining conversation. I procured for him the company of the most learned clergymen and sagacious inhabitants of the islands; and every other assistance within our power to the inquiries he wished to make.

"The nature of those inquiries, and the extraordinary character of Dr. Johnson, may make some account of them from me agreeable.

"His principal design was to find proofs of the inauthenticity of Ossian's poems; and in his inquiries it became very soon evident that he wished not to find them genuine. I was present in a part of his search; his decision is now well known; and I will very freely relate what I know of them. Dr. M'Queen, a very learned minister in Skye, attended him; and was the person whom he most questioned, and through whom he proposed his questions to others.

The first question he insisted on was whether any person had ever seen the Poems of Ossian in manuscript, as the translator had found them; how and where these manuscripts had been preserved; and whether faith was given to them by the Highlanders? I must avow that, from the answers given to these questions, he had no right to believe the manuscripts genuine. In this he exulted much; and formed an unjust conclusion, that because the translator had been guilty of an imposition, the whole poems were impositions. Dr. M'Queen brought him, in my opinion, very full proofs of his error. He produced several gentlemen who had heard repeated in Erse long passages of these poems[2], which they averred did coincide with the

[1] [The reader will perhaps agree with the editor that this little error of date adds to the interest of these memoirs: it is an additional proof that they were not studied or corrected for the public eye. It must be remembered that Mr. Boswell's Tour was not published when this was written.—Ed.]

[2] [We readily forgive Macleod his desire to save as much as possible from the wreck

translation; and he even procured a person who recited some lines himself. Had Dr. Johnson's time permitted, many proofs of the same nature would have been adduced; but he did not wish for them. My opinion of this controversy is that the poems certainly did exist in detached pieces and fragments; that few of them had been committed to paper before the time of the translator; that he collected most of them from persons who could recite them, or parts of them; that he arranged and connected the parts, and perhaps made imitative additions for the sake of connexion; that those additions cannot[1] be large or numerous; and that the foundations and genuine remains of the poems are sufficiently authentic for every purpose of taste or criticism. It might be wished, for the sake of squeamish critics, that the translator had given them to the world as he found them; though, as a reader, I own myself delighted with Fingal and Temora, in their present appearance.

"The most sceptical writers on other subjects never applied the laws of evidence more strictly than Dr. Johnson did in his inquiries about Ossian: he was not so precise in *other* matters. The ridiculous notion of the *second-sight*, or of supernatural visions, was not disrelished by him. He listened to all the fables of that nature which abound in the Highlands; and, though no one fact was so well vouched as to command its particular belief, he held that the thing was not impossible; and that the number of facts alleged formed a favourable presumption.

"No human being is perfect in any thing: the mind which is filled with just devotion is apt to sink into superstition; and, on the other hand, the genius which detects holy imposition frequently slides into presumptuous infidelity."——

[Thus abruptly ends a paper which every reader will wish had been longer.—ED.]

of Ossian; and subsequent publications have certainly adduced some passages of Macpherson's version which have been found in the original Erse; but we can find in Boswell (who probably quotes all that Johnson knew) but one such passage, and that passage was accompanied by two others; one of which was *something like*, and the other *nothing like* Macpherson's version.—ED.]

[1] [Why not? All the evidence goes to show that they formed the *bulk*, though, perhaps, not the spirit of the work.—ED.]

No. VIII.

[ACCOUNT of the escape of the young Pretender, drawn up by Mr. Boswell,—*referred to (sub 13th Sept.* 1773) *p.* 420.]

Prince Charles Edward, after the battle of Culloden, was conveyed to what is called the Long Island, where he lay for some time concealed. But intelligence having been obtained where he was, and a number of troops having come in quest of him, it became absolutely necessary for him to quit that country without delay. Miss Flora Macdonald, then a young lady, animated by what she thought the sacred principle of loyalty, offered, with the magnanimity of a heroine, to accompany him in an open boat to Sky, though the coast they were to quit was guarded by ships. He dressed himself in women's clothes, and passed as her supposed maid, by the name of Betty Bourke, an Irish girl. They got off undiscovered, though several shots were fired to bring them to, and landed at Mugstot, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Sir Alexander was then at Fort Augustus, with the Duke of Cumberland; but his lady was at home. Prince Charles took his post upon a hill near the house. Flora Macdonald waited on Lady Margaret[1], and acquainted her of the enterprise in which she was engaged. Her ladyship, whose active benevolence was ever seconded by superior talents, showed a perfect presence of mind and readiness of invention, and at once settled that Prince Charles should be conducted to old *Rasay*, who was himself concealed with some select friends. The plan was instantly communicated to *Kingsburgh*, who despatched to the hill to inform the wanderer, and carry him refreshments. When *Kingsburgh* approached, he started up, and advanced, holding a large knotted stick, and in appearance ready to knock him down, till he said, "I am Macdonald of Kingsburgh,

[1] [Though her husband took arms for the house of Hanover, she was suspected of being an ardent jacobite; and, on that supposition, Flora Macdonald guided the Pretender to Mugstot.—ED.] [On the subject of Lady Margaret Macdonald, it is impossible to omit an anecdote which does much honour to Frederick, Prince of Wales. By some chance Lady Margaret had been presented to the princess, who, when she learnt what share she had taken in the Chevalier's escape, hastened to excuse herself to the prince, and explain to him that she was not aware that Lady Margaret was the person who had harboured the fugitive. The prince's answer was noble: "And would *you* not have done the same, madam, had he come to you, as to her, in distress and danger? I hope—I am sure you would!"—WALTER SCOTT.]

,come to serve your highness." The wanderer answered, "It is well," and was satisfied with the plan.

Flora Macdonald dined with Lady Margaret, at whose table there sat an officer of the army, stationed here with a party of soldiers, to watch for Prince Charles in case of his flying to the isle of Sky. She afterwards often laughed in good humour with this gentleman, on her having so well deceived him.

After dinner, Flora Macdonald on horseback, and her supposed maid, and *Kingsburgh*, with a servant carrying some linen, all on foot, proceeded towards that gentleman's house. Upon the road was a small rivulet which they were obliged to cross. The wanderer, forgetting his assumed sex, that his clothes might not be wet, held them up a great deal too high. *Kingsburgh* mentioned this to him, observing, it might make a discovery. He said he would be more careful for the future. He was as good as his word; for the next brook they crossed, he did not hold up his clothes at all, but let them float upon the water. He was very awkward in his female dress. His size was so large, and his strides so great, that some women whom they met reported that they had seen a very big woman, who looked like a man in woman's clothes, and that perhaps it was (as they expressed themselves) the *Prince*, after whom so much search was making.

At Kingsburgh he met with a most cordial reception; seemed gay at supper, and after it indulged himself in a cheerful glass with his worthy host. As he had not had his clothes off for a long time, the comfort of a good bed was highly relished by him, and he slept soundly till next day at one o'clock.

The *mistress* of Corrichatachin told me, that in the forenoon she went into her father's room, who was also in bed, and suggested to him her apprehensions that a party of the military might come up, and that his guest and he had better not remain here too long. Her father said, "Let the poor man repose himself after his fatigues; and as for me, I care not, though they take off this old gray head ten or eleven years sooner than I should die in the course of nature." He then wrapped himself in the bed-clothes, and again fell fast asleep.

On the afternoon of that day, the wanderer, still in the same dress, set out for Portree, with Flora Macdonald and a man-servant. His shoes being very bad, *Kingsburgh* provided him with a new pair, and taking up the old ones, said, "I will faithfully keep them till you are safely settled at St. James's. I will then introduce myself by shaking them at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof." He smiled, and said, "Be as good as your word!" *Kingsburgh* kept the shoes as long as he lived. After his death, a zealous jacobite gentleman gave twenty guineas for them.

Old Mrs. Macdonald, after her guest had left the house, took the

sheets in which he had lain, folded them carefully, and charged her daughter that they should be kept unwashed, and that, when she died, her body should be wrapped in them as a winding sheet. Her will was religiously observed.

Upon the road to Portree, Prince Charles changed his dress, and put on man's clothes again; a tartan short coat and waistcoat, with philibeg and short hose, a plaid, and a wig and bonnet.

Mr. Donald M'Donald, called *Donald Roy*, had been sent express to the present *Rasay*, then the young laird, who was at that time at his sister's house, about three miles from Portree, attending his brother, Dr. Macleod, who was recovering of a wound he had received at the battle of Culloden. Mr. M'Donald communicated to young *Rasay* the plan of conveying the wanderer to where old *Rasay* was; but was told that old *Rasay* had fled to Knoidart, a part of *Glengarry*'s estate. There was then a dilemma what should be done. *Donald Roy* proposed that he should conduct the wanderer to the main land; but young *Rasay* thought it too dangerous at that time, and said it would be better to conceal him in the island of Rasay, till old *Rasay* could be informed where he was, and give his advice what was best. But the difficulty was, how to get him to Rasay. They could not trust a Portree crew, and all the Rasay boats had been destroyed, or carried off by the military, except two belonging to Malcolm M'Leod, which he had concealed somewhere.

Dr. Macleod being informed of this difficulty, said he would risk his life once more for Prince Charles; and it having occurred, that there was a little boat upon a fresh water lake in the neighbourhood, young *Rasay* and Dr. Macleod, with the help of some women, brought it to the sea, by extraordinary exertion, across a Highland mile of land, one half of which was bog, and the other a steep precipice.

These gallant brothers, with the assistance of one little boy, rowed the small boat to Rasay, where they were to endeavour to find Captain M'Leod, as Malcolm was then called, and get one of his good boats, with which they might return to Portree, and receive the wanderer; or, in case of not finding him, they were to make the small boat serve, though the danger was considerable.

Fortunately, on their first landing, they found their cousin Malcolm, who, with the utmost alacrity, got ready one of his boats, with two strong men, John M'Kenzie, and Donald M'Friar. Malcolm, being the oldest man, and most cautious, said, that as young *Rasay* had not hitherto appeared in the unfortunate business, he ought not to run any risk; but that Dr. Macleod and himself, who were already publickly engaged, should go on this expedition. Young *Rasay* answered, with an oath, that he would go, at the risk of his life and fortune. "In God's name then," said Malcolm, "let us proceed." The two boatmen, however, now stopped short, till they should be

informed of their destination; and M'Kenzie declared he would not move an oar till he knew where they were going. Upon which they were both sworn to secrecy; and the business being imparted to them, they were eager to put off to sea without loss of time. The boat soon landed about half a mile from the inn at Portree.

All this was negotiated before the wanderer got forward to Portree. Malcolm Macleod, and M'Friar, were despatched to look for him. In a short time he appeared, and went into the publick house. Here *Donald Roy*, whom he had seen at Mugstot, received him, and informed him of what had been concerted. He wanted silver for a guinea, but the landlord had only thirteen shillings. He was going to accept of this for his guinea; but *Donald Roy* very judiciously observed, that it would discover him to be some great man; so he desisted. He slipped out of the house, leaving his fair protectress, whom he never again saw; and Malcolm M'Leod was presented to him by *Donald Roy*, as a captain in his army. Young *Rasay* and Dr. Macleod had waited, in impatient anxiety, in the boat. When he came, their names were announced to him. He would not permit the usual ceremonies of respect, but saluted them as his equals.

Donald Roy staid in Sky, to be in readiness to get intelligence, and give an alarm in case the troops should discover the retreat to Rasay; and Prince Charles was then conveyed in a boat to that island in the night. He slept a little upon the passage, and they landed about daybreak. There was some difficulty in accommodating him with a lodging, as almost all the houses in the island had been burnt by the soldiery. They repaired to a little hut, which some shepherds had lately built, and having prepared it as well as they could, and made a bed of heath for the stranger, they kindled a fire, and partook of some provisions which had been sent with him from Kingsburgh. It was observed, that he would not taste wheat-bread, or brandy, while oat-bread and whisky lasted; "for these," said he, "are my own country bread and drink." This was very engaging to the Highlanders.

Young *Rasay* being the only person of the company that durst appear with safety, he went in quest of something fresh for them to eat; but though he was amidst his own cows, sheep, and goats, he could not venture to take any of them for fear of a discovery, but was obliged to supply himself by stealth. He therefore caught a kid, and brought it to the hut in his plaid, and it was killed and dressed, and furnished them a meal which they relished much. The distressed wanderer, whose health was now a good deal impaired by hunger, fatigue, and watching, slept a long time, but seemed to be frequently disturbed. Malcolm told me he would start from broken slumbers, and speak to himself in different languages, French, Italian, and English. I must however acknowledge, that it is highly probable

that my worthy friend Malcolm did not know precisely the difference between French and Italian. One of his expressions in English was, "O God! poor Scotland."

While they were in the hut, M'Kenzie and M'Friar, the two boatmen, were placed as sentinels upon different eminences; and one day an incident happened, which must not be omitted. There was a man wandering about the island, selling tobacco. Nobody knew him, and he was suspected to be a spy. M'Kenzie came running to the hut, and told that this suspected person was approaching. Upon which the three gentlemen, young *Rasay*, Dr. Macleod, and Malcolm, held a council of war upon him, and were unanimously of opinion that he should instantly be put to death. Prince Charles, at once assuming a grave and even severe countenance, said, "God forbid that we should take away a man's life, who may be innocent, while we can preserve our own." The gentlemen however persisted in their resolution, while he as strenuously continued to take the merciful side. John M'Kenzie, who sat watching at the door of the hut, and overheard the debate, said in Erse, "Well, well; he must be shot. You are the king, but we are the parliament, and will do what we choose." Prince Charles, seeing the gentlemen smile, asked what the man had said, and being told it in English, he observed that he was a clever fellow, and, notwithstanding the perilous situation in which he was, laughed loud and heartily. Luckily the unknown person did not perceive that there were people in the hut, at least did not come to it, but walked on past it, unknowing of his risk. It was afterwards found out that he was one of the Highland army, who was himself in danger. Had he come to them, they were resolved to despatch him; for, as Malcolm said to me, "We could not keep him with us, and we durst not let him go. In such a situation, I would have shot my brother, if I had not been sure of him." John M'Kenzie was at *Rasay*'s house when we were there [1]. About eighteen years before, he hurt one of his legs when dancing, and being obliged to have it cut off, he was now going about with a wooden leg. The story of his being a *member of parliament* is not yet forgotten. I took him out a little way from the house, gave him a shilling to drink *Rasay*'s health, and led him into a detail of the particulars which I have just related. With less foundation, some writers have traced the idea of a parliament, and of the British constitution, in rude and early times. I was curious to know if he had really heard, or understood, any thing of that subject, which, had he been a greater man, would probably have been eagerly maintained. "Why, John," said I,

[1] This old Scottish *member of parliament*, I am informed, is still living (1785). —Boswell.

"did you think the king should be controlled by a parliament?" He answered, "I thought, sir, there were many voices against one."

The conversation then turning on the times, the wanderer said, that, to be sure, the life he had led of late was a very hard one; but he would rather live in the way he now did, for ten years, than fall into the hands of his enemies. The gentlemen asked him, what he thought his enemies would do with him, should he have the misfortune to fall into their hands. He said, he did not believe they would dare to take his life publickly, but he dreaded being privately destroyed by poison or assassination. He was very particular in his inquiries about the wound which Dr. Macleod had received at the battle of Culloden, from a ball which entered at one shoulder, and went cross to the other. The doctor happened still to have on the coat which he wore on that occasion. He mentioned, that he himself had his horse shot under him at Culloden; that the ball hit the horse about two inches from his knee, and made him so unruly that he was obliged to change him for another. He threw out some reflections on the conduct of the disastrous affair at Culloden, saying, however, that perhaps it was rash in him to do so. I am now convinced that his suspicions were groundless; for I have had a good deal of conversation upon the subject with my very worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Andrew Lumisden, who was under secretary to Prince Charles, and afterwards principal secretary to his father at Rome, who, he assured me, was perfectly satisfied both of the abilities and honour of the generals who commanded the Highland army on that occasion. Mr. Lumisden has written an account of the three battles in 1745-6, at once accurate and classical. Talking of the different Highland corps, the gentlemen who were present wished to have his opinion which were the best soldiers. He said, he did not like comparisons among those corps: they were all best.

He told his conductors, he did not think it advisable to remain long in any one place; and that he expected a French ship to come for him to Lochbroom, among the Mackenzies. It then was proposed to carry him in one of Malcolm's boats to Lochbroom, though the distance was fifteen leagues coastwise. But he thought this would be too dangerous, and desired that, at any rate, they might first endeavour to obtain intelligence. Upon which young *Rasay* wrote to his friend, Mr. M'Kenzie of Applecross, but received an answer, that there was no appearance of any French ship.

It was therefore resolved that they should return to Sky, which they did, and landed in Strath, where they reposed in a cow-house belonging to Mr. Niccolson of Scorbreck. The sea was very rough, and the boat took in a good deal of water. The wanderer asked if there was danger, as he was not used to such a vessel. Upon

being told there was not, he sung an Erse song with much vivacity. He had by this time acquired a good deal of the Erse language.

Young *Rasay* was now despatched to where *Donald Roy* was, that they might get all the intelligence they could; and the wanderer, with much earnestness, charged Dr. Macleod to have a boat ready, at a certain place about seven miles off, as he said he intended it should carry him upon a matter of great consequence; and gave the doctor a case[1], containing a silver spoon, knife, and fork, saying, "Keep you that till I see you," which the doctor understood to be two days from that time. But all these orders were only blinds; for he had another plan in his head, but wisely thought it safest to trust his secrets to no more persons than was absolutely necessary. Having then desired Malcolm to walk with him a little way from the house, he soon opened his mind, saying, "I deliver myself to you. Conduct me to the Laird of M'Kinnon's country." Malcolm objected that it was very dangerous, as so many parties of soldiers were in motion. He answered, "There is nothing now to be done without danger." He then said, that Malcolm must be the master, and he the servant; so he took the bag, in which his linen was put up, and carried it on his shoulder; and observing that his waistcoat, which was of scarlet tartan, with a gold twist button, was finer than Malcolm's, which was of a plain ordinary tartan, he put on Malcolm's waistcoat, and gave him his; remarking at the same time, that it did not look well that the servant should be better dressed than the master.

Malcolm, though an excellent walker, found himself excelled by Prince Charles, who told him he should not much mind the parties that were looking for him, were he once but a musquet shot from them; but that he was somewhat afraid of the Highlanders who were against him. He was well used to walking in Italy, in pursuit of game; and he was even now so keen a sportsman that, having observed some partridges, he was going to take a shot; but Malcolm cautioned him against it, observing that the firing might be heard by the tenders who were hovering upon the coast.

As they proceeded through the mountains, taking many a circuit to avoid any houses, Malcolm, to try his resolution, asked him what they should do, should they fall in with a party of soldiers: he answered, "Fight, to be sure!" Having asked Malcolm if he should be known in his present dress, and Malcolm having replied he would, he said, "Then I'll blacken my face with powder." "That (said Malcolm) would discover you at once." "Then (said he), I must be put in the greatest dishabille possible." So he pulled off his wig,

[1] [The case with the silver spoon, knife, and fork, given by the Chevalier to Dr. Macleod, came into the hands of Mary, Lady Clerk of Pennycuik, who intrusted me with the honourable commission of presenting them, in her ladyship's name, to his present majesty, upon his visit to Scotland.—WALTER SCOTT.]

tied a handkerchief round his head, and put his nightcap over it, tore the ruffles from his shirt, took the buckles out of his shoes, and made Malcolm fasten them with strings; but still Malcolm thought he would be known. "I have so odd a face (said he), that no man ever saw me but he would know me again."

He seemed unwilling to give credit to the horrid narrative of men being massacred in cold blood, after victory had declared for the army commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. He could not allow himself to think that a general could be so barbarous.

When they came within two miles of M'Kinnon's house, Malcolm asked if he chose to see the laird. "No (said he), by no means. I know M'Kinnon to be as good and as honest a man as any in the world, but he is not fit for my purpose at present. You must conduct me to some other house; but let it be a gentleman's house." Malcolm then determined that they should go to the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. John M'Kinnon, and from thence be conveyed to the main land of Scotland, and claim the assistance of Macdonald of Scothouse. The wanderer at first objected to this, because *Scothouse* was cousin to a person of whom he had suspicions. But he acquiesced in Malcolm's opinion.

When they were near Mr. John M'Kinnon's house, they met a man of the name of Ross, who had been a private soldier in the Highland army. He fixed his eyes steadily on the wanderer in his disguise, and having at once recognized him, he clapped his hands, and exclaimed, "Alas! is this the case?" Finding that there was now a discovery, Malcolm asked "What's to be done?" "Swear him to secrecy," answered Prince Charles. Upon which Malcolm drew his dirk, and on the naked blade made him take a solemn oath, that he would say nothing of his having seen the wanderer, till his escape should be made publick.

Malcolm's sister, whose house they reached pretty early in the morning, asked him who the person was that was along with him. He said it was one Lewis Caw, from Crieff, who being a fugitive like himself, for the same reason, he had engaged him as his servant, but that he had fallen sick. "Poor man! (said she) I pity him. At the same time my heart warms to a man of his appearance." Her husband was gone a little way from home; but was expected every minute to return. She set down to her brother a plentiful Highland breakfast. Prince Charles acted the servant very well, sitting at a respectful distance, with his bonnet off. Malcolm then said to him, "Mr. Caw, you have as much need of this as I have; there is enough for us both: you had better draw nearer and share with me." Upon which he rose, made a profound bow, sat down at table with his supposed master, and eat very heartily. After this there came in an old woman, who, after the mode of ancient hospitality, brought

warm water, and washed Malcolm's feet. He desired her to wash the feet of the poor man who attended him. She at first seemed averse to this, from pride, as thinking him beneath her, and in the periphrastick language of the Highlanders and the Irish, said warmly, "Though I wash your father's son's feet, why should I wash his father's son's feet?" She was however persuaded to do it.

They then went to bed, and slept for some time; and when Malcolm awaked, he was told that Mr. John M'Kinnon, his brother-in-law, was in sight. He sprang out to talk to him before he should see Prince Charles. After saluting him, Malcolm, pointing to the sea, said, "What, John, if the prince should be prisoner on board one of those tenders?" "God forbid!" replied John. "What if we had him here?" said Malcolm. "I wish we had," answered John; "we should take care of him." "Well, John," said Malcolm, "he is in your house." John, in a transport of joy, wanted to run directly in, and pay his obeisance; but Malcolm stopped him, saying, "Now is your time to behave well, and do nothing that can discover him." John composed himself, and having sent away all his servants upon different errands, he was introduced into the presence of his guest, and was then desired to go and get ready a boat lying near his house, which, though but a small leaky one, they resolved to take, rather than go to the Laird of M'Kinnon. John M'Kinnon, however, thought otherwise; and upon his return told them, that his chief and Lady M'Kinnon were coming in the laird's boat. Prince Charles said to his trusty Malcolm, "I am sorry for this, but must make the best of it." M'Kinnon then walked up from the shore, and did homage to the wanderer. His lady waited in a cave, to which they all repaired, and were entertained with cold meat and wine. Mr. Malcolm M'Leod being now superseded by the Laird of M'Kinnon, desired leave to return, which was granted him, and Prince Charles wrote a short note, which he subscribed James Thompson, informing his friends that he had got away from Sky, and thanking them for their kindness; and he desired this might be speedily conveyed to young *Rasay* and Dr. Macleod, that they might not wait longer in expectation of seeing him again. He bade a cordial adieu to Malcolm, and insisted on his accepting of a silver stock-buckle, and ten guineas from his purse, though, as Malcolm told me, it did not appear to contain above forty. Malcolm at first begged to be excused, saying, that he had a few guineas at his service; but Prince Charles answered, "You will have need of money. I shall get enough when I come upon the main land."

The Laird of M'Kinnon then conveyed him to the opposite coast of Knoidart. Old *Rasay*, to whom intelligence had been sent, was crossing at the same time to Sky; but as they did not know of each other, and each had apprehensions, the two boats kept aloof.

These are the particulars which I have collected concerning the extraordinary concealment and escapes of Prince Charles, in the Hebrides. He was often in imminent danger. The troops traced him from the Long Island, across Sky, to Portree, but there lost him.

Here I stop,—having received no farther authentick information of his fatigues and perils before he escaped to France. Kings and subjects may both take a lesson of moderation from the melancholy fate of the house of Stuart; that kings may not suffer degradation and exile, and subjects may not be harassed by the evils of a disputed succession.

Let me close the scene on that unfortunate house with the elegant and pathetick reflections of Voltaire, in his *Histoire Generale*.

"Que les hommes privés (says that brilliant writer, speaking of Prince Charles) qui se croyent malheureux, jettent les yeux sur ce prince et ses ancêtres."

In another place he thus sums up the sad story of the family in general:

"Il n'y a aucun exemple dans l'histoire d'une maison si long-tems infortunée. Le premier des Rois d'Ecosse, qui eut le nom de Jacques, après avoir été dix-huit ans prisonnier en Angleterre, mourut assassiné, avec sa femme, par la main de ses sujets. Jacques II. son fils, fut tué à vingt-neuf ans en combattant contre les Anglois. Jacques III. mis un prison par son peuple, fut tué ensuite par les revoltés, dans une bataille. Jacques IV. périt dans un combat qu'il perdit. Marie Stuart, sa petite fille, chassée, de son trône, fugitive en Angleterre, ayant langui dix-huit ans en prison, se vit condamnée à mort par des juges Anglois, et eut la tête tranchée. Charles I. petit fils de Marie, Roi d'Ecosse et d'Angleterre, vendu par les Ecossois, et jugé à mort par les Anglais, mourut sur un échaffaut dans la place publique. Jacques, son fils, septième du nom, et deuxième en Angleterre, fut chassé de ses trois royaumes; et pour comble de malheur on contesta à son fils sa naissance; le fils ne tenta de remonter sür le trône de ces pères, que pour faire périr ses amis par des bourreaux; et nous avons vu le Prince Charles Edouard, réunissant en vain les vertus de ses pères, et le courage du Roy Jean Sobieski, son ayeul maternel, exécuter les exploits et essuyer les malheurs les plus incroyables. Si quelque chose justifie ceux qui croyent une fatalité à laquelle rien ne peut se soustraire, c'est cette suite continuelle de malheurs qui a persecuté la maison de Stuart, pendant plus de trois-cent années."

[The foregoing account is by no means so full, or so curious, as might have been expected from Mr. Boswell's activity of inquiry, and his means of information. It relates only to a *few days* of the Pretender's adventures, which, however, lasted *five months*. Even of Miss Flora Macdonald it tells less than had been already in print forty years before Mr. Boswell's publication. It does not say *who* she was, nor *when* she met the prince, nor *why she* was selected or induced to interfere, and, in short, tells as little as possible of her personal share in the events. We should particularly have liked to know, from her own report, the particulars of her examination and reception in London. The reader who may be curious to know more of the details of the Pretender's escape will find them in the *Gent. Mag.* for 1747, p. 531. 638; in the little volume before referred to, called *Ascanius;* and in a *journal* in the second volume of the *Lockhart Papers*.—Ed.]

END OF VOL. II.

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